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B

PREFACE.

IT may seem to savour somewhat of presumption for one who is not a member of the Society of Friends, to think of writing on matters connected with the history of a body whose members have developed a type of Christian life so distinctly their own. The writer of this little work, however, may plead in extenuation of his boldness, that he has only ventured to publish it after most kindly and urgent requests from various members of the Society, who had seen it, in a very imperfect and fragmentary form, in a series of articles which appeared in the *Middlesex and Bucks Advertiser* during 1891 and 1892. He has now carefully revised and, to some extent, rewritten it, that it might be less unworthy of dedication to a religious body which he sincerely respects, as well as to all lovers of civil and religious freedom.

Among many to whom he desires to express his obligations for assistance and information may be named the late Mr. R. Littleboy, of Newport Pagnell, who has furnished him with lengthy extracts from the "Memorial of Sufferings" for the county of Bucks; Mr. J. Steevens, of High Wycombe, and the late Mr. J. E. Littleboy, for the loan of MSS. and books; also the Rev. J. Grainger, M.A., vicar of Penn; the Rev. F. W. Phipps, M.A., rector of Chalfont St. Giles; the Rev. J. E. Johnson, of North Woodstock, N.H.; Mr. W. Beck, of Stoke Newington; Mr. T. W. Marsh, of Chelsea; Mr. E. Little, of Monks Risborough, &c., &c. Above all, he must gratefully acknowledge the aid received from Mr. J. J. Green, to whom he is especially indebted for most of the matter in the closing chapter, and from Mr. J. W. Walker, of Maiden-

head, who has furnished the excellent photographs from which most of the illustrations are taken.

The authorities consulted have included George Fox's Journal, and the histories of Sewel, Gough, and Besse; Ellwood's autobiography (on which most of the earlier chapters are based), and Wyeth's Supplement; Maria Webb's "Penns and Peningtons"; Marsh's "Early Friends in Surrey and Sussex," and a variety of pamphlets. Much incidental information has been gleaned from local histories, especially those of Wycombe, Aylesbury, and Rickmansworth by Messrs. Parker, Gibbs, and Bayne; Stoughton's "Church of the Restoration," "Skeats' History of the Free Churches," and Urwick's "Nonconformity in Herts," have yielded valuable information; while free use has been made of MSS. in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, in the Record Office, in the Archbishop's Library at Lambeth, and in the possession of various private individuals. But not the least place is due to the local knowledge gained in many a pleasant country ramble through the beautiful district which is the scene of the narrative, during eleven years spent at Beaconsfield, as pastor of the Congregational Church in that town. This is at least a security against the errors fallen into by so able a writer as Hepworth Dixon, who describes Penn's burial as taking place "at the village of Jordans," which he implies was "in the neighbourhood of Ruscombe," and who speaks of "Chalfont" in a way which identifies the village of Chalfont St. Giles with Chalfont St. Peter two miles away!

It may be well to observe that all dates have been given in the modern style, in order to obviate the confusion which is apt to arise in dates prior to 1752, from the use of "First Month" for March, "Second Month" for April, &c.

Caversham Hill,
Reading,
May, 1895.

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I.—INTRODUCTORY.

"The Quaker of the olden time!
How calm and firm and true,
Unspotted by its wrong and crime,
He walked the dark earth through."

WHITTIER.

THERE are few more noble landmarks of the progress of religious thought than the Quaker movement of the seventeenth century, spite of the ridicule which has been heaped upon it by superficial thinkers. It was a testimony for the simple, the natural and the truthful, in a luxurious, artificial, and conventional age; and if religious bodies are to be judged by their fruits, the Society of Friends need fear comparison with none, in view of what it has done for human freedom and progress. Their views of religious liberty were especially in advance of the times in which they arose—times when men had not yet begun to learn the great lesson of respecting the sacred rights of conscience—when Catholics persecuted Protestants, and Protestants Catholics, Churchmen Dissenters, and Dissenters Churchmen, while the poor Quakers, made the victims of all in turn, alone used no other weapons than those of the Spirit.

The founder of the Society, George Fox, has been very variously estimated. Macaulay describes him as little better than a lunatic; Carlyle extols him as one of

the noblest and most enlightened of reformers He was certainly a man of indomitable energy and great spiritual power. The story of his early religious struggles, his vain endeavours to obtain guidance from the clergy around him, whether Puritan or Anglican, his wandering about in solitary meditation, and his outspoken protests against the religious and social customs of his day, need not be repeated here. The question may be asked, however, how it was that when Fox began his evangelistic work, his teachings met with such ready and widespread acceptance. Various reasons may be assigned for this. No doubt, in the stormy days of the Civil War, many gentle spirits, wearied with the fratricidal strife of Cavalier and Roundhead, and disgusted with the self-seeking and corruption which existed among all parties, were longing for peace, and felt that the religious zeal which had manifested itself in such disastrous forms might after all be a hideous mistake. Such persons were prepared by the very strife and bloodshed which they saw around them to welcome a teacher who proclaimed that violence in every form was unjustifiable. The great principle, too, for which Puritanism in its nobler forms had so strenuously contended, of the direct access of the human soul to its Maker, without the intervention of priest or ceremony, was carried by Fox to an extreme to which not a few were more or less prepared by their previous training to follow him, even in the rejection of the two sacraments, which most Christians hold as having been intended by the Divine Founder of their religion to be of perpetual obligation in his Church.

Another probable cause of the welcome given to Fox's teachings, especially in the midland counties, has not received the attention it deserves. It was the surviving influence of the old Lollard doctrines. Fox was born in Leicestershire, the scene of Wycliffe's later life and teachings, the county where Henry of Knyghton asserted that every other man you met was a Lollard. He tells us that his mother was "of the stock of the martyrs," and even if, as is most probable, this means that she was descended from one of those who suffered in Queen Mary's days, many of these shewed the surviving influence of the Lollard views. The famous "Twelve Conclusions" presented to Parliament in 1395, not only denounced the doctrines and ceremonies of the Church of Rome as unscriptural, but also protested against war, capital punishment, and the practice of unnecessary arts, as those of goldsmith and armourer. The Lollard manifesto, known as the Ploughman's Prayer, contains expressions which sound like an anticipation of Fox's denunciation of the parish churches as "steeple-houses." "Lord," it says, "our hope is that thou goe not out of a poor man's soul that travaileth for his livelode with his hands. For Lorde, our beliefe is, that thine house is man's soule, that thou madest after thine own likeness. But Lord God, men maketh now great stonen houses full of glasen windows, and clepeth (calleth) thilke thine houses and churches." The Lollards held that marriage might be solemnized by mutual consent, without any church ceremony, and those of Norfolk are said to have denied the necessity of baptism. They objected to oaths, and restricted themselves to the simple affir-

mation, "I am sykyr it is soth" (sure it is true). Other points of similarity between the views of the Lollards and those of the Friends might easily be pointed out. Nor are there wanting indications of the prevalence of similar views in the intervening period. The objection to war and to oaths was sufficiently prevalent in the days of Edward VI. to give occasion for two of the Articles of the Church of England (the 37th and 39th), and the Anabaptists of the days of Elizabeth and James I. in these and in other respects, anticipated the views of the Friends.

There were few parts of England in which Lollardy had taken a deeper root than in the district on the southern slopes of the Chiltern Hills, in Buckinghamshire, so well known in English constitutional history as the Chiltern Hundreds. The sturdy spirit of the inhabitants, which showed itself in later days in Hampden's resistance to the ship-money, was displayed in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries by a multitude of obscure men and women, who protested even to the death against the doctrines of the dominant Church. The head quarters of these Buckinghamshire Lollards were in the beautiful valley watered by the Misbourne, a little stream which, flowing through Great and Little Missenden, Amersham, Chalfont St. Giles, Chalfont St. Peters, and Denham, flows into the Colne a little above Uxbridge. In 1414 William Trynom, Walter Yonge, and John Hazelwode of Amersham, and John Fynche of Missenden, were among the Lollards who were executed by order of Henry V. in St. Giles's Fields. In 1428 the priests of the neighbouring parishes of Chesham and

Hedgerley abjured their Lollard heresies in London.

In 1462 a similar abjuration was made by John Baron, Geoffrey Symeon, John Crane, and Robert Body, of Amersham, and the priest of Chesham Bois was also accused of heresy. Symeon's abjuration contains a very Quaker-like touch; "I have dogmatized that Bysshopes should goo on foote with xii. prestis clothed as the shep beareth all in white, teaching the people the treu cristen faith." These facts, gathered from the Patent Rolls, from Wilkins' "Concilia," and from the registers of Lincoln, make it easier for us to believe the statements of John Foxe. He tells us that at Amersham there was, in the days of Henry VII, "a godly and a great company" called "the justfast men," or "the known men." William Tylsworth, one of their leaders, was burned on the hillside above Amersham in 1506, while on the same day, Robert Cosin, of Missenden, was burned at Buckingham. During the next quarter of a century, at least fifty inhabitants of Amersham were charged with heresy. Several suffered at the stake, while others were imprisoned, branded with a hot iron, or subjected to humiliating penances. The last of the Lollard martyrs of the district, Thomas Harding, was burned at Chesham in 1532. In 1553 John Knox visited the county, and preached a sermon in Amersham Church. It is not to be wondered at that the whole district became the home of a very advanced Puritanism, which was fostered by the influence of John Hampden and others of the landed gentry. Thomas Valentine, rector of Chalfont St. Giles, was suspended by Archbishop Laud in 1635, for neglecting to read the "Book of Sports." Baptist views became prevalent in

South Bucks at an early date, and have continued so ever since; and it must be borne in mind that some of the earlier Baptists approximated very closely to the Friends. The church book of a General Baptist community founded at Amersham in Charles II.'s days has the months dated by their numbers in Quaker fashion, while there is evidence that its members took each other in marriage after the manner of the Friends, and perhaps that they protested against oaths.

It was only natural that when Fox and his followers first visited Buckinghamshire, their doctrines met with a hearty reception. The earliest trace of Quakers in Bucks is in 1655, and by 1659 they had become so numerous that a petition to Richard Cromwell's parliament, praying for the abolition of tithes, received 417 signatures of "the Lord's handmaidens," all of them Quaker women of Buckinghamshire. It was in 1655, according to Besse's "Sufferings of the Quakers," that Mary Foster, James Lancaster, and John Cunningham, were imprisoned "for giving Christian exhortation to the priests and people when assembled in the places for public worship"; but it is not stated in what part of the county this occurred. In 1656 George Fox visited Buckinghamshire, accompanied by a Friend named Edward Pyot. "In several places in that county," he says, "many received the truth. Great meetings we had and the Lord's power was eminently manifested."

The Friends suffered much under the Commonwealth. The Puritans had no mind to extend to them the liberty for which they had struggled themselves. Several were imprisoned in Aylesbury Gaol for refusing to pay tithes.

Another fruitful source of trouble was the refusal to take oaths, against which the Society issued a public protest in 1655. In 1658, the last year of Oliver's Protectorate, "John Brown, of Weston Turvill, was summoned by William Hill, lord of the manor, to appear at his court and serve upon the jury. And accordingly John appeared, but because for conscience sake he could not swear, he was fined twenty shillings, which he refusing to pay was a little while after arrested at the suit of the said William Hill, and cast into the gaol at Aylesbury, where he was kept prisoner about twelve weeks."

II.—THE FAMILY AT CHALFONT GRANGE.

"Like a picture it seemed of the primitive pastoral ages,
Fresh with the youth of the world, and recalling Rebecca and Isaac,
Old and yet ever new, and simple and beautiful always."
LONGFELLOW.

THE mansion known as the Grange, at Chalfont St. Peter, has been so much modernised and enlarged during the present century, that very little remains to show what it was in the days of the Commonwealth, when it was owned by one of the most prominent statesmen of the Republic, Isaac Penington, Lieutenant of the Tower and ex-Lord Mayor of London. He it was who had presented the famous "Root and Branch Petition" for the abolition of the Bishops, whose surrender had been demanded by Charles I. as one of the conditions of peace, and who had been one of the prominent members of the High Court of Justice, and of the first Council of State after the King's execution. In or soon after the year 1654, however, this doughty old Puritan handed over the Chalfont estate to his son Isaac, on the latter's marriage with Lady Mary Springett. There was little sympathy between father and son, either on political or religious questions. Isaac Penington, the younger, no admirer of his father's extreme partisan spirit, had written in 1651 a book called "The Fundamental Right, Safety, and Liberty of the People," in

which he pointed out the dangers attending the Republican system of government in so decided and impartial a manner as to show that he had very little ambition to avail himself of the opportunities of advancement, which might present themselves to the son of the popular and wealthy politician, and that he refused to identify himself with any of the parties of the day. As to religion the Alderman was a rigid Presbyterian, with a fierce and intolerant hatred of forms and ceremonies, while his son looked at religion exclusively from a spiritual standpoint, and cared little for the controversies of the time. In this he was upheld by the sympathetic and earnest counsels of his wife, whose career had been a most remarkable one. The daughter of Sir John Proude, a Kentish officer in the service of the States of Holland, she was left an orphan at three years old. She early showed a deep religious earnestness, and gave great offence to her guardian, Sir Edward Partridge, by refusing to join in the Church of England worship, and walking three miles to hear a Puritan preacher. At eighteen she married her guardian's nephew, Sir William Springett, who sympathised with her in her religious views, and who fought gallantly on the Parliament side at Edgehill and Newbury. He was so zealous a Puritan that on one occasion, when he entered a friend's house and saw in the hall what he considered "idolatrous" pictures of the Crucifixion and Resurrection of Christ, he cut them out of the frames with his sword and carried them into the parlour "speared on the sword's point." It is very remarkable that this young couple, without any external influence

that we read of, arrived at the same conclusions as were afterwards reached by George Fox with regard to the non-necessity of water baptism and the Lord's Supper. Sir William was taken ill at Arundel, which he had just helped to re-capture from the Cavaliers, and his young wife gives a touching account of the difficulty she had in reaching him, and of the tender affection with which he bade her a last farewell. Left a widow at twenty, with one little boy who died not long after, Lady Mary soon gave birth to a daughter, Gulielma Maria Posthuma Springett. She then lived in London with her mother-in-law, Anne Springett, to whom she was warmly attached. For some time after her husband's death she was thoroughly unsettled in her doctrinal beliefs, and at one time laid aside a religious profession altogether. In 1654, as already mentioned, she married Isaac Penington, of whom she says, "My love was drawn to him because I found he saw the deceit of all men's notions about religion: he lay as one that refused to be comforted until He came to His temple who is truth and no lie. All things that had only the appearance of religion were very manifest to him, so that he was sick and weary of show, and in this my heart united with him." When walking with her husband one day in one of the London parks, they were accosted by a Quaker, who reproved them for their "gay vain apparel." A conversation followed which led to their forming the acquaintance of some of the Quaker leaders, and ultimately finding in this society the spiritual resting-place they had so long sought. It was not until 1658 that they took up their abode at the Grange, and they at once began holding

Friends' meetings there. "O! the joy," says Mary, "that filled my soul at the first meeting held in our habitation at Chalfont. . . . . In that assembly I acknowledged [God's] great mercy and loving kindness, for I could then say, 'This is what I have longed and waited for, and feared I never should have experienced.'"

In the same year George Fox visited Chalfont Grange, where he had appointed a meeting, and where, he says, "The Lord's truth and power were preciously manifested among us." It was when the great Protector Oliver lay on his bed of death. Not long previously he had held a friendly conversation with Fox on the sufferings and wrongs of the Quakers; but only a day or two before Fox rode from Kingston to Chalfont, he had met Cromwell again, riding at the head of his guards near Hampton Court, and had "felt a waft of death go forth against him." If Oliver had formed any plans for the relief of the Friends, he was removed before he could carry them into effect.

Gulielma Springett, now a graceful maiden of sixteen, accompanied her mother and stepfather when they took up their abode at the Grange. She, too, young as she was, was in full sympathy with them in religious matters. "The Grange," says Mrs Webb, in her beautiful book, 'The Penns and Peningtons,' "was a happy home in those bygone times. It was an abode where mental refinement, literary taste, and evidences of an abiding sense of God's presence, pervaded the resident family."

Isaac Penington had given great offence to the old alderman by joining the Friends, and especially by

refusing to uncover in his presence. Many letters passed between father and son, and Isaac laboured to convince the old Puritan that, in spite of all his zeal and orthodoxy, his religion "was in the wrong part." Others of Isaac's relations, however, visited him occasionally, and met with a hospitable reception. Some of them had gone down from London to Chalfont one day in the year 1659, when two more visitors were announced, who had ridden fifteen miles out of Oxfordshire that morning. They were Mr. Walter Ellwood, of Crowell, an Oxfordshire Justice of the Peace, related to Lord Wenman, of Thame Park, and his son, Thomas. Mr. Ellwood and his wife had been intimate friends of Lady Springett before her second marriage, and "Tom" and "Guli" had been constant playfellows, often riding together in the latter's little coach, round Lincoln's Inn Fields. Then a puny little boy, he had, after being educated at Thame Grammar School (where he candidly tells us, "few boys wore out more birch than I") grown into a powerful and athletic youth. He and his father had often visited the Peningtons in the first years of their married life at Datchet and Caversham, but had never been to Chalfont before. On entering the village and enquiring for their friends' abode, they were startled to hear that they were become Quakers, a name which they had scarcely heard of previously; and still more were they startled at the alteration they found in the household. "So great a change," says Thomas, "from a free, debonair, and courtly sort of behaviour, which we formerly had found them in, to so strict a gravity as they now received us with, did not a little amuse us, and disappoint our

expectation of such a pleasant visit as we used to have, and had now promised ourselves." The presence of the friends from London prevented Mr. Ellwood from making any inquiries, but Tom thought he might learn something from his former playmate.

"For my part," he says, "I sought and at length found means to cast myself into the company of the daughter, whom I found gathering some flowers in the garden, attended by her maid, who was also a Quaker. But when I addressed myself to her after my accustomed manner, with intention to engage her in some discourse which might introduce conversation on the footing of our former acquaintance, though she treated me with a courteous mein, yet as young as she was, the gravity of her look and behaviour struck such an awe upon me, that I found myself not so much master of myself as to pursue any further converse with her. Wherefore, asking pardon for my boldness in having intruded myself into her private walks, I withdrew, not without some disorder (as I thought at least) of mind.

"We stayed to dinner, which was very handsome, and lacked nothing to recommend it to me, but the want of mirth and merry discourse, which we could neither have with them, nor by reason of them, with one another amongst ourselves; the weightiness that was upon their spirits and countenances keeping down the lightness that would have been up in us. We stayed, notwithstanding, till the rest of the company took leave of them, and then we also, doing the same, returned, not greatly satisfied with our journey, nor knowing what in particular to find fault with."

III.—ELLWOOD'S SECOND VISIT TO CHALFONT.

"I have sinned, I own it with grief and shame;
But not with a lie on my lips I came.
In my blindness I verily thought my heart
Swept and garnished in every part."

WHITTIER.

CROWELL is a tiny village lying between Chinnor and Watlington, at the foot of the beautiful northern escarpment of the Chiltern Hills. An old red brick house at the entrance to the village, on the ancient road of the Lower Icknield Way, is locally pointed out as Ellwood's home; but the authority for the statement is uncertain. Close by is the little churchyard, and among the few gravestones is still to be seen one in memory of a certain Leonard Dutton, who must have been well known to Ellwood and his father, for he died in October, 1658, a few months only before their visit to Chalfont.

Ellwood had not long returned to Crowell before he found that the doctrines of the Friends had penetrated to the district of Buckinghamshire near his home. He was frequently in the habit of going to church at Chinnor, where the clergyman was a personal friend of his. One Sunday he noticed a young man standing in the

aisle just before the pulpit. He was a Quaker from Buckinghamshire, who had walked over to Chinnor church that day, "having, it seems, a pressure on his mind to say something to the minister of that parish." He kept silence till the close of the service, and then spoke a few words to the minister, of which Ellwood only heard, "The prayer of the wicked is an abomination to the Lord, and God heareth not sinners." An outcry was raised against this daring disturber, and the parish officers came forward and arrested him before his message was finished, and led him out to bring him before Justice Ellwood. Young Thomas, whose sympathies were evidently already strongly drawn out towards the Quakers, hurried home to give his father "a fair account of the matter before they came." "I told him," he says "the young man behaved himself quietly and peaceably, spake not a word till the minister had quite done his service, and that what he then spoke was but short, and was delivered without passion or ill language. This I knew would furnish my father with a fair ground whereon to discharge the man if he would.

"And accordingly when they came and made a high complaint against the man (who said little for himself) my father, having examined the officers who brought him—what the words that he spake were (which they did not well agree in), and at what time he spake them (which they all agreed to be after the minister had done), and then, whether he gave the minister any reviling language, or endeavoured to raise a tumult among the people (which they could not charge him with); not finding that he had broken the law, he counselled the

young man to be careful he did not make or occasion any public disturbance, and so dismissed him, which I was glad of."

The family at Crowell were often talking of the strange new sect, and the old squire especially expressed a great curiosity to know more of their views. At last, in December, 1659, he set out with his two daughters in the old family coach to pay a few days' visit to the Penningtons at Chalfont Grange, while young Tom rode on horseback behind. It was at the most disturbed period of the Interregnum, but they reached Chalfont in safety, and received a kindly welcome. The squire was prevailed on by the Penningtons to stay a day or two longer than he had intended, in order that he might attend a special meeting to be held at the Grove, in the parish of Chalfont St. Giles, and about a mile away from the Grange. The Grove was an old mansion, but at that time was occupied as a farmhouse. Its spacious hall was well filled, and several of the leaders of the new sect were present—Edward Burrough, James Naylor, and Thomas Curtis. Burrough, however, was the only one who spoke, and it so happened that young Thomas Ellwood sat close to him on a stool at the end of a long table. Powerfully built and fearless as a lion, the young Quaker apostle was just the man to make a deep impression on the susceptible Oxfordshire lad, and a warm attachment sprang up between the two, which lasted till Burrough's cruel death in Newgate three years later. He had been known to step into the circle that surrounded the wrestlers on a village green, stop the contest by the sheer magic of his boldness, and preach a sermon there

and then to the awe-struck throng. And now, Ellwood says, "I drank in his words with desire; for they not only answered my understanding, but warmed my heart with a certain heat which I had not till then felt from the ministry of any man."

When the meeting was over, the Peningtons took their guests and the Quaker preachers back to the Grange. After supper the servants (who were also Quakers) were called in, and all sat for some time in the solemn stillness of a Friends' meeting. The silence was broken by Edward Burrough, who delivered a short address on "The universal free grace of God to all mankind." This was listened to rather impatiently by Squire Ellwood, who, though he did not make any great profession of religion, was rather vain of his theological knowledge, and began to argue with Burrough in favour of the Calvinistic doctrine of personal election. Burrough answered him, but presently another of the party interposed. He was a middle-aged man, of rustic appearance, but with a remarkable similarity in his cast of countenance to the conventional representations of Christ. He wore his hat closely pressed down over his forehead, but scars were visible on his cheeks, and he seemed to have some difficulty of utterance. This was James Naylor, "the greatest enthusiast of the age." He was one of George Fox's own converts, but Fox had regarded him with some suspicion from the first. The unhappy man had come to fancy himself possessed of the Divine nature in some mystical and exceptional sense, and had found deluded followers to accept his teachings. While in Exeter gaol they addressed him as "the Everlasting Son, the Prince

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of Peace, the fairest among ten thousand." After his release he marched through Glastonbury and Wells, men and women walking before him bareheaded, and strewing their garments at his feet. Then he rode into Bristol with seven followers, who chanted as they passed on in the drenching rain, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Sabaoth! Hosanna in the Highest!" Again imprisoned, he received greetings from fanatics, who cried, "Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away; why sittest thou among the pots?" The authorities took alarm. The second Protectorate Parliament, after lengthy debates, so lengthy that Carlyle calls it "the James Naylor Parliament," passed a furious sentence upon him. "The honourable gentlemen," says the sage of Chelsea (Cromwell's Letters and Speeches, 664), "set Naylor to ride, with his face to the tail, through various streets and cities; to be whipt (poor Naylor), to be branded, to be bored through the tongue, and then to do oakum *ad libitum* upon bread and water, after which he repented, confessed himself mad, and this world-great phenomenon, visible to Posterity and the West of England, was got winded up." As is well known, this unconstitutionally severe sentence led to a collision between Cromwell and his Parliament. A generation which has seen a Brigham Young, a James White (of "Flying Roll" notoriety), a Henry Prince of the Agapemone, and a Thomas Lake Harris, need not be very severe upon poor James Naylor, who at any rate had the grace to confess his delusion, but it certainly seems strange to find him recognised at Chalfont as an honoured leader of the Society only three years after his public

disgrace and punishment. The explanation perhaps may be suggested by the beautiful words of Charles Lamb, in his "Essays of Elia" :—"You will here read the true story of that much injured, ridiculed man (who, perhaps, hath been a bye-word in your mouth), James Naylor ; what dreadful sufferings, with what patience he endured, even to the boring through of his tongue with red-hot irons, without a murmur ; and with what strength of mind, when the delusion which he had fallen into, which they stigmatized for blasphemy, had given way to clearer thoughts, he could renounce his error, in a strain of the beautifullest humility, yet keep his first grounds, and be a Quaker still !—so different from the practice of your common converts from enthusiasm, who when they apostatize, *apostatize all*, and think they can never get far enough from the society of their former errors, even to the renunciation of some saving truths, with which they had been mingled, not implicated."

Old Walter Ellwood found that the combined arguments of Burrough and Naylor were too much for him. But they did not seem inclined to push their advantage very far, and presently the conversation flagged, and the family retired to rest. The next morning, which was Saturday, the old squire with his son and young daughter (the elder having gone on to London by the stage coach), bid adieu to their friends at the Grange, and returned to Crowell. Edward Burrough came down with the Peningtons to the gate, and spoke a few words to each of the visitors. On re-entering the house, the Peningtons asked what he thought of the Ellwoods. "As for the old man," he answered, "he is settled on his lees, and the

young woman is light and airy, but the young man is reached, and may do well if he does not lose it."

Burrough's utterances, and especially his parting words, had indeed made a deep impression on the mind of the thoughtful lad. As he rode behind the coach, he could hear his father and sister talking merrily, but his own mind was oppressed with a vague sense of coming trouble, nor could he shake this off till they reached the old familiar home beneath the Chilterns.

IV.—HOW THOMAS ELLWOOD BECAME A QUAKER.

To thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
SHAKESPEARE.

THE day after Thomas Ellwood returned to Crowell, he walked over to Chinnor and attended church, as it proved, for the last time in his life. After service he called on his old friend the rector, and told him of the impressions made on his mind by his visit to Chalfont. The good man listened attentively, but made no special comments. Tom asked his father's serving-man if he could tell him of any Quakers' meeting in the neighbourhood. The man replied that when he was at Chalfont he heard that there was to be a meeting at High Wycombe on the following Thursday. Young Ellwood resolved to attend it, and when the Thursday morning came, rode out, to disarm suspicion, with his pet greyhound running by his horse's side, as if he were going coursing. On arriving at Wycombe, seven miles from Crowell, he put up his horse at an inn and asked the ostler to take care of his dog. He then walked down to the inn gate, and stood looking up and down the street, undecided what to do next, for he had not the least idea whereabouts in the town the meeting was, and was ashamed to ask. Presently, however, he saw a horseman coming

to put up his horse at the same inn, and recognised him as one whom he had seen at Chalfont. He followed the stranger to a house in White Hart Street, on the site now occupied by the National Schools. It was then the abode of Dr. John Raunce, a leading man among the Wycombe Friends. The stranger entered, and Ellwood slipped in after him, and sat down on an empty seat at the end of a bench just inside the door. Many eyes were turned on the stylishly-dressed young man, with his black suit and sword by his side, but no one broke the solemn silence of the meeting, which lasted till a Friend named Samuel Thornton got up and spoke. As soon as Ellwood saw that the meeting was over, he stepped quickly out, and hurried back to the inn, took horse, and rode back to Crowell, which he reached without his father in the least suspecting where he had been.

During the next few days, the old country house at Crowell witnessed a stern, decisive spiritual struggle. Thornton's words had seemed to Thomas "to reach home," as if they had been addressed to him alone. The Wycombe meeting had been "like the clinching of a nail, confirming and fastening in his mind" the impressions made by the one at Chalfont. He was convinced that in spite of a moral and exemplary outward life, he had been guilty of much that was sinful in the sight of God, and that the same inner light of conscience which revealed to him how far he had come short of God's glory, required of him to put away the more refined as well as the grosser evils of heart and life. In obedience to this conviction, and no doubt

influenced by the teaching and example of his new associates, he "took off from his apparel those unnecessary trimmings of lace, ribbons and useless buttons, which had no real service, but were set on only for that which was by mistake called ornament." He took off his ring. He resolved to address no one as "Sir," "Master," "Madam," or "My Lord," nor to say to anyone "Your servant," as these words implied relationships that did not really exist. He determined to bow the knee and uncover the head to none but God alone, and to avoid the "corrupt and unsound form of speaking in the plural number to a single person." But he made one exception, for he still took off his hat, and said "you" to his father. The old gentleman could not but notice the change in his son, but, probably attributing it to a boyish whim which would soon pass off, took no notice so long as his demeanour towards himself was unchanged. Soon the Oxfordshire Quarter Sessions came on, and Mr. Ellwood, "willing to excuse himself from a dirty journey," told his son that he should want him to be up early the next morning and take some papers to the Clerk of the Peace at Oxford, as well as bring him an account of the business transacted. Tom says he "felt a weight come over him" at this, for he saw at once that this journey would put his newly-adopted principles to a severe test. He tells us of the sleepless hours he spent that night, of his fear lest he should "slip and let fall the testimony which he had to bear," and of his earnest prayer to God to preserve him faithful, whatever might befall him. It was a bitterly cold morning, and he pulled down the brim of his

riding-hat over his face, and rode towards Oxford. When within a mile or two of the city he met a horseman whose appearance seemed somehow strangely familiar to him. But he, too, had his face concealed by his riding-cap, and neither of them recognised the other. It was Edward Burrough, who was on his way from Oxford to Wycombe. Tom had not been long in Oxford before he met three old friends, who raised their hats and bowed to him, with the greeting "Your humble servant, sir." Finding that their salutation was not responded to, they stood and stared at him, and at one another, in bewildered surprise. Presently one clapped him on the shoulder, with the words, "What, Tom, a Quaker?" "Yes, a Quaker," said the brave youth, "and," he adds, "as the words passed out of my mouth, I felt joy spring in my heart; for I rejoiced that I had not been drawn out by them, into a compliance with them, and that I had strength and boldness given me to confess myself to be one of that despised people." The three young men mockingly raised their hats, and left him. After one or two similar adventures, young Ellwood, having carried out his father's orders, returned to Crowell. On his return he went to the stables, and there, as he expected, found a nag, which he had sent to borrow of a neighbour before leaving for Oxford, having another journey in view the next day. The morning came, and the ease-loving old squire was not very early in rising. Tom, impatient to be off, sent up word to his bedroom that he was thinking of going to Chalfont Grange, and wished to know if he had any message to the Peningtons. The old man

asked him to come up, and on his entering the bedroom, said, "I understand that you have a mind to go to Mr. Penington's."

"I have so," replied his son.

"Why, I wonder why you should. You were there, you know, but a few days ago, and unless you had business with them, don't you think it will look oddly?"

"I think not."

"I doubt you'll tire them with your company, and make them think they shall be troubled with you."

"If I find anything of that," replied the young man promptly, "I'll make the shorter stay."

"But," said the squire, thinking perhaps of Gulielma Springett, "can you propose any sort of business with them, more than a mere visit?"

"Yes, I propose to myself not only to see them, but to have some discourse with them."

Old Ellwood's countenance changed, and he raised his voice somewhat as he said, "Why, I hope you don't incline to be of their way."

"Truly," answered young Thomas, "I like them and their way very well, so far as I yet understand it; and I am willing to go to them that I may understand it better."

"Tom," said his father, "these Quakers are a rude unmannerly people, that will not give civil respect or honour to their superiors, no, not to magistrates."

"Perhaps they may be either misreported or misunderstood, as the best of people have sometimes been."

"But they hold many dangerous principles; nay, they are an immodest, shameless people; why, there was

one of them that stripped himself stark naked, and went in that unseemly manner about the streets, at fairs and on market days, in great towns."

Thomas was not to be moved even by the mention of this notorious instance of fanaticism on the part of one of the extreme zealots of the new sect. "Did not Isaiah," he asked, "go naked among the people for a long time?"

"Aye," said the old squire, "but you must consider that he was a prophet of the Lord, and had an express command from God to go so."

"Yes sir, I do consider that; but I consider also that the Jews among whom he lived did not own him for a prophet, nor believe that he had such a command from God. And how do we know but that this Quaker may be a prophet too, and might be commanded to do as he did, for some reason which we understand not?"

"Well, I would wish you not to go so soon, but take a little time to consider of it; you may visit Mr. Penington hereafter."

"Nay sir," said the young man, "pray don't hinder my going now; for I have so strong a desire to go that I do not well know how to forbear." So saying, he stepped out of the room, ran down stairs, and hastened to the stable, where the nag was ready saddled and bridled. He leaped into the saddle, and set out to travel through fifteen miles of mire and slush, down the chalky lanes into Wycombe, up the hill to Beaconsfield, and then on, till in the afternoon, the weary little steed trotted down the descent of Gold Hill, and stopped at the door of Chalfont Grange.

V.—FATHER AND SON.

And prove their doctrine orthodox,
By apostolic blows and knocks.

BUTLER.

WHEN Thomas Ellwood at last reached Chalfont Grange a serving-man who came forward to take his horse, told him that a Friends' meeting was held there every Wednesday afternoon, and was now going on. The young man knew in which room to look for the assembly, and at once hastened to the little parlour, where he found a few friends sitting in silence, and took his place amongst them. Isaac and Mary Penington were there, but not the fair Gulielma. At the close of the meeting those who did not belong to the household left, and Isaac Penington and his wife greeted their young friend with courteous gravity. They noted with evident surprise the change in his dress and manner, but said little until he told them of his desire to embrace Friends' principles, when they received him most cordially. Still there was something in Mary Penington's manner that puzzled him, and reminded him of his father's hint that he might find himself more free than welcome. He noticed also that she was whispering to a lady visitor, who had been introduced to him as Anne Curtis, of Reading, the wife of Thomas Curtis, whom

he had met at his last visit. He therefore asked Mary if his coming had caused any inconvenience. "Hast thou had the small-pox?" asked Mary. "No," said young Ellwood. "My daughter Guli," said she, "has newly had them, and though she is well recovered of them, she has not as yet been down amongst us, but intended to have come and sat with us in the parlour this evening, yet would rather forbear till another time than endanger thee; and that is the matter that Anne Curtis and I have been discoursing of." Ellwood hastened to assure her that he did not feel in the least nervous, and though the prudent Mary was still unwilling to expose him to the risk, it was at last agreed that Guli should come down for a little while after supper. She was still showing the marks of the disease, though it did not permanently disfigure her. Ellwood tells us that he felt no alarm, "faith keeping out fear," and that he sat in happy, though for the most part silent, communion with his new friends till it was time for bed. He was then told that some of the family were going the next day to the monthly meeting at Wycombe, and he gladly agreed to accompany them. So next morning he rode over with Isaac Penington and Mary Curtis, and on arriving at Wycombe met Edward Burrough, and recognised him as the hooded horseman he had met near Oxford. The meeting was not held this time in John Raunce's dwelling, which was too small for the monthly gathering, but "in a fair room" in Jeremiah Steevens' House. The Steevens family were for several generations leading members of the Society of Friends in Wycombe, and at a somewhat later date than this

inhabited the ancient "White House," in High Street, now occupied by Messrs. Wheeler's bank. The old oak table at which Jeremiah Steevens entertained Ellwood, Penn, and others of the early Friends, is still preserved. Young Ellwood listened with delight to the words of him whom he regarded as his spiritual father. "Edward Burrough's ministry," he says, "came forth among us in life and power, and the assembly was covered therewith." He felt more and more confirmed in his newly embraced principles, and though he had originally intended to ride on to Crowell, and though some of the Wycombe Friends, who recognised him as the young man they had noticed the week before at Dr. Raunce's house, wished him to stay with them, he assented to a suggestion of Burrough, who was on his way to London, and rode back to the Grange. But he was somewhat surprised and disappointed that Burrough said very little to him, but "chose to leave him to the guidance of the good Spirit in himself (the Counsellor that could resolve all doubts), that he might not have any dependence on man." Next day young Thomas parted from Burrough and the friends at the Grange, and rode back to Crowell with many misgivings and fears. He had now come to the conclusion that he had been mistaken in taking off his hat to his father, and that "the honour due to parents did not consist in uncovering the head and bowing the body to them, but in a ready obedience to their lawful commands, and in performing all needful services unto them." He knew, however, the results which were likely to follow from his father's violent temper, and it was with many fears that he reached his

home that Friday night, and finding his father was away from home, sat down by the fire, and waited for his return. The sound of the coach wheels rumbling into the courtyard made him shiver from head to foot, but when the squire entered he went straight to meet him, without bending or uncovering, and calmly said, "Isaac Penington and his wife remember their loves to thee." The old gentleman, with stern voice and flashing eye, answered, "I shall talk with you, sir, another time," and strode into the parlour without another word.

It must be borne in mind that at that time it was customary for the master of the house to wear his hat indoors as well as out, but that the sons and servants were expected to be uncovered before him. The absence of the hat was always a mark of honour and reverence. Men even wore their hats in church, and only took them off when engaged in what they regarded as the more solemn parts of the service.

Thomas saw his father that night. The next morning he had resolved to attend a meeting at Oxford, and with perhaps questionable judgment, sent his sister up to ask if his father had any commands for him there. This brought matters to a crisis. The Justice came down stairs half-dressed, struck his son, tore off his hat and threw it away, and sent the borrowed nag back to its owner there and then. But whilst he was gone upstairs to finish dressing, young Tom pulled off his riding boots, took another hat, and after a whispered conference with his favourite sister, started off to attend a meeting at Wycombe. He seems to have felt that his conduct was doubtfully wise, but quieted his scruples with reasonings

on "the limits of paternal power," and with the belief that the "drawing of spirit" which he felt, was from the Lord. At last he prayed that if he were wrong, he might meet with a cold reception from the Wycombe friends. When, therefore, he arrived at Dr. Raunce's house, and was met by a cordial greeting, especially from the doctor's kind-hearted, motherly wife Frances, he felt persuaded that he had done right. Next morning was Sunday. Ellwood was told that a country fellow wanted to see him. It turned out to be a man from Crowell, who brought him a letter and a parcel from his sister. The letter told him that his father imagined that he was sulking in his room all day, and took no notice of his absence till evening, when, finding that he had left the house that morning, and had not since been heard of, the old man had burst into a violent passion of grief, and expressed his fear that he should never see his son again. She begged him to come home at once, but thoughtfully sent him a change of linen, in case he wished to remain at Wycombe. Tom wanted to return on the Sunday evening, but Dr. Raunce dissuaded him from his purpose, on account of the late hour and the bad state of the roads, and promised that if he would go the next morning he would himself accompany him, and try to influence his father in his favour. The man was sent back with a message that his sister might expect Tom home the next day, and on the Monday morning the doctor and he walked to Crowell together. Raunce knocked at the "great gate," and was shown into the hall, when the justice came to him, and on learning his errand, left him, after a few sharp words, and hurried

into the kitchen. Here he found Tom, who had slipped in by the back way. On seeing him there with his hat on, he rushed at him, snatched it off, and struck him. Then with the words, "Sirrah, get you up to your chamber," he drove him through the hall, regardless of Raunce's presence there, and giving his son now and then "a whirret on the ear," as Thomas says. Tom was determined not to give place to the "idol," as he calls it, of "hat honour," and so put on another hat. The enraged justice tore this off as well. His riding cap shared the same fate, and poor Tom had to go about bareheaded in the bitter January weather, indoors and out. As might be expected this brought on a very bad cold, and his face was swollen so that he could hardly swallow. His kind sister did the best she could for him, poulticing him with "figs and stoned raisins" till the boils broke, and he obtained some relief. Not caring, as he says, to "run about the country bareheaded like a madman," he stayed most of the time in his own room, quietly meditating and reading his Bible. But many were the blows he received from his father, though he had now no hat to offend him, on account of his "thee" and "thou." Poor young Ellwood had many cruel taunts and bitter words, all of which he bore with meekness. But when one Sunday night the Justice summoned his little household to family prayers (which he very seldom observed), and flew into a violent passion with Tom on a slight provocation, the lad significantly said, "They that can pray with such a spirit, let them; for my part I cannot." His father rushed on him in a fury, and would have seriously injured him but for the inter-

position of his sister and the manservant. Thus the winter months passed by. Poor Thomas had to sit with the servant. All his money was taken from him. He had no likeminded friends to cheer him, though the servants showed him much respectful sympathy, and his sisters were kind and compassionate. Stormy events were passing in the nation. Monk was marching from Scotland to London, and the Convention Parliament was getting itself elected. But young Ellwood was a captive in his home prison, and felt as if he were making little progress in spiritual life. He looked at the leafless boughs of the trees round his father's house, and gave utterance to his feelings in the quaint and simple lines :—

> The winter tree
> Resembles me,
> Whose sap lies in its root;
> The spring draws nigh;
> As it, so I
> Shall bud, I hope, and shoot.

About Easter, at the time when the suppression of Lambert's rising in Northamptonshire crushed the last hopes of the Republic, Tom saw with delight the familiar faces of Isaac and Mary Penington make their appearance at Crowell. They had probably heard something of the state of things through the Wycombe Friends, and came to "see how it fared with him." Old Walter had a high opinion of the gentle Lady Mary, and listened with patience while she defended the Friends' principles, and remonstrated with him on his treatment of his son. She reminded him of an incident which had occurred on his visit to the Grange. She

had told him of the harsh treatment which Isaac Penington had received from his father for not taking off his hat, and Walter Ellwood had expressed his wonder that "so wise a man" as the Alderman "should take notice of such a trivial thing as the putting off or keeping on a hat." The old justice was completely baffled by this home-thrust, and when she at last suggested that Thomas should come and spend a few weeks at the Grange, he yielded a reluctant consent. His son was ready to step bare-headed into the coach with the Peningtons, when one of his sisters reminded the justice that he had no hat. He whispered to her to fetch one, and continued in conversation till he saw the hat coming, when he hurriedly broke off and hastened indoors, that he might not see his son covered in his presence.

We can imagine Ellwood's feelings of delight at his release, and the pleasure with which he left the scene of his captivity during the dreary winter, and rode with his friends towards Chalfont. The fresh green which clothed the Buckinghamshire lanes would harmonise with the feelings of new hope and gladness which filled his mind. He stayed at the Grange about six weeks, and happy weeks they were. True, he had no money, but he tells us that he never "honed" (*i.e.*, hankered) after it, for good Isaac Penington was always ready to lend him a horse and a riding coat when he wished to go out. The affectionate youth came to regard the Peningtons as parents, and found in them the sympathy he had looked for in vain in his own motherless home.

VI.—ELLWOOD SHOCKS THE PURITANS OF MAIDENHEAD.

The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath.
JESUS CHRIST.

ALTHOUGH Quakerism is sometimes spoken of as Puritanism pushed to its furthest logical extreme, it deserves notice that there were some points on which the Friends differed entirely from the Puritans. One of these had respect to the observance of the Lord's Day. The Sabbath legislation of the Commonwealth, as is well known, was rigid to the utmost degree. An Act was passed which prohibited travelling, entertainment at inns, every kind of trading, and all amusements, on Sunday, and it was even attempted to carry a clause prohibiting people from sitting at their doors on that day. The Quakers had no sympathy with this Sabbatarianism. "The Friends," says Maria Webb, "hold that the first day of the week, though most necessary as a day of rest from usual labour, has no Christian warrant for being kept as the Jews were ordered to keep their Sabbath. They believe that both the corporal and mental constitution of man require such rest. They also believe that on such a day of repose from toil, religious worship and religious instruction should be

specially attended to. But they do not hold that the first day of the week is any more holy, in the Jewish sense, than any other day."

It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that the Friends sometimes came into collision with the Puritan authorities, especially when they were found riding on Sundays to distant meetings. The "Memorial of Sufferings" for Bucks mentions some Friends, who, in 1659, while riding to a meeting at "Wandon" (Wavendon) had their horses taken from them, and "were fain to go on foot." Others, in the same year, were riding to a meeting at "Tossiter" (Towcester), when "one called Justice Benson caused their horses to be taken away. Moreover, he caused one of the Friends (being one in the ministry) to be set in the stocks, and kept the Friends' horses because they refused to pay ten shillings apiece."

These extracts will help to explain an adventure which befell Thomas Ellwood during his visit to Chalfont in the spring of 1660. He had been over to Reading, probably on a visit to Friend Thomas Curtis, before mentioned, and had promised to leave Reading early on the Sunday morning and ride over to Chalfont in time to attend the afternoon service there. But he did not arrive till the meeting was nearly over. His absence had caused some anxiety to Isaac and Mary Penington, but he explained to them that he had been stopped at Maidenhead for riding on the Sabbath.

"The watchman," he says, "laying hold of the bridle, told me I must go with him to the constable, and accordingly I, making no resistance, suffered him to lead my horse to the constable's door. When we were come

there, the constable told me I must go before the warden, who was the chief officer of that town, and bade the watchman bring me on, himself walking before. Being come to the warden's door, the constable knocked, and desired to speak with Mr. Warden. He thereupon quickly coming to the door, the constable said, 'Sir, I have brought a man here to you whom the watch took riding through the town.' The warden was a budge old man [i.e., pompous, important looking] ; and I looked somewhat big too, having a good gelding under me, and a good riding coat on my back, both which my friend Isaac Penington had kindly accommodated me with for that journey. The warden, therefore, taking me to be (as the saying is) somebody, put off his hat and made a low congee to me ; but when he saw that I sate still, and neither bowed to him nor moved my hat, he gave a start, and said to the constable, 'You said you had brought me a man, but he don't behave himself like a man.'"

Ellwood still remaining silent, and, as he says, "keeping his mind retired to the Lord, waiting to see what this would come to," the warden asked "Where do you come from, and whither are you going?"

"I come from Reading, and am going to Chalfont."

"Why do you travel on the Sabbath day?"

"I did not know that it would give any offence barely to ride or to walk on this day, so long as I did not carry or drive any carriage [i.e., baggage] or horses laden with burthens."

"Why, if your business was urgent, did you not take a pass from the Mayor of Reading?"

"Because I did not know nor think I should have needed one," said Thomas.

"Well," said the warden, "I will not talk with you now, because it is time to go to church, but I will examine you further anon." Then turning to the constable, he said, "Have him to an inn, and bring him before me after dinner."

"Before thou sendest me to an inn, which may occasion some expense," interposed Thomas, "I think it needful to acquaint thee that I have no money."

"How! no money!" cried the warden, "How can that be! You don't look like a man that has no money."

"However I look," answered Ellwood calmly, "I tell thee the truth, that I have no money; and I tell it to forewarn thee, that thou mayest not bring any charge upon the town."

"I wonder what art you have got," said the old gentleman, "that you can travel without money; you can do more, I assure you, than I can." Then after a pause, he went on, "Well, well, but if you have no money, you have a good horse under you, and we can distrain him for the charge."

"But the horse is not mine."

"No? but you have a good coat on your back, and that I hope is your own."

"No, but it is not, for I borrowed both the horse and the coat."

"Bless me!" exclaimed the warden, holding up his hands, "I never met with such a man as you are, before. What! were you sent out by the parish? Have him to

the Greyhound, constable, and bid the people be civil to him."

Accordingly, in a few minutes, Ellwood found himself in the large room in the Greyhound Inn,* the same old hostelry, where, thirteen years previously, the captive King Charles I., after a long separation, had been allowed to meet three of his children, while the stern Cromwell stood by, looking on with an unwonted relenting at what he afterwards described as "the tenderest sight he ever beheld." Now, two of those children, the Princes James and Henry, grown to man's estate, were about to return in a few days, with their brother, on his restoration to his father's throne. The third, the hapless Princess Elizabeth, was long since dead. Ellwood says nothing of these associations of that "large room"; perhaps he did not know of them. He tells us that he sat awhile in silent prayer for wisdom, and then, having writing materials with him, began to draw up a written statement to put before the warden. As he was writing, the tapster came in, and told him that the inn-keeper, having come back from church, was about to sit down to dinner, and would be pleased with his company. Ellwood, not wishing to put himself under obligation, courteously declined, even though mine host sent word again that he would welcome him free of charge.

Presently the constable he had seen before, came in again, bringing with him a second, "a brisk, genteel

*The Greyhound Inn was destroyed by fire in 1736, when it was described by the newspapers of the day, as one of the finest in England.

young man, a shopkeeper in the town, whose name was Cherry." They accosted him very civilly, and told him they were come to take him to the warden. Ellwood rose, put his unfinished writing into his pocket, and went with them to the warden's house. Here after a few questions, the warden told him that he had incurred the penalty of being either fined or put in the stocks, and asked him which he would choose.

"I shall not choose either," coolly replied Ellwood. "I have told thee already that I have no money; though if I had, I could not so far acknowledge myself an offender as to pay any. But as to lying in the stocks, I am in thy power, to do unto me what it shall please the Lord to suffer thee."

"Well," said the warden, after a short silence, "I will consider that you are but a young man, and may not perhaps understand the danger you have brought yourself into, and therefore I will not use the severity of the law upon you; but in hopes that you will be wiser hereafter, I will pass by this offence and discharge you. But," he added more gravely, "young man, I would have you to know that you have not only broken the law of the land, but the law of God also; and therefore you ought to ask him forgiveness, for you have highly offended Him."

"That," said Ellwood, "I would most willingly do if I were sensible that in this case I had offended Him by breaking any law of His."

"Why, do you question that?" cried the warden.

"Yes, truly, for I do not know that any law of God doth forbid me to ride on this day."

"No?" said the old man, "that's strange. Where, I wonder, were you bred? You can read, can't you?"

"Yes, that I can."

"Don't you then read the commandment, 'Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labour and do all thy work, but the seventh is the Sabbath of the Lord; in it thou shalt not do any work.'"

"Yes," replied Thomas; "I have both read it often, and remember it very well. But that command was given to the Jews, not to Christians; and this is not that day; for that was the seventh day, but this is the first."

"How! do you know the days of the week no better?" cried the old warden, "You had need then be better taught."

"Mr. Warden," interposed young Cherry, "the gentleman is in the right as to that, for this is the first day of the week and not the seventh."

"What!" said the warden with a majestic frown, "do you take upon you to teach me? I'll have you know I'll not be taught by you."

"As you please for that, sir," said Cherry, "but I am sure you are mistaken on this point; for Saturday I know is the seventh day, and you know yesterday was Saturday."

This led to a violent dispute between the warden and the constable. Ellwood stood by and said nothing, till "at length" says Ellwood, "the old man having talked himself out of wind, he stood still awhile as it were to take breath, and then bethinking himself of me, he turned to me and said 'You are discharged, and may take your liberty to go about your occasions.'—'But' said I, 'I

desire my horse may be discharged too, else I know not how to go.'—'Ay, ay,' said he 'you shall have your horse,' and turning to the other constable, who had not offended him, he said, 'Go, see that his horse be delivered to him.'

"Away therefore I went with that constable, leaving the old warden and the young constable to compose their difference as they could. Being come to the inn, the constable called for my horse to be brought out; which done, I immediately mounted, and began to set forward, but the hostler, not knowing the condition of my pocket, said modestly to me, 'Sir, don't you forget to pay for your horse's standing?—'No, truly,' said I, 'I don't forget it, but I have no money to pay it with, and so I told the warden before.'—'Well hold your tongue,' said the constable to the hostler, 'I'll see you paid.' Then opening the gate, they let me out, the constable wishing me a good journey, and through the town I rode without further molestation; though it was as much Sabbath, (I thought,) when I went out as it was when I came in.

"A secret joy arose in me as I rode on the way, for that I had been preserved from doing or saying anything which might give the adversaries of truth advantage against it, or the friends of it, and praises sprang in my thankful heart to the Lord, my preserver."

VII.—CHANGES AND CHANCES.

In silent protest of letting alone,
The Quaker kept the way of his own,
A non-conductor among the wires,
With coat of asbestos, proof to fires.

WHITTIER.

AFTER Thomas Ellwood had been at Chalfont Grange about six weeks, he began to think it his duty to return to his "house of thraldom" at Crowell, and one day early in June, he bid farewell to his generous friends, and walked to Wycombe, where he stayed the night, and went on to Crowell the next day. These six weeks had been a time of unprecedented excitement. When he left his home, England was a Commonwealth; when he came back, it was a Monarchy. Charles II. had landed at Dover, and had passed on in regal pomp to London, entering the city on May 29th amidst clanging bells, roads strewn with flowers, houses hung with tapestry, fountains flowing with wine, and the loyal shouts and brandished swords of 20,000 horse and foot. Wycombe would be full of excitement. Its stout Republican burgesses had stood out to the last against the change. They had returned Thomas Scot, the Regicide, to the Convention Parliament, though he had not been allowed to take his seat;

but now the tide was turning. Ellwood would probably hear how George Fownes, the Puritan vicar, had resigned his living, most likely in the foresight of the coming change. He might be told how it was in contemplation to burn the new charter, which had been granted the borough by Oliver Cromwell, in front of the old gabled and timber-framed building which then did duty as a Guildhall. But he says not a word of all this change and excitement. Like most of his co-religionists of that time, he cared little or nothing for politics. Their minds were fixed on the things of the world that lies beyond the horizon of time and sense.

The next day, Ellwood left Wycombe and walked on to Crowell. His father received him more graciously than he had expected, but would not allow him to sit at table with him. But he no longer put any hindrance in the way of his going to Quaker meetings whenever he wished. Thomas began to inquire the nearest places where these were held. He could find none in the neighbouring part of Oxfordshire ("and indeed even yet," he says, writing many years afterwards, "the more is the pity, they are not common in that country"). But he discovered three meetings on the Buckinghamshire side. One was at Haddenham, five miles away. Here a few Quakers met on Sundays at the house of a man named Belson. But the meetings were held irregularly, and Ellwood could not feel at home with the good people from some cause. Afterwards he heard that a meeting was held at one John White's, at a little village called Meadle, between Princes Risborough and Aylesbury, "about four long miles" from Crowell (it seems to

be really six); and hither the zealous young Friend repaired almost every Sunday through the miry roads of the Vale of Aylesbury. He tells us "Many a sore day's travel have I had thither and back again, being commonly in the winter time (how fair soever the weather was overhead), wet up to the ankles at least; yet through the goodness of the Lord to me I was preserved in health." John White's house at Meadle is still standing, and remained in possession of his family within the present century. A meeting-house was afterwards erected close by, but has since been demolished; and traces of a burying ground may be seen in the adjoining orchard. John White was a steadfast witness for Friends' principles. Besse states that at the suit of Timothy Hall, "Priest of Monks Risborough," for tithes amounting to £21 2s., goods to the value of £92 were taken from him. This Timothy Hall appears to have been a bit of a pluralist. Gibbs says he was vicar of Bledlow, incumbent of Princes Risborough, and Rector of Horsendon (Worthies of Bucks, 186), but does not mention his holding the living of Monks Risborough. Anyhow, he became notorious in his later life as one of the four London clergymen who consented to read James II.'s Declaration of Indulgence. James made him Bishop of Oxford, but the Dean and Chapter refused to institute him, and the graduates would not take orders under him. He had acted as a man of affairs for the infamous Duchess of Portsmouth, and Macaulay calls him "a wretch who had disgraced his gown." In 1671, White had corn to the value of £73 5s. 8d. seized for tithes, and in 1687,

corn and hay worth £42 4s. was taken from him, also to the amount of £16 18s. from Thomas White, possibly a kinsman, of Owlswick, in the same parish.

On Wednesday there was also a little meeting at Bledlow, only about two miles from Crowell, which Ellwood usually attended. It was held at the house of one Thomas Saunders, of whom he significantly says that "he professed the truth; but his wife, whose name was Damaris, did possess it, she being a woman of great sincerity and lively sense."

In a "return of conventicles" made by order of Archbishop Sheldon in 1669, and preserved at Lambeth Palace, (Tenison MSS. 639) mention is made of a meeting "att ye house of Thomas Saunders every Wednesday" at Ilmer. Whether Saunders had moved in the meantime from Bledlow to Ilmer, or whether the house lay on the confines of the two parishes, can only be conjectured. There is no mention of a conventicle at Meadle, and but a very vague reference to the one at Haddenham, where, according to Gibbs' "History of Aylesbury," there is (or was) another burying ground.

Most of Ellwood's time was spent in quiet meditation and study in his own room. It was at this time that he issued his first publication, a broadsheet, entitled, "An Alarm to the Priests; or, a message from Heaven to forewarn them."

About the end of 1660, he was again with the Peningtons at Chalfont Grange. But a new trial had befallen his friends since his last visit. Old Alderman Penington, Isaac's father, relying on the promise of indemnity in the declaration made by Charles at Breda, on the 1st

of May, had "laid hold of his grace and favour" within the forty days appointed for that purpose. But the Parliament, anxious to prove its loyalty, had enacted that all those who had sat in the High Court of Justice on the late King's trial, should be imprisoned and tried. Twenty-four out of twenty-nine were condemned to death, but fourteen of these had their sentences commuted to imprisonment for life. Among these was Alderman Penington, who was committed to the Tower, over which he once ruled as Lieutenant, and so severely treated by his successor, Sir John Robinson, as to shorten his days. Not only so, but his property and estates were confiscated, and the family at the Grange were now only tenants on sufferance.

At the time of this visit, Ellwood was on his way to London. He found that the London Friends were exposed to great molestations from "the rabble of boys and rude people," the foreshadowing of greater troubles in store for them. On his return from London, he stayed at Chalfont again, and while he was there, he met among other friends who visited the hospitable mansion, with one Thomas Loe, of Oxford, an eminent and deeply spiritual evangelist, whose preaching, just about this time, first impressed young William Penn with a desire of joining the Friends. Ellwood was struck by the thought that as Crowell was so near Oxford, Loe might be able to come over, and hold a meeting in the village. On his mentioning the matter, Loe told him that he could not make a definite promise, but asked him to let him know if he found that a place would be available for the purpose. Ellwood, on his return to Crowell,

having made satisfactory arrangements, wrote an invitation to Loe, and sent it by a neighbour to Thame, to be given to an Oxford tradesman, who constantly attended Thame market. Unhappily, the letter was intercepted, and carried to Lord Falkland, the Lord Lieutenant of Oxfordshire, who, as it happened, had just seized Loe and several other Friends at a meeting, and committed them to Oxford Castle. This was owing to the famous insurrection of Venner and his Fifth Monarchy fanatics in Coleman-street, on January 9th, 1661, which was declared to have exonerated the King from his promise of toleration in the Declaration of Breda, and which was made the plea for repressive measures against Dissenters over all the country. The very name of a meeting awakened terror.

Accordingly, one morning, when old Walter Ellwood was away from home, a party of horse appeared at Crowell, arrested poor Thomas, and carried him off to a magistrate at Weston, near Thame, who, on his refusing to take the oath of allegiance, sent him to Oxford. But he was not sent to the Castle with the other Friends, but entrusted to the custody of the City Marshal, at a house in the High-street. He soon learned that there were more than forty in the Castle, who had been imprisoned for refusing to take the oath of allegiance. He also learned that Aylesbury gaol was crowded with Buckinghamshire Friends, imprisoned for the same cause. Among these was Isaac Penington. The "Memorial of Sufferings" tells how he, and four other Friends, George Salter, Thomas Pewsey, William Sexton, and Edward Burton, "were taken by constables out of

their peaceable meeting at Isaac Penington's house at Peter's Chalfont, where they were assembled to worship God, and being carried before William Bowyer, of Denham, were by him (for meeting contrary to the King's proclamation, then newly published upon the Fifth Monarchy men's rising), committed to Aylesbury gaol, where Isaac Penington lay seventeen weeks, much of it in winter, in a cold and very incommodious room, next the street door, without a chimney, and very noisome by joining to the common room where the felons lay, from which hard usage his tender body contracted so great and violent distemper, that for several weeks he was not able to turn himself in his bed."

While still in custody of the Marshal, who treated him very kindly, Ellwood received what he calls "an epistolary visit in the love of God" from Isaac Penington, which, as about his shortest extant letter, may be given as a specimen of his style :—

"Dear Thomas,—Great hath been the Lord's goodness to thee in calling thee out of that path of vanity and death wherein thou wert running towards destruction, to give thee a living name, and an inheritance of life among His people, which certainly will be the end of thy faith in Him and obedience to Him. And let it not be a light thing in thine eyes that He now accounteth thee worthy to suffer among His choice lambs, that He might make thy crown weightier and thy inheritance the fuller. Oh that that eye and heart may be kept open in thee which knowest the value of these things, and that thou mayest be kept close to the feelings of the life, that thou mayest be fresh in thy spirit in the midst of

thy sufferings, and mayest reap the benefit of them, finding that pared off thereby, which hindereth the bubblings of the everlasting springs, and maketh unfit for the breaking forth and enjoyment of the pure power! This is a brief salutation of my dear love to thee, which desireth thy strength and settlement in the power, and the utter weakening of thee as to self. My dear love is to thee, with dear Thomas Goodyare and the rest of the imprisoned Friends. I remain thine in the truth, to which the Lord my God preserve thee single and faithful,

I. PENINGTON.

"From Aylesbury Gaol.

"The 14th of the 12th month, 1660." (February, 1661, N.S.)

While Penington was still at Aylesbury, Ellwood was released from Oxford through his father's influence with the surrounding gentry. The old squire made various efforts to prevent his son from attending meetings, but at last gave up the attempt. In April, 1661, he went to London to see the King's coronation, leaving Thomas in the house with the man-servant and the maid, so that from that time he found full liberty to go and come as he pleased.

VIII.—PATIENT ENDURANCE.

Stand like an anvil.
ST. IGNATIUS.

NOT long after Ellwood's return to Crowell, he walked over to Aylesbury with several other Friends to see Isaac Penington. He found the gaol crowded with Quakers who had refused to take the oath. Many of them, he says, had been "taken out of their houses by armed men." There were about sixty of them, "being well nigh all the men Friends that were then in the county of Bucks." They were mostly crowded together "in an old room behind the gaol, which had anciently been a malt house, but was now so decayed that it was scarcely fit for a dog house." It would have been quite possible for the Friends to escape from this building, but the gaoler placed such confidence in them that they were left there without much supervision, and, on Ellwood repeating his visits during the spring, he was allowed more than once to stop in the malt house with the rest of the Friends.

Mr. R. Gibbs in his "History of Aylesbury" (page 490), says, "The malt house in which Penington was confined, was connected with the Bear public-house in Walton-street. It was standing a very few years ago ;

it was pulled down, and stabling erected by Mr. Lepper, veterinary surgeon."

Isaac Penington was probably committed to Aylesbury Gaol about the middle of January, and remained there apparently till May. From his letters to his wife, preserved at Devonshire House, it appears that on the 16th of March he was summoned, with others, before a judge, and asked if he would take the oath. He handed in a paper, giving his reasons for not doing so. The judge, thinking it was identical with one which he had received from Friends elsewhere, declined to read it, in spite of Penington's entreaties, and he was taken back to gaol. On the 18th, at six in the morning, he was brought into court and asked to give sureties to keep the peace, which he declined to do. On the 19th, he was brought into court with John Whitehead and another. Whitehead had drawn up a form of affirmation which the Friends were willing to take in lieu of the oath, and the judge expressed himself willing to be satisfied with that, but told Isaac Penington that, as he was the son of one of the rebel High Court of Justice, he could not be asked to do less than to give sureties not to enter into or conceal any plot against the Government. Penington, after a long pause, declined, and met the arguments of the judge and the ridicule of some in the court with the calm reply that his word was more to him than a bond; that he had lost all his property by the change of government, but had no wish whatever to see it overthrown. The judge re-committed him, giving the magistrates power to release him, either on his own recognisance for £200, or that of two sureties for £100

each. Soon after this, Penington was sent for to the White Hart Inn, where he met three magistrates, with whom he had a long interview. They strongly urged him to give the required security, but he calmly told them that "he durst not do what did appear to him to cast any cloud or doubt over his innocency."

It seems from the "Memorial of Sufferings" that the other four Friends, who were arrested with Penington at Chalfont Grange, were discharged at this time; but his imprisonment, as we have seen, lasted till late in the spring, when he was at last released, perhaps out of compassion for his weakness and sufferings, and allowed to return to Chalfont Grange. Here, during the rest of the year 1661, he received frequent visits from Thomas Ellwood. In addition to meetings twice a week at the Grange, a monthly meeting was held there, at which many Friends from the surrounding district attended, and Ellwood usually was present at this, coming over on the Saturday, and staying till the Monday, or longer. On one of these occasions he met a Friend from London named Richard Greenaway, who finding that he was from Oxfordshire, asked after an old acquaintance named John Ovy, of Watlington. This led to Ellwood and Greenaway soon afterwards paying a visit to Ovy's house, when the Londoner expounded the Friends' principles to him and his family. Ovy then got into conversation with Ellwood about Isaac Penington, whose writings he had read with much interest, and with whom he expressed a great desire to be acquainted. Accordingly, the day before the next monthly meeting, Ellwood and Ovy met, by appointment, at Stokenchurch,

"with their staves in their hands, like a couple of pilgrims," and after stopping to take some refreshment and rest at Wycombe, "went on cheerfully in the afternoon entertaining each other with grave and religious discourse, which made the walk the easier."

The Peningtons were somewhat surprised at the sight of Ellwood's companion, who was an insignificant-looking elderly man. Thomas told them privately what he knew of his history. John Ovy was a staunch and zealous Puritan, probably an Independent, and accustomed to act as a teacher among his fellow-religionists. He was a fellmonger by trade, and used to ride about the country on his pack of skins, but in the "late professing times" his zeal and orthodoxy had secured him a place on the commission of the peace, in spite of a very slender qualification.

The Grange was somewhat in a stir that Saturday afternoon, as one party after another arrived in readiness for the next day's meeting. George Whitehead, a leading Friend from the North of England, was there, as well as William Penington, Isaac's brother, a London merchant, who brought with him a Friend from Colchester, a grocer by trade. Early on the Sunday morning Ellwood and Ovy went for a walk in "a pleasant grove" near the house, where they were joined by Penington, who had a long conversation on religious matters with the Watlington man, who was much struck by the way in which he dealt with his objections and questions. They went into the house and partook of some refreshment, after which they gathered for the meeting. The house party had taken their seats, and

many Friends from a distance had joined them, but others were expected. All were seated in peace and stillness, when suddenly the silence was broken by the clattering of horses' hoofs, and a party of soldiers rode up to the house. "We all sat still in our places," says Ellwood, "except my companion, John Ovy, who sat next to me. But, he being of a profession that approved Peter's advice to his Lord 'to save himself,' soon took the alarm, and with the nimbleness of a stripling, cutting a caper over a form that stood before him, ran quickly out at a private door, which he had before observed, which led through the parlour into the gardens, and from thence into an orchard; where he hid himself in a place so secure, and withal so convenient for his intelligence by observation of what passed, that no one of the family could scarce have found a likelier."

Meanwhile the soldiers tramped in. They were under the command of Matthew Archdale, a member of the influential family of that name at Wycombe, one of whom, John Archdale, having himself embraced the views of the Friends, was afterwards (in 1698) the first Quaker returned to the House of Commons. Mr. Archdale behaved with civility and did not seem to care much for his task, which was, he said, to break up the meeting, and carry those present before a justice of the peace. Remarking that he would not take all, he selected Isaac and William Penington, Thomas Ellwood, George Whitehead, and the Colchester grocer, with three or four local Friends, and ordered them to accompany him and appear before Sir William Bowyer, of Denham Court, a neighbouring magistrate. Isaac

Penington, on account of his delicate health, was allowed to ride, but the rest had to trudge the four miles on foot. On arriving at Denham, Archdale informed Sir William that they were assembled together in silence, "without word or deed." But even this was contrary to the Royal proclamation issued after the Fifth Monarchy rising. Sir William accordingly questioned them as to their places of abode. Finding that George Whitehead came from Westmoreland, Thomas Ellwood from Oxfordshire, William Penington from London, and his companion from Essex, the Knight looked grave. "Your case looks ill," said he, "and I am sorry for it; for how can it be imagined that so many could jump all together at one time and place, from such remote quarters and parts of the Kingdom, if it was not by combination and appointment?" On the Friends assuring him that this was purely accidental, he went on to speak of the fact of the Fifth Monarchy men having plotted, secreted arms, and come forth to raise the standard of revolt, all under the colour of religious worship. The Friends pointed to their testimony against fighting, and to their meeting with open doors, as a sufficient reply to this. He then told them that they must find sureties to appear at the next Quarter Sessions to answer for their contempt of the King's proclamation. They replied that "knowing their innocency, and that they had not misbehaved themselves, nor did meet in contempt of the King's authority, but purely in obedience to the Lord's requirings to worship Him, which they held themselves in duty bound to do, they could not consent to be bound, for

that would imply guilt which they were free from."

Sir William told them that this left him no alternative but to commit them; but when his clerk had drawn up a mittimus, the Quakers pointed out a flaw in it. Another and another shared the same fate, till the worthy magistrate, less enamoured than ever of his Sunday afternoon's work, rose and left the court for a time, bidding young Ellwood follow him. He took him into a private room, and after questioning him as to his birth and connexions, endeavoured to persuade him to "return to the right way" of the Anglican Church. Finding the young Quaker proof against all his blandishments, he went back to the hall, and announced that he had determined to deal as leniently as he could with the case. He would discharge Isaac Penington, his respected neighbour, who was at home in his house, William Penington, as being a relative, and the Colchester Friend, as his travelling companion. The others from that neighbourhood he would discharge for the present, as they could be called up at any time. But Whitehead and Ellwood, for whose presence he could see no satisfactory ground, must either give bail or go to prison. On their declining to give bail, he began to write the commitment, but soon found that it was difficult for him to draw up one which would not apply to the rest. As the acute Whitehead pointed out flaw after flaw in successive drafts, the justice at last rose from his seat and said that it was too late to get to Aylesbury that night, and that he would allow Ellwood and Whitehead to return to Chalfont, if they would promise to be forthcoming the next morning. The

Friends were willing enough to consent to this, and the party returned to the Grange, where they found poor old Ovy in a pitiable state of shame and dejection. He had watched their departure from his hiding-place, and when the soldiers disappeared, had crept back to the house, where he found Mary Penington and the rest of the Friends still calmly sitting in the meeting. He seated himself with them, and at the close of the meeting expressed his admiration for the constancy of the Quakers and his shame for his own cowardice. He told her how in his youthful days he had run the risk of arrest, and even swum across rivers to get to meetings, during the persecutions under Laud. "And now," he added, "that I am grown old in the profession of religion, and have long been an instructor and encourager of others, that I should thus shamefully fall short myself is matter of shame and sorrow to me."

The evening passed in earnest conversation, and the Friends did not fail to point out to Ovy "the difference between profession and possession, form and power." He was nervously anxious to see the result of the "after-reckoning" for Ellwood and Whitehead the next morning. But the morning came and nothing was heard from Sir William, who was evidently glad to get rid of the case. Leaving behind them a few lines intimating their willingness to appear whenever called upon, they left the Grange, and Ellwood, after a short rest at Wycombe, reached Crowell in safety the same night.

IX.—AN ADVENTURE AT BEACONSFIELD.

DOGBERRY.—You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch; therefore bear you the lantern. This is your charge; you shall comprehend all vagrom men; you are to bid any man stand in the prince's name.

SHAKESPEARE (MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING).

ELLWOOD had not been long at Crowell before he began to feel very lonely in the absence of his sisters, and resolved to go over to Chalfont again for a few days. On arriving at the Grange he was much astonished to hear that his father was in the village. He had been at the house, but as Isaac and Mary Penington were both gone out to a meeting, had gone back to the vllage inn for the night. After supper, Mary Penington and young Thomas walked down to the inn to see the old gentleman. He was much surprised to see Thomas, as he did not know he was away from Crowell, but he spoke pleasantly to him, and took no notice of his keeping his hat on. The reason of this unwonted graciousness afterwards appeared to be that he was anxious to get his son's consent to a plan he had formed for selling his estate. Old Walter politely walked back to the Grange with Mary, and stayed there about an hour, and then Thomas accompanied him again as far as the inn, when

he pressed him to ride up to London to see his sisters, the younger of whom was just married, and gave him some money to defray his expenses. Thomas accepted the invitation, and after a few days spent in London, came down to Chalfont again on his way back to Crowell.

It was now somewhere about the end of 1661, and the roads were getting bad. Isaac Penington therefore sent a manservant with a "brace of geldings" with Thomas, so that he might ride as far as he pleased, and then send the horses back. But Thomas, who was fond of walking, and who only intended to go as far as Wycombe that night, dismissed the man at the entrance to the town of Beaconsfield, and continued his journey on foot. But before he had got half-way through the town, he was roughly stopped by a watchman. "What authority hast thou," asked Thomas, "to stop me peacefully travelling on the highway?" "I'll show you my authority," replied the fellow, and conducted him to a neighbouring house, where dwelt a Mr. Pepys, a scrivener. The scrivener was an important personage in an old English town, where very few of the population could read or write. The watchman drew out a paper, which was Hebrew to him, and asked Mr. Pepys to read it. It was an order from the constables of the town for the arrest of all "rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars." "For which of these hast thou stopped me?" asked Ellwood. The watchman was silent.

"I thereupon informed him," says Ellwood, "what a rogue in law is, viz., one, who for some notorious

offence was burnt on the shoulder ; and I told them they might search me if they pleased, and see if I was so branded. A vagabond, I told them, was one that had no dwelling house nor certain place of abode ; but I had, and was going to it, and I told them where it was. And for a beggar, I bade them bring anyone that could say I had begged or asked relief.

" This stopped the fellow's mouth, yet he would not let me go ; but being both weak-headed and strong-willed, he left me there with the scrivener, and went out to seek the constable, and having found him brought him thither. He was a young man, by trade a tanner, somewhat better mannered than his wardsman, but not of much better judgment. He took me with him to his house, and having settled me there, went out to take advice, as I supposed, what to do with me, leaving nobody in the house to guard me but his wife, who had a young child in her arms.

" She inquired of me on what account I was taken up, and seeming to have some pity for me, endeavoured to persuade me not to stay, but to go my way, offering to show me a back way from their house, which would bring me into the road again beyond the town, so that none of the town should see me or know what was become of me. But I told her I could not do so.

" Then, having sat awhile in a muze, she asked me if there was not a place of Scripture which said Peter was at a tanner's house. I told her there was such a scripture, and directed her where to find it.

" After some time she laid her child to sleep in the cradle, and stept out on a sudden, but came not in again

for a pretty while. I was uneasie that I was left alone in the house, fearing lest if anything should be missing, I might be suspected to have taken it ; yet I durst not go out to stand in the street, lest it should be thought I intended to slip away.

" But besides that, I soon found work to imploy myself in ; for the child, quickly waking, fell to crying, and I was fain to rock the cradle in my own defence, that I might not be annoyed with a noise, to me not more unpleasant than unusual. At length the woman came in again, and finding me nursing the child, gave me many thanks, and seemed well pleased with my company.

" When night came on, the constable himself came in again, and told me some of the chief of the town were met together to consider what was fit to do with me, and that I must go with him to them. I went, and he brought me to a little nasty hut, which they called a town-house, (adjoining to their market-house), in which dwelt a poor old woman, whom they called Mother Grime ; where also the watch used by turns to come in, and warm themselves in the night."

The " town-house " and " market-house " stood on the site now occupied by the isolated block of buildings facing the Beaconsfield reading room. What follows gives us a vivid idea of the state of unreasoning terror and mistrust which prevailed at that unsettled period, while it reminds us of the story of Shakespeare's being arrested by the constables of the Buckinghamshire village of Grendon Underwood, whose pompous ignorance and inefficiency is said to have given him the idea of the

characters of Dogberry and Verges in "Much Ado about Nothing."

"When I came in among them," says honest Thomas, "they looked, some of them, somewhat sourly on me, and asked me some impertinent questions, to which I gave them suitable answers. Then they consulted one with another how they should dispose of me that night, till they could have me before some Justice of Peace to be examined. Some proposed that I should be taken to some inn or other publick house, and a guard set on me there. He that started this was probably an inn-keeper, and consulted his own interest. Others objected against this, that it would bring a charge on the town. To avoid this they were for having the watch take charge of me, and keep me walking about the streets with them till morning. Most voices seemed to go this way, till a third wished them to consider whether they could answer the doing of that, and the law would bear them out in it; and this put them to a stand. I heard all their debates, but let them alone, and kept my mind to the Lord.

"While they thus bandied the matter to and fro, one of the company asked the rest if any of them knew who this young man was, and whither he was going; whereupon the constable (to whom I had given both my name and the name of the town where I dwelt), told them my name was Ellwood, and that I lived at a town called Crowell, in Oxfordshire.

"Old Mother Grime, sitting by and hearing this, clapped her hand on her knee and cried out, 'I know Mr. Ellwood, of Crowell, very well; for when I was

a maid I lived with his grandfather there when he was a young man.' And thereupon she gave them such an account of my father as made them look more regardfully of me ; and so Mother Grime's testimony turned the scale and took me off from walking the rounds with the watch that night."

The constable now agreed to take Ellwood back to his house, and gave him the best accommodation it afforded. Before going to bed, however, he told him that he would have to appear the next day before a "spiritual court" or visitation to be held at Amersham.

"This was a new thing to me," says Thomas, "and it brought a great exercise upon my mind. But being given up in the will of God to suffer what He should permit to be laid on me, I endeavoured to keep my mind quiet and still. In the morning, as soon as I was up, my spirit was exercised towards the Lord in strong cries to Him, that He would stand by me and preserve me, and not suffer me to be taken in the snare of the wicked. While I was thus crying to the Lord, the other constable came, and I was called down.

"This was a budge fellow, and talked high. He was a shoemaker by trade, and his name was Clark. He threatened me with the Spiritual Court. But when he saw I did not regard it, he stopt, and left the matter to his partner, who pretended more kindness for me, and therefore went about to perswade Clark to let me go out the back door, so slip away.

"The plot, I suppose, was so laid that Clark should seem averse, but at length yeild, which he did, but would have me take it for a favour. But I was so far

from taking it so, that I would not take it at all, but told them plainly that as I came in at the fore-door, so I would go out at the fore-door. When, therefore, they saw they could not make me bow to their will, they brought me out at the fore-door into the street, and wished me a good journey. But, before I went, calling for the woman of the house, I paid her for my supper and lodging, for I had now gotten a little money in my pocket again."

X.—GLIMPSES OF A GREAT MAN.

Though fallen on evil days,
On evil days though fallen, and evil tongues;
In darkness, and with dangers compassed round,
And solitude; yet not alone.

MILTON.

THOMAS ELLWOOD had not long returned to Crowell after his Beaconsfield adventure before he was seized with the small-pox. His situation was rather pitiable, as ever since Michaelmas he had been living quite alone in the old Grange, his father having discharged the two servants, and sold off the cattle. An old woman came in every morning to do necessary domestic work, and she now attended to him until a nurse arrived, who was sent by his kind friends in Buckinghamshire. Soon after Isaac Penington himself, accompanied by his step-daughter, Gulielma, came to see him, bringing with them, to his great delight, his revered spiritual father, Edward Burrough. Though the attack was rather severe, Thomas got through it without being much disfigured, though his eyesight was somewhat affected for the rest of his life, which he attributed to his unwisely poring over the old black-letter volumes in his father's library during his convalescence.

At the beginning of February, 1662, he was sufficiently recovered to be able to go to Chalfont "for the

airing himself more fully, that he might be more fit for conversation." Some changes had taken place within the last few weeks. The old Alderman had died in the Tower, his death having been hastened by the severity of his treatment. But the storm of the persecution against the Quakers seemed to have spent its fury for a while, so far as Buckinghamshire was concerned, though great numbers were in prison in other parts of the country. Individual members of the Society, too, were always coming into collision with the intolerant spirit of the times.

But at Chalfont Grange, all was quiet for the present, and though the Alderman was dead, his son was still left in possession of the estate.

Young Ellwood now greatly regretted that he had not made a better use of the educational advantages he had enjoyed in his boyhood. He told Isaac Penington that, though he spent much of his leisure time in study, he could not make the progress he wished for without assistance. Penington, after some consideration, told him that he had a friend in London, a physician named Paget, who he thought would be able to secure the services of one of the first classical scholars of the age, who being blind, was in the habit of giving lessons to gentlemen's sons, in return for their reading to him. It was arranged that Ellwood should go back to Crowell and settle up some affairs there, while Penington communicated with Dr. Paget. Thomas committed the care of the house to one of his father's tenants, and returned to Chalfont, where he found that all had been satisfactorily arranged. He hastened to London, and

called at once on his tutor, who was living in Jewin Street, where he spent most of his time in a room with faded green hangings, dictating to his daughters, or listening to reading from them and his young pupils. He was a man of fifty-three, with refined and delicate features, showing traces of an almost feminine beauty, but now thin and careworn. His long hair curling gracefully in natural locks, floated over his shoulders, and his blue eyes, were it not for their fixed and glassy stare, would scarcely have betrayed the affliction which had befallen him. The young Quaker gazed on him with reverence, as one in whom, as he afterwards wrote—

> Lofty fancy, deep conceit,
> Style concise and language great
> Rendered his discourse complete.

It was no other than John Milton, the Latin Secretary of the Lord Protector Oliver, now hated as a regicide by many, yet left unmolested, and famous throughout Europe as the author of the *Areopagitica*, and the *Defence of the English People*, and destined to be yet more renowned as the author of the *Paradise Lost*, which he was at this time composing.

Milton received Ellwood with grave and stately courtesy, and it was soon arranged that he should come and read to him in Latin every afternoon except Sunday, spending his mornings in private study. This course he adopted for about six weeks, when he was unfortunately checked by an attack of illness, which he attributed to the "sulphurous air" of the city. He had to leave London, and went down to his friend, Dr. Raunce, of

Wycombe, that he might enjoy the combined advantages of country air, and of the Doctor's medical skill, and of the motherly care of Frances Raunce, whom he describes as "an honest, hearty, discreet, and grave matron, whom I had a very good esteem of, and who I knew had a good regard for me."

Ellwood had great difficulty in reaching Wycombe, and his life was for some time almost despaired of, but thanks to the care of his kind friends he slowly recovered. He seems to have had to remain at Wycombe most of the summer, during which time he received a visit from his father, who left with him sufficient money to enable him to remunerate the Raunces for their care. At last he returned to London, and resumed his studies with Milton, who, having come to appreciate his character and services, received him very cordially. But, as Ellwood says, it seemed as if learning was the forbidden fruit to him, for scarcely had he well settled down to his studies, when they met with an effectual check.

It was a time of great popular excitement. On August 24th the Act of Uniformity had come into force, and nearly two thousand clergymen had been obliged to quit their livings. Rumours were rife that disaffection prevailed in many counties, and that the old soldiers of the Commonwealth might be expected to rise in arms. But the time which brought such grief to the Puritans gave a slight and temporary relief to the Friends. Two days before St. Bartholomew's Day, Charles, who had a sort of "sneaking kindness" for the Quakers, on account of what he regarded as their harmless eccentricities, had ordered

the release of all the Quakers imprisoned in London and Middlesex, except preachers, and those who had refused the oath of allegiance. This was partly due to the rejoicings on the entry of Queen Catharine, and partly, perhaps, to a memorial presented to the King just before by George Fox and Richard Hubberthorn, who gave him a list of over three thousand who had suffered under his reign for conscience sake. "Now this we would have of thee," said the plain-spoken memorialists, "to set them at liberty that lie in prison in the names of the Commonwealth, and of the two Protectors, and them that lie in thy own name for speaking the truth."

But the respite was but of short duration. On Sunday, the 26th of October, one of those unreasoning panics which were so frequent in that age, arose in London on a false report of a rising in Dorset. Samuel Pepys tells us how the soldiers were marching to and fro all day in search of Quakers and other Dissenters, and Evelyn mentions that the alarm was so great that it was not thought safe for the King to attend the Lord Mayor's Show three days later. Among the numerous Quakers arrested that day was young Thomas Ellwood, who had gone that morning to a Friends' meeting at the Bull and Mouth, Aldersgate-street, which was broken up by the soldiers, and all present conducted to Bridewell. William Penington escaped through having gone down to his brother's at Chalfont, where he usually spent his Sundays. During the week he came to Bridewell, and brought Thomas twenty shillings, which was a very acceptable help to him, as his stock was reduced to twopence. The next Monday the good merchant, who

had been at Chalfont again the day before, brought him forty shillings more from Mary Penington. Some of the Quakers got their liberty through the influence of friends, but Ellwood and others continued in custody till the 29th of December, when they were brought up at the Old Bailey, and on refusing to take the oath of allegiance, were committed to Newgate.

Ellwood's description of his prison experiences is one of the most interesting portions of his autobiography, but we can only refer in passing to the contrast he draws between the comparative comfort of Bridewell, where the prisoners were kept in Henry VIII.'s banqueting hall, and the filth and squalor of Newgate, where they slept in three tiers of hammocks all around the room, and to the horrible scenes of vice, profligacy and coarseness which he witnessed in the latter prison, where the heads of persons who had been executed for treason were tossed about like footballs. One of the Friends died as the result of the horrible overcrowding, and through the intervention of the foreman of the coroner's jury, the Quakers, who had been brought from Bridewell, were sent back to their old quarters, and were actually allowed to pass through the streets of London without a guard, and confined in a room at Bridewell, which lay perfectly open to the street; so great was the confidence felt in their promise not to escape. Many Friends, however, Edward Burrough being one, were still at Newgate.

It seems to have been about the end of January, 1663, that Ellwood was again called up at the Old Bailey with the other Friends in Bridewell. Somewhat to their

surprise, they were discharged. After joining in a meeting for prayer and praise with his fellow prisoners, and visiting those still in Newgate, Ellwood called first on William Penington, and then on John Milton. He told the blind poet that he was anxious to resume his studies, but that he wished first to visit his friends in Buckinghamshire. Accordingly, one fine frosty day he set out on foot for Chalfont Grange, which he reached the same evening, and where he received a hearty welcome from the Peningtons.

XI.—A QUAKER IDYLL.

But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quenched in the chaste beams of the watery moon.
And the imperial votaress passed on
In maiden meditation fancy-free.

SHAKESPEARE (Midsummer Night's Dream).

ELLWOOD'S first care was to repay to Mary Penington the two pounds she had sent him during his imprisonment, though she was reluctant to accept it from him. After he had been a few days at the Grange, he began to think of returning to London, and resuming his studies with Milton. But as he was one evening sitting in conversation with Isaac Penington, who was just then an invalid, and unable to leave his bedroom, the latter asked him if he was willing to make his home at the Grange altogether, and give his children lessons in Latin, as their tutor had just removed to London, and he had not been able to meet with another. Though Ellwood was sorry to break off his lessons with Milton, he was only too pleased to embrace the opportunity of taking up his abode with the family that had become so endeared to him, without the feeling that he was burdensome to them. Accordingly the next seven years of his life were spent as tutor to the Penington

family. But he had not been at the Grange many weeks before his joy was damped by the tidings of the death of his much-loved friend Edward Burrough, whose health, in spite of his naturally vigorous constitution, had been undermined by his imprisonment in Newgate. Ellwood's feelings found relief in composing a quaint elegy on his friend, in which he described him as

> Unspotted, pure, clean, holy, without blame;
> Glory, light, splendour, lustre, was his crown,
> Happy his change to him, the loss our own.

Ellwood's charge consisted of two boys, John and Isaac, and a little girl named Mary. Isaac, who was a fine, spirited boy, was his especial favourite. But there was another member of the family to whom, as was not unnatural, he became still more closely attached. This was Penington's step-daughter, Gulielma Maria Springett, who had been Ellwood's playmate during his childish days in London. When not occupied with his young pupils or with his books, he was her constant companion in her walks and rides in the delightful country around. But we had better allow honest Thomas to speak for himself.

"While thus I remained in this family," he says, "various suspicions arose in the minds of some concerning me, with respect to Mary Penington's fair daughter, Guli. For she having now arrived at a marriageable age, and being in all respects a very desirable woman—whether regard was had to her outward person, which wanted nothing to render her compleatly comely; or to the endowments of her mind, which were every way extraordinary and highly obliging; or to her outward

fortune, which was fair, and which with some hath not the last nor the least place in consideration, she was openly and secretly sought and solicited by many, and some of them almost of every rank and condition, good and bad, rich and poor, friend and foe. To whom, in their respective turns, till he at length came for whom she was reserved, she carried herself with so much evenness of temper, such courteous freedom, guarded with the strictest modesty, that as it gave encouragement or ground of hopes to none, so neither did it administer any matter of offence or just cause of complaint to any.

"But such as were thus either engaged for themselves or desirous to make themselves advocates for others, could not, I observed, but look upon me with an eye of jealousie, and fear that I would improve the opportunities I had by frequent and familiar conversation with her to my own advantage in working myself into her good opinion and favour, to the ruin of their pretences.

"According, therefore, to the several kinds and degrees of their fears of me, they suggested to her parents their ill surmises against me.

"Some stuck not to question the sincerity of my intentions in coming at first among the Quakers, urging with a 'Why may it not be so that the desire and hopes of obtaining by that means so fair a fortune might be the prime and chief inducement to me to thrust myself amongst that people?' But this surmise could find no place with those worthy friends of mine, her father-in-law and her mother, who, besides the clear sense and sound judgment they had in themselves, knew very well upon what terms I came among them, how strait and

hard the passage was to me, how contrary to all worldly interest, which lay fair another way, how much I had suffered from my father for it, and how regardless I had been of attempting or seeking anything of that nature in these three or four years I had been amongst them.

"Some others, measuring me by the propensity of their own inclinations, concluded I would steal her, run away with her, and marry her; which they thought I might be the more easily induced to do, from the advantageous opportunities I frequently had of riding and walking abroad with her, by night as well as by day, without any other company than her maid. For so great indeed was the confidence that her mother had in me, that she thought her daughter safe if I was with her, even from the plots and designs that others had upon her; and so honourable were the thoughts she entertained concerning me, as would not suffer her to admit a suspicion that I could be capable of so much baseness as to betray the trust she with so great freedom reposed in me.

"I was not ignorant of the various fears which filled the jealous heads of some concerning me, neither was I so stupid nor so divested of all humanity as not to be sensible of the real and innate worth and vertue which adorned that excellent dame, and attracted the eyes and hearts of so many with the greatest importunity to seek and solicit her. . . . . But the love of truth and sense of honour suppressed whatever would have risen beyond the bounds of fair and vertuous friendship; for I easily foresaw that if I should have attempted anything in a dishonourable way, by force or

fraud, upon her, I should have thereby brought a wound upon my own soul, a foul scandal upon my religious profession, and an infamous stain upon my honour, either of which was far more dear unto me than my life. Wherefore having observed how some others had befooled themselves by misconstruing her common kindness, expressed in an innocent, open, free, and familiar conversation, springing from the abundant affability, courtesy, and sweetness of her natural temper, to be the effect of a singular regard and peculiar affection to them, I resolved to shun the rock on which I had seen so many run and split, and remembring that saying of the poet,

Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum,
Happy's he
Whom others' dangers wary make to be,

I governed myself in a free yet respectful carriage towards her, and I thereby both preserved a fair reputation with my friends, and enjoyed as much of her favour and kindness in a vertuous and firm friendship as was fit for her to show or for me to seek."

One is led to conjecture that Ellwood's feelings were rather more deeply engaged than he cares to confess, but if so it is evident that the fair Gulielma did not reciprocate them with anything more than a sisterly friendship.

The summer of 1663 proved so wet and cold that a public fast on account of the unseasonable weather was proclaimed by the Parliament. But it was to Ellwood the happiest time he had ever known. The quiet home at the Grange was a delightful contrast to the dreary old mansion at Crowell, the lonely lodging in the City, or

the filth and squalor of Newgate. He paid one more visit to Crowell to sell off the furniture which his father had given to him, and then joined with the latter in selling his estate. The last link that bound him to Oxfordshire was now severed, and Buckinghamshire became his home during the remainder of a long life.

XII.—PERSECUTION BEGINS AGAIN.

Man, proud man,
Drest in a little brief authority,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As make the angels weep.

SHAKESPEARE (Measure for Measure).

THE year 1663 was marked by the alarm with which the Court party viewed the increase of "Conventicles" as the old congregations of the ejected clergy gathered around them in private buildings. To deal with this, the Conventicle Act was passed in May, 1664. The Quakers were expressly included in its provisions, and were liable to transportation for refusing to take the oath. Every person over sixteen who was found at a religious assembly of five or more "in other manner than is allowed by the Liturgy" was liable to three months' imprisonment, or a fine of five pounds for the first offence; for the second, to be imprisoned six months, or pay ten pounds; and for the third, to be transported for seven years, five of which might be spent in slavery, with a penalty of death for attempting to escape transportation. The banishment might be evaded by a fine of a hundred pounds. In other

respects the Act provided for more rigorous treatment of Dissenters than had yet been customary.

Isaac Penington soon experienced the rigour of the new law; for Ellwood says in the "testimony" he issued after his friend's death: "His second imprisonment was in the year 1664, being taken out of a meeting, when he, with others, were peaceably waiting on the Lord, and sent to Aylesbury gaol, where he again remained a prisoner between seventeen and eighteen weeks."

It was not long before the Act was put in force against some of Ellwood's Wycombe friends who met at Dr. Raunce's house. The following entry is extracted from the records of the Corporation:—

"Memorand: That the eight day of January, 1664," [1665, N.S.] "beinge Sabbath day, Samuel Trone, Jeremiah Steevens, Nickolas Noy, John Littleboy, John Cock, George Bull, and Joseph Steevens, all of this Burrough, labourers, and beinge p'fessed and known Quakers, having this day assembled together with divers women at the house of John Raunce in this Burrough, under p'tence of religious worshipp, contrary to a late Act of Parliam^{t}, and being brought before us, beinge two of His Mat^{ies} Justices of the Peace for the Burrough aforesayd, have acknowledged and confessed the same, and thereuppon the sayd sev'all p'sons were this p'sent day by warrant under o^{r} hands and seals committed to the House of Correction (which was a loathesome dungeon in Frogmore Ward in this Burrough), there to remayne for the terme of three months, according to the seyd late Act of Parliam^{t}, it being the

first tyme that they or either of them have been convicted of the same offence.

HENRY ELLIOTT, Mayor.
ROBERT WHITTON."

The sentences of these Friends would expire in April, but on their release, determined to "obey God rather than man," they continued their meetings. Accordingly on June 11th, 1665, four of them (Trone, Cock, Littleboy, and Jeremiah Steevens), "it being Sabbath day, and in the tyme of Divine Service, were found with sev'all other p'sons at an unlawfull assembly" at the same house, and were again committed to the House of Correction for six months.

About three weeks later, Isaac Penington and his young tutor were arrested. They had gone over from the Grange to Amersham, along with Morgan Watkins, a Welsh Friend who was then staying at Chalfont. It was on Saturday, July 1st, 1665. As they went we can imagine them conversing on the terrible ravages of the plague in the metropolis, and very possibly passing more than one carriage laden with fugitives from the plague-stricken city. The object of their journey was to be present at the funeral of a much-respected Friend, named Edward Perot or Parret,* who had given part of an orchard belonging to him "at the town's end," for the purposes of a Quaker burying ground, and was now to be buried there himself. This is, no doubt, the existing graveyard close to Amersham Union, behind

* The name of Edward Perrott occurs in the State Papers of the Commonwealth (Oct. 14th, 1653) as having set up a "seditious paper in Amersham market-house."

the little meeting house now used as a Wesleyan chapel. A large number of Friends from the neighbourhood, and not a few of the townspeople had assembled. After spending some time at the house, probably in silent prayer, the coffin was placed on the shoulders of some of the assembled Friends, and the train set out for the graveyard. As they were passing along the street, however, an important-looking personage, with a drawn sword in his hand, rushed out of one of the inns, local tradition says the "Griffin," followed by the constables, and "a rabble of rude fellows whom he had gathered together." This was Ambrose Benett, a barrister-at-law and county magistrate, residing at Bulstrode Park, near Hedgerley. He had ridden into Amersham that morning on his way to the assizes at Aylesbury, which were to commence on the following Monday; and hearing that there was to be a Quaker funeral there that day, had set up his horses, and resolved to disturb it. He struck one of the foremost bearers with the flat of his sword, and commanded them to set down the coffin. The bearer, whose name was Thomas Dell, afraid lest the coffin should fall, held it fast, when the brutal Benett deliberately thrust it from the bearer's shoulders, and, to the horror of the spectators, threw it on the ground, and ordered the constables to arrest the Quakers. The Friends nearest the coffin were violently pulled and pushed into the inn, while some of the others walked away. Another magistrate was sent for, and the captured Friends were kept under guard awaiting his arrival. This was Sir Thomas Clayton, a bigoted Churchman, who

had just entered on possession of the confiscated estate of the Fleetwoods, at the Vache, Chalfont St. Giles. Benett and he committed ten of them—including Penington and Ellwood—for trial at the Assizes, for what offence did not very clearly appear. Meanwhile, the coffin was actually allowed to remain till late in the evening in the open streets, "so that all the travellers that passed by, whether horsemen, coaches, carts or waggons, were fain to break out of the way to go by it, that they might not drive over it." "And then," says Ellwood, "having caused a grave to be made in the unconsecrated part (as it is accounted) of that which is called the church-yard, they forcibly took the body from the widow (whose right and property it was) and buried it there." The magistrates entrusted the prisoners to the Amersham constable, who, not caring to undertake a late journey to Aylesbury, nor wishing to put the town to expense, allowed them all to go home on parole, till the Monday morning, when they presented themselves at Amersham, and were duly conducted to the county town. We learn from Besse's account that besides Penington, Ellwood, and Dell, the ten prisoners included Dr. John Raunce and Jeremiah Steevens (from Wycombe), Thomas Lane (of Coleshill), Ralph Trumper (of Amersham), William Sexton (one of Penington's fellow prisoners at the end of 1660), John Mead, and Joseph Rose.

On their reaching the gaol, they found that the gaoler had ridden out to wait on the judges as they came into the town. His wife received them with fawning civility, and offered them the choice of her rooms. Being asked

on what terms, she said she must refer them to her husband, who would no doubt be very reasonable and civil to them. But the Friends knew that they must be on their guard, for this man, Nathaniel Birch, had not long before kept some Quakers from North Bucks in prison some time after they had been discharged in court, had treated them with great harshness, and shut them up in the common gaol with the felons on their refusing to pay his fees. Since he had no legal right to demand these, they had refused to give way, and at last had gained their discharge. Penington and his friends were therefore determined to stand their ground and to pay neither "fees" nor "chamber rent," but to demand a "free prison." They therefore told Mrs. Birch that they would not occupy any room till her husband came home. Walking into the prison yard, where there was a well of very good water, they sent out into the town for some bread and cheese, which was brought them by one of the Aylesbury Friends, a widow, named Sarah Lambarn.* Then they seated themselves on the ground round the well, and partook of their simple fare, while the shouts of the people and the blare of the trumpets announced the entry of the judges. Their great anxiety was for Isaac Penington, owing to his delicate health, but he was so resigned and cheerful as to encourage them greatly.

At last the gaoler arrived, and after a consultation with his wife, came out to the prisoners, and told them

* No doubt the Sarah Lambourne of whom Besse speaks as a widow with six children, who had herself been imprisoned for a long time at Aylesbury in 1659.

how troubled he was that they should sit there abroad, especially his old friend, Mr. Penington, and offered them the choice of rooms. The Friends asked him "on what terms?" Seeing that they were determined, he gave way, and said they should make the terms themselves and give him what they pleased when they left. On this some of the Friends took up their quarters in the dwelling house, and others in the old malthouse.

During the assizes they were brought before Judge Morton, a "sowre angry man." He spoke severely to them but refused to try the case, and referred it to the two justices who had committed them. As soon as the assizes were over, they were brought before Clayton and Benett at one of the Aylesbury inns and fined 6s. 8d. each, and on refusing to pay were committed to prison for a month.

As soon as the month was over Ellwood and another Friend went to Birch and demanded their liberty. The gaoler replied that the door should be opened whenever they pleased to go. On this the Quakers raised a sum of money between them, which Ellwood took to their custodian, telling him that it was neither fee nor chamber rent, but an acknowledgment of his civility. Birch put it in his pocket saying, "I thank you and your friends for it, and to let you see I take it as a gift, not a debt, I will not look on it to see how much it is."

"The prison doors being then set open for us," says Ellwood, "we went out, and departed to our respective homes."

XIII.—MILTON AT CHALFONT ST. GILES.

I, who erewhile the happy garden sung,
By one man's disobedience lost, now sing
Recovered Paradise to all mankind,
By one man's firm obedience fully tried.

MILTON.

AMONG those who fled for safety from the plague-stricken capital were two great men who found a refuge in Buckinghamshire. Richard Baxter was one. He tells us at the close of the first part of his "Life and Times" how he found a place of safety and comfort "at the house of my dearly-beloved and honoured friend, Mr. Richard Hampden, of Hampden, in Buckinghamshire, the true heir of his famous father's sincerity, piety, and devotedness to God; whose person and family the Lord preserve, honour them that honour Him, and be their everlasting rest and portion."

John Milton was the other. He had removed from Jewin Street to Artillery Walk, Bunhill Fields. The neighbourhood was then a comparatively rural one, but the outbreak of the plague rendered it a most undesirable residence, for close by was the great charnel-pit into which the bodies of the dead were indiscriminately thrown. The rumble of the death carts and the hoarse cry "Bring out your dead" were constantly heard. We are even told that some plague-stricken wretches, in the frenzy of their delirium, leaped from their beds, rushed naked through the streets, and flung themselves into the

the same state in which Milton saw it (*) ; and probably it was here that 'Paradise Regained' was dictated to his second [third] wife, Elizabeth Minshull. The other room on the opposite side of the entrance, contains an old wooden mantelpiece, which may have been contemporary with Milton." In 1887, arrangements were made for the purchase of the cottage, as a "Jubilee Memorial," to be put in trust for the parish. This put an end to fears which had been entertained that the cottage might be purchased and removed for re-erection in America.

It is very probable that Milton had seen Chalfont in his earlier life, during his residence at Horton. For he had a long-standing friendship with the Fleetwoods of the Vache, the old historic mansion on the road to Rickmansworth. But these had forfeited their property through their Republican sympathies, and the Vache, which was granted to the Duke of York, had just been sold by him to Sir Thomas Clayton, the very man who had joined with Ambrose Benett in committing Penington and Ellwood to prison. The famous old Puritan rector, Thomas Valentine, who had been suspended for not reading the Book of Sports, and who had sat in the Westminster Assembly of Divines, had been ejected on St. Bartholomew's Day three years before, and died somewhere about this time. There was a lady of the Fleetwood family living somewhere near, at whose house Presbyterian ministers occasionally preached. At another house some zealous Fifth Monarchists met, and were addressed by strangers ; while a third little

* Mr. Gibbs forgets that the poet was blind.

gathering of fanatics of some indescribable shade were known to their neighbours, perhaps very unjustly, as "Atheists." But none of these "conventicles" are likely to have numbered Milton among their hearers. Sick of the contentions of warring sects, he had ceased to attend public worship. Like the soul in Tennyson's "Palace of Art," he might almost be said to "sit as God, holding no form of faith, but contemplating all." The experiment might be safe for a John Milton, but is terribly dangerous for a weaker spirit.

No doubt Milton's stay at Chalfont was marked by caution and seclusion. It was not five years since his *Defensio* had been burned by the common hangman, and he was sure to be a marked man with the Tory justices of the neighbourhood. It is not likely that he found much society in the village. There is, however, a tradition, mentioned I think in Dr. Stoughton's "Life of Penn," that Guli Springett sometimes came over from the Grange to sing to him and play to him on the lute. It is not impossible, as the first generation of Quakers were not always so rigid in their exclusion of music and song as some of their successors.

In Birch's "Life of Milton," published in 1738, is given a fragment of a sonnet, which is said to have been composed by Milton when at Chalfont St. Giles, and written in a window there with a diamond. The lines are as follows :—

> Fair mirror of foul times! whose fragile sheen
> Shall as it blazeth, break; while Providence
> Aye watching o'er His saints with eye unseen,
> Spreads the red rod of angry pestilence
> To sweep the wicked and their counsels hence;

> Yea, all to break the pride of lustful kings,
> Who Heaven's law reject for brutish sense.
> As erst He scourged Jessides' sin of yore
> For the fair Hittite, when on seraph's wings
> He sent him war, or plague, or famine sore.

Three remarks are obviously suggested. It is scarcely likely that any one would have been so foolhardy as to have cut so evident a reflection on the immorality of the king upon a window, at Chalfont or anywhere else. Then the lines seem to refer to some representation on a brittle surface, a pane of stained glass, say, or a slab of porcelain, and if Milton wrote them he could only have known this by description. Lastly, one would expect Milton to be a more accurate Biblical scholar than to attribute the judgment that fell on David to his sin with Bathsheba, instead of to his numbering of the people. Still, as Professor Masson admits, some of the lines show curious and striking similarities to Milton's style.

A doubtful tradition (mentioned by Mr. Bayne in his "Historical Sketch of Rickmansworth") says that Jeffreys (who certainly lived at Chalfont St. Peter about this time) called on Milton at St. Giles, "and with his usual barbarity asked him if he did not consider the loss of his eyes a judgment on him for his treatment of the King? when Milton asked him in reply if the loss of his head was not then a still greater judgment on the King?" Another version of the story substitutes for Jeffreys, the Duke of York.

On his release from Aylesbury, Ellwood called on the blind poet. This was somewhere in August, or, as Masson thinks, at the beginning of September. The Professor, by the way, like other modern writers, seems

rather hard on Friend Thomas, whom he styles "a trusty, kind, but somewhat thick-headed Quaker lad." Be that as it may, let us hear how Ellwood describes his visit to his "master."

"After some common discourses had passed between us, he called for a manuscript of his; which being brought, he delivered to me, bidding me take it home with me, and read it at my leisure; and when I had so done, return it to him with my judgment thereon.

"When I came home, and had set myself to read it, I found it was that excellent poem which he entituled 'Paradise Lost.' After I had with the best attention, read it through, I made him another visit, and returned him his book, with due acknowledgement of the favour he had done me in communicating it to me. He asked me how I liked it, and what I thought of it, which I modestly but freely told him, and after some further discourse about it, I pleasantly said to him, 'Thou hast said much here of 'Paradise Lost,' but what hast thou to say of 'Paradise Found'? He made me no answer, but sat some time in a muse; then brake off that discourse, and fell upon another subject.

"After the sickness was over, and the city well cleansed, and become safely habitable again, he returned thither. And when afterwards I went to wait on him there, which I seldom failed of doing whenever my occasions drew me to London, he showed me his second poem, called 'Paradise Regained,' and in a pleasant tone said to me, 'This is owing to you, for you put it into my head by the question you put to me at Chalfont, which before I had not thought of."

Professor Henry Morley, in his introduction to the reprint of Ellwood's life in his "Universal Library," thinks that Ellwood totally misunderstood Milton's meaning. He says, "The observation Ellwood made, of which he is proud because of its consequence, might well cause Milton to be silent for a little while, and then change the conversation. It showed that the whole aim of the poem had been missed. Its crown is in the story of redemption, Paradise Found, the better Eden, the 'Paradise within thee happier far' . . . . . When Milton—who, with his habitual gentleness, never allowed Ellwood to suspect that he had missed the whole purpose of 'Paradise Lost'—shewed him 'Paradise Regained,' and made him happy by telling him that he caused it to be written, he showed him a poem that expanded the closing thought of 'Paradise Lost' into an image of the Paradise within, that is to be obtained only by an imitation of Christ under all forms of our temptation."

Milton returned to London early in 1666, by which time the city had become quite as safe as Buckinghamshire, where the disease raged with great fury after it had nearly died out in the metropolis. Several deaths from this plague are recorded in the Chalfont register. The next year he published "Paradise Lost," but "Paradise Regained" did not appear till 1671.

Milton is buried in St. Giles Church Cripplegate, London

XIV.—A TITLED PERSECUTOR.

How e'er it be, it seems to me,
Tis only noble to be good;
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.

TENNYSON.

THE spirit of persecution was in no wise restrained by the terrors of the pestilence. On the contrary, the Parliament which had assembled at Oxford to avoid the plague-stricken metropolis, passed the Five Mile Act, which made it penal for a Nonconformist minister to reside within five miles of a corporate town.

Only about five weeks had elapsed from the time when Isaac Penington and Ellwood had been released from Aylesbury Gaol, when, so Ellwood says, "a rude soldier, without any other warrant than what he carried in his scabbard," came to the Grange, and told Penington that he must go before Sir Philip Palmer, one of the deputy lieutenants of the county. Penington had no choice but to obey, though his wife had not yet left her room after the birth of another child. Palmer made out a warrant for his commitment to Aylesbury gaol "during the pleasure of the Earl of Bridgewater." This nobleman, the Lord Lieutenant of the County, had suffered severely at the hands of the Parliamentary

party during their tenure of power, and was only too glad of every opportunity of paying off old scores, though indeed he seems to have been equally at home in persecuting Puritans or Quakers, Romanists or Baptists. About this very time, as appears by a letter in the State Papers, he had interposed to prevent the release of Benjamin Keach, the famous Baptist preacher (who afterwards founded the church which now meets at the Metropolitan Tabernacle) from Aylesbury Gaol, and Keach and Penington were very possibly fellow prisoners. It appears that Lord Bridgewater was mortally offended, because Isaac, in writing to him, did not address him as "My Lord," nor sign himself "Your humble servant," and had declared that unless he would apologise, he should lie in prison till he rotted. Isaac, on arriving at Aylesbury, wrote a most beautiful and touching letter to his wife, in which he says, "I dare not choose, but beg to be taught to wait, and to be made willing to drink the residue of this cup of suffering, both inward and outward, till the Lord see good to take it from my lips."

Penington's friends, conscious that he had broken no law, calculated on his release at the assizes. But the Earl took means to prevent a trial, and the case was never called upon, either at those assizes or the next. It became evident that the mittimus was being literally obeyed, and that Penington was destined to remain a prisoner during the pleasure of the titled oppressor. Meanwhile, the plague broke out in Aylesbury, and, as might be expected, there were cases in the gaol. A request was forwarded to Lord Bridgewater that he

would allow Penington to be removed to a house in the town, but it was refused. At last, however, when one of the prisoners had actually died, Mrs. Birch, in her husband's absence, took upon herself to have Penington removed to a private house. Soon after this, on the intercession of the Earl of Ancram, he was released, after nine months' causeless imprisonment, apparently about Midsummer, 1666.

During this fourth term of captivity, the dreaded blow fell, and the Penington family had to quit the Grange. The circumstances of the ejection are not very clearly recorded, but it has been conjectured that Bridgewater's influence had something to do with it. The old Alderman's estates had been partly granted to Charles's illegitimate son, the Duke of Grafton, but whether he owned the Grange does not appear. A local tradition asserts that the notorious George Jeffreys, who is credited with the erection of the Greyhound Inn, at Chalfont St. Peters, resided at the Grange before the erection of his house at Bulstrode. It is added that a portrait of the "Unjust Judge" was long preserved at the Grange under peculiar circumstances. Jeffreys had given strict orders that it was never to be removed from the walls of the house. After his disgrace accordingly it was removed to the cellar, fastened to the wall, and bricked in. So says tradition ; but tradition says many strange things.

On leaving the Grange, Mary Penington and her younger children went to Aylesbury that she might be near her husband. Ellwood accompanied them for a time, but not finding the place suit his health, he

returned to Chalfont St. Peter, where he took lodgings in the village, and was "dieted in the house of a friendly man." Meanwhile Guli had gone to Bristol to see her former maid, Anne Hersent, who had married a merchant there named Thomas Biss. After a while, Thomas Ellwood went to fetch her home, and apparently stayed there some time, during which, Mary Penington and the children had removed from Aylesbury, and taken lodgings at Bottrels Farm, Chalfont St. Giles, about the beginning of 1666.* Here he remained with them till Michaelmas, except for a brief term of imprisonment at Wycombe, under circumstances which must be detailed in the next chapter. At midsummer he was released apparently about the same time as Penington, and like him through the favour of Lord Ancram. But only three weeks had elapsed when Penington was again seized by order of Sir Philip Palmer, dragged out of bed, and sent without any cause shown to Aylesbury Gaol, where he was kept prisoner a year and a half "in rooms so cold, damp, and unhealthy that it went very near to cost him his life, and procured a so great distemper that he lay weak of it several months." Lord Bridgewater appears to have been the real cause of this fifth imprisonment.

During both of those terms of imprisonment Penington was by no means idle. He wrote several religious works, and carried on an extensive correspondence. Many of his letters are still extant. To his wife he writes with the tenderest affection, to Bridgewater with

* Bottrels is much as it was in Ellwood's time internally, but has been refronted to prevent the timbers from falling out.

calm and dignified expostulation, and to his relatives and friends in various parts with Christian earnestness and meekness, and unvarying submission to his lot.

At length, early in 1668, a relative of Mary Penington, whose name has not been recorded, sued for a writ of *Habeas Corpus*, and Isaac was brought before the Court of King's Bench in London. It was at once apparent that there was no charge against Penington, and the judges dismissed the case, expressing their wonder that an innocent man should have been kept in prison so long.

A Friend who shared several of Isaac Penington's imprisonments, gives the following account of his spirit and conduct:

"Being made willing by the power of God to suffer with great patience, cheerfulness, contentedness, and true nobility of spirit, he was a good example to me and others. I do not remember that I ever saw him cast-down or dejected during the time of his close imprisonment; or ever heard him speak hardly of those that persecuted him; for he was of that temper to love enemies, and to do good to them that hated him; having received a measure of that virtue from Christ, his master, that taught him so to do. Indeed I may truly say, in the prison he was a help to the weak, being made instrumental in the hand of the Lord for that end. Oh! the remembrance of the glory that did often overshadow us in the place of our confinement; so that indeed the prison was made by the Lord, who was powerfully with us, as a pleasant palace. I was often, with many more, by those streams of life that did many times flow through

him as a vessel, greatly overcome with a sense of the pure presence and love of our God that was plentifully spread abroad in our hearts."

BURY FARM, AMERSHAM,

The residence of Isaac and Mary Penington and their family, circa 1666-1672.

(From a photograph taken by J. W. Walker, of Maidenhead.)

XV.—ELLWOOD'S FOURTH IMPRISONMENT.

Some scattered annals of a bygone race,
Men who unmoved, still brave and fearless stood,
Amid the rage of persecution's flood.

ANON.

ON the 13th of March, 1666, while Isaac Penington was still undergoing his earlier imprisonment in Aylesbury gaol at the instance of the Earl of Bridgewater, a somewhat numerous party was gathered together at the little farm-house of Bottrels, where Mary Penington had just come to live after her stay at Aylesbury. Besides Mary and her children, there were Gulielma Springett and Thomas Ellwood, who had just returned from Bristol. Morgan Watkins, the Welsh Quaker, who had shared the imprisonment of Penington and Ellwood at Aylesbury the year before, was also there, and Mrs. Judith Parker, the wife of an eminent London physician, had come with her maiden daughter on a visit to Mary Penington. A monthly meeting was to be held that day at the house of one George Salter, of Hedgerley, about six miles from Bottrels. Ellwood, Watkins, Guli, and her maid were bent on attending it, and though Mrs. Parker and her daughter were not Friends, they were very willing to accompany them, more especially as the weather was fine.

George Salter is mentioned in the Lambeth "Return of Conventicles" as of Farnham Royal, and as holding a meeting at his house with an average attendance of fifty or sixty. All the houses on the west side of the street in Hedgerley village are in Farnham Royal parish. George Salter was a stedfast confessor of Friends' principles. As early as 1657, we learn from Besse that he was imprisoned at Aylesbury for nonpayment of tithes. In 1660, as already related, he was imprisoned again along with Isaac Penington. In 1665, Salter was prosecuted by "John Bassett, priest of Farnham Royal," for tithes valued at under £12, and had cows, hogs, sheep, and a cart taken from him to the amount of £50. In the following year, Ellwood tells us that at the time of the meeting which he attended, Salter was in the Fleet, at London, for nonpayment of tithes, while his wife had to look after the farm.

Besse does not mention this imprisonment, but he states that in the following year, 1667, Salter, with William Russell the younger, was arrested while a meeting was going on in his house, and imprisoned for four months. In 1669, he was imprisoned again, besides having had goods to the value of £28 10s. seized for £15 worth of tithes. In 1674, he was imprisoned once more, and £59 worth of goods were taken from him. In 1684, he thus forfeited cattle valued at £12 5s., and even so late as 1690, under the milder rule of William III., cattle, corn, and household goods to the amount of £62 12s. 10d., were taken from him for £12 10s. worth of tithes, at the suit of Dr. Charles Hickman, vicar of Farnham Royal.

The meeting at Salter's house was well attended, and

after a while Morgan Watkins began to address it. While he was speaking the door suddenly opened and a man entered, wrapped in a cloak, from under which he drew forth a "stackwood stick big enough to have knocked any man down," as Ellwood says. Raising his stick, he cried, "Make way there," and rushed forward. A poor old woman was in the way, too terrified to avoid him, and so received a blow on the breast from the big stick. It was the same valorous Ambrose Benett who had knocked the coffin from the bearers' shoulders at Amersham the year before. He had somehow heard of the meeting, and of the Chalfont Friends coming over, as he lived only a mile away, and had at once sallied forth, providing himself with the stick on the road. When Benett had reached the house he had stood for some time listening at the door; although "certainly," says Ellwood, "he heard very imperfectly, if it was true which we heard he said afterwards among his companions, as an argument that Morgan was a Jesuit, viz., that in his preaching he trolled over his Latin as fluently as ever he heard anyone; whereas Morgan (good man!) was better versed in Welch than in Latin, which, I suppose, he had never learned. I am sure he did not understand it."

Pushing his way through the crowd, Benett got to where Watkins was standing, and pulled him down from his place, on which the meeting broke up in some disorder, though no one would leave the room. Seating himself at a table, he produced pen and ink, and demanded the names of those present.

"Amongst others," says Ellwood, "he asked Judith

Parker, the doctor's wife, what her name was, which she readily gave; and thence taking occasion to discourse him, she so overmastered him by clear reason delivered in fine language, that he, being glad to be rid of her, struck out her name and dismist her, yet did she not remove, but kept her place amongst us." Benett then singled out half-a-dozen—Ellwood, Watkins, Mrs. Salter, and one man and two women besides, and committed them to Aylesbury Gaol. On his reading over the warrant to the constable, the doctor's wife "attacked him again, and having put him in mind that it was a sickly time, and that the pestilence was reported to be in that place, she, in handsome terms, desired him to consider in time how he would answer the cry of our blood, if by his sending us to be shut up in an infected place, we should lose our lives there." Accordingly, he altered the mittimus, and sent them to the House of Correction at Wycombe. But although he had committed them under the Conventicle Act, which appointed a definite term for imprisonment, the warrant required their imprisonment "till delivered by due course of law."

The Friends were taken to Wycombe, and confined in the "loathsome dungeon," where those who met in John Raunce's house had been imprisoned the year before, and remained there till the 7th of June. Ellwood greatly missed the gentle and cheery influence of Isaac Penington in this imprisonment. He candidly tells us that while he esteemed the Christian character of Morgan Watkins, and was always on good terms with him, he did not find him a very congenial companion.

But for one thing he owns his indebtedness to the Welshman. Watkins taught him to make nets, such as were then used for boiling vegetables in, and this not only enabled him to pass away the time, but "to pretty well stock the Friends of that country" with these useful articles, some of which he sold, and gave others as presents to them.

On June 7th, Benett sent for the six prisoners he had arrested at Hedgerley to appear before him at his house. Four of them were released, but Ellwood and Watkins were required to find sureties for their appearance, and failing to do so, were committed to Wycombe again till the next assizes, Watkins being described in the new mittimus as "a notorious offender in preaching," and Ellwood as "upon the second conviction in order to banishment." But on the 25th of the same month, they were sent for by the Earl of Ancram, who discharged them on their promise to appear, if at liberty and in health, at the assizes, which they did, and were discharged by proclamation.

Ellwood tells us how, during his imprisonment at Wycombe, he was so strongly convinced of the ultimate failure of the persecuting spirit of the times, that his joyful confidence found expression in the lines :—

> For truth I suffer bonds, in truth I live,
> And unto truth this testimony give ;
> That truth shall over all exalted be,
> And in dominion reign for evermore ;
> The child's already born that this may see,
> Honour, praise, glory, be to God therefor.

Ellwood and his Welsh friend, on their release, returned to Bottrels Farm. Isaac Penington had also

been released, but as we saw in the last chapter, it was only for a few days. Soon after Ellwood's return from Wycombe, an event took place which may well have seemed to the oppressed Quakers, as we know it did in some cases, the sign of a Divine vengeance on their persecutors. We can fancy Ellwood and his young pupils climbing the hill at the back of Bottrels, evening after evening, to watch the red glare which lighted up the eastern sky, and told of the Great Fire of London. But Bottrels was too small for the family, and about three weeks after the Great Fire, Mary Penington, her children, and their tutor, removed to what Ellwood calls "Berrie House at Amersham," no doubt what is now known as Bury Farm, at the corner of the road to Beaconsfield, where they remained peacefully all through 1667, while Isaac Penington still continued in Aylesbury Gaol. About this time we read that 37 Friends were in this prison at once. One of these, Philip Ford, was treated with exceptional harshness. For refusing to take an oath, he was put among felons in the common prison, and denied the use of a bed.

In the course of this year, the disastrous year which added the horrors of war to those of pestilence and fire, and saw the Dutch fleet riding in insolent triumph up the Medway, an event took place which is of no small interest in the annals of Quakerism in Buckinghamshire. At a farmhouse at Weston Turville, belonging to a friend named John Brown, a large number of male Friends from all parts of the county were assembled, Thomas Ellwood being among them. They

had gathered to meet the great founder of their society, George Fox, for the purpose of establishing a system of monthly and quarterly meetings "for the better ordering the affairs of the church in taking care of the poor, and exercising a true gospel discipline for a due dealing with any that might walk disorderly under our name, and to see that such as should marry among us did act fairly and clearly in that respect." The books of the "Upperside" (*i.e.* South Bucks) Monthly Meeting are preserved in unbroken succession from 1669, the earliest minutes being in Ellwood's handwriting. It is remarkable that the persecuted Quakers should have been able alone among the Dissenting sects of their time to establish an elaborate system of order and discipline, such as not even the Presbyterians under the Commonwealth had succeeded in framing, and that it should have continued in operation down to our own day.

Fox describes the Weston Turville meeting, and the plan then drawn up, and adds, "the power of the Lord confirmed it in all that felt it, and they came thereby to see and feel that the power of God was the authority of these meetings."

John Brown, of Weston Turville, was another sturdy witness against oath-taking and tithe-paying. His imprisonment in 1658, for refusing to be sworn on a jury, has already been alluded to. In 1666, he had £15 worth of goods taken from him. In 1670 he was imprisoned for some tithes, then some barley was taken from him to defray the fine levied on him for attending a meeting at Aylesbury. Soon after he was fined £8 for attending a meeting at Tring, and three cows and a bull, valued

at £11, were taken from him for this amount. Next year he was deprived of corn to the value of £40 14s. In 1674 he lost sheep, &c., to the value of £50 for only £15 worth of tithes.

Opinions may differ as to the justice of the objections entertained by the early Friends to the payment of tithe, but there can be no two opinions as to the injustice of the treatment they received in having goods to the amount of four or five times the value of the debt violently taken from them. The calm and trustworthy Ellwood in an unpublished MS, speaks of "the Priests now, who, without regard to Law or Magistrates, run furiously and tumultuously into their neighbours' grounds, with their servants and teams, and forcibly and arbitrarily take and carry away corn and hay, when, where, and in what quantity they please." This policy of violence ultimately led to the almost entire abandonment of farming as an occupation by the Friends, to the incalculable loss of the rural districts of England, through the removal of a body of yeomen, so distinguished for industry, integrity, and sturdy independence.

XVI.—ELLWOOD'S COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.

True as the Knights of story,
Sir Lancelot and his peers,
Brave in his calm endurance,
As they in tilt of spears.

WHITTIER.

IT would seem to have been in the spring of 1668 that Guli Springett and her maid, escorted by Thomas Ellwood, went for another tour in the West of England, in the course of which they met George Fox, and attended some important meetings with him in Devon, Somerset, and Dorsetshire. We must pass over the interesting particulars which Ellwood gives of these, and take up his narrative at his return to Bury Farm.

"By the time we came back from this journey," he says, "the summer was pretty far gone, and the following winter I spent with the children of the family as before, without any remarkable alteration in my circumstances, until the next spring, when I found in myself a disposition of mind to change my single life for a married state.

"I had always entertained so high a regard for marriage, as it was a divine institution, that I held it not lawful to make it a sort of political trade, to rise in the

world by. And therefore, as I could not but in my judgment blame such as I found made it their business to hunt after and endeavour to gain those who were accounted great fortunes, not so much regarding what she is, as what she has, but making wealth the chief, if not the only thing aimed at; so I resolved to avoid, in my own practice, that course, and how much soever my condition might have prompted me, as well as others, to seek advantage that way, never to engage on account of riches, nor at all to marry till judicious affection drew me to it, which I now began to feel at work in my breast.

"The object of this affection was a Friend whose name was Mary Ellis, whom for divers years I had had an acquaintance with in the way of common friendship only, and in whom I thought I then saw those fair prints of truth and solid virtue which I afterwards found in a sublime degree in her; but what her condition in the world was as to estate, I was wholly a stranger to, nor desired to know.

"I had once, a year or two before, had an opportunity to do her a small piece of service, which she wanted some assistance in, wherein I acted with all sincerity and freedom of mind, not expecting or desiring any advantage by her, or reward from her, being very well satisfied in the act itself that I had served a Friend and helped the helpless.

"This little intercourse of common kindness between us ended without the least thought, I am verily persuaded on her part, well assured on my own, of any other or further relation than that of free and fair friendship, nor did it at that time lead us into any closer conversation

or more intimate acquaintance one with the other than had been before.

"But some time, and that a good while after, I felt my heart secretly drawn and inclining towards her; yet was I not hasty in proposing, but waited to feel a satisfactory settlement of mind therein, before I made any step thereto.

"After some time I took an opportunity to open my mind therein unto my much honoured friends, Isaac and Mary Penington, who then stood *parentum loco* (in the place or stead of parents) to me. They having solemnly weighed the matter, expressed their unity therewith; and indeed, their approbation thereof was of no small confirmation to me therein. Yet took I further deliberation, often retiring in spirit to the Lord, and crying to Him for direction, before I addressed myself to her. At length, as I was sitting all alone, waiting upon the Lord for counsel and guidance in this, in itself and to me so important affair, I felt a word sweetly arise in me, as if I had heard a voice, which said 'Go and prevail.' And faith springing in my heart with the word, I immediately arose and went, nothing doubting.

"When I was come to her lodgings, which were about a mile from me,* her maid told me she was in her chamber, for having been under some indisposition of body, which had obliged her to keep her chamber, she had not yet left it, whereupon I desired the maid to acquaint her mistress that I was come to give her a visit, whereupon I was invited to go up to her. And

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* She resided at the village of Coleshill.

after some little time spent in common conversation, feeling my spirit weightily concerned, I solemnly opened my mind unto her with respect to the particular business I came about, which I soon perceived was a great surprise to her, for she had taken in an apprehension, as others also had done, that my mind had been fixed elsewhere and nearer home.

"I used not many words to her, but I felt a divine power went along with the words, and fixed the matter expressed by them so fast in her breast that, as she afterwards acknowledged to me, she could not shut it out.

"I made at that time but a short visit, for, having told her I did not expect an answer from her now, but desired she would in the most solemn manner weigh the proposal made, and in due time give me such an answer thereunto as the Lord should give her, I took my leave of her and departed, leaving the issue to the Lord.

"I had a journey then at hand, which I foresaw would take me up about two weeks' time. Wherefore, the day before I was to set out I went to visit her again, to acquaint her with my journey, and excuse my absence, not yet pressing her for an answer, but assuring her that I felt in myself an increase of affection to her, and hoped to receive a suitable return from her in the Lord's time, to whom in the meantime I committed both her, myself, and the concern between us. And indeed, I found at my return that I could not have left it in a better hand; for the Lord had been my advocate in my absence, and had so far answered all her objections,

that when I came to her again she rather acquainted me with them than urged them.

"From that time forward we entertained each other with affectionate kindness in order to marriage, which yet we did not hasten to, but went on deliberately. Neither did I use those vulgar ways of courtship by making frequent and rich presents, not only that my outward condition would not comport with the expense, but because I liked not to obtain by such means, but preferred an unbribed affection."

If Mary Ellis had still retained any apprehension that she might find a rival in Guli Springett, she would have felt somewhat uneasy at knowing that Ellwood was to be thrown into her company again by having to escort her to her uncle Herbert Springett, at his residence in Sussex. On this journey Ellwood showed that he was a very efficient "squire of dames," and that, Quaker though he was, he was not prepared to carry the doctrine of non-resistance to any extreme degree. For when a drunken retainer of the Duke of York insulted Guli near Sevenoaks, Ellwood not only interposed an active resistance, but bade the fellow not provoke him further or he would not spare him. They returned in safety, and Ellwood continued his visits to his "best beloved friend" until their marriage on October 28th, 1669.

"We took each other," he says, "in a select meeting of the ancient and grave Friends of that country, held in a Friend's house, where in those times not only the monthly meeting for business, but the publick meeting for worship was sometimes kept. A very solemn meeting

it was, and in a weighty frame of spirit we were, in which we sensibly felt the Lord with us, and joining us; the sense whereof remained with us all our lifetime, and was of good service and very comfortable to us on all occasions."

It is not easy, however, for us to imagine the trial to which a modest and pure-minded woman like Mary Ellis was exposed in those days by the mere fact of having been married after the simple form of the Quakers. True, their more liberal-minded neighbours would recognise the marriage, and the judges had declared such unions good in law; but the High Church zealots of the day poured contempt upon them, and branded those who entered into them and their children with the most offensive names, because no priestly blessing had been invoked upon their nuptials.

Ellwood's first care was to make his will, by which he left everything to his wife, and secured to her her own property. He was the more inclined to take this step because she had refused to secure any part of her property herself, though urged to do so by her relations. But there was another motive of a more painful character; his distrust of his father. Old Walter Ellwood had professed himself perfectly satisfied with his son's choice, and had made glowing promises of what he would do, both by way of gift and legacy. He had even come down to Coleshill to see Mary, and had offered to give security to any of her friends for the fulfilment of his promises; an offer which she had generously declined. But Thomas, who knew him better than she did, resolved not to leave her in the least degree at his

mercy ; and the event justified his fears. When the marriage had taken place, old Ellwood declined to fulfil his promises on the ground that the marriage was not valid without "priest and liturgy." In vain did Ellwood remonstrate with his father, who forbade his speaking any more on the subject, and removed his lodgings that he might not find out his whereabouts. The young man was keenly pained, not only by the slur cast upon himself and his wife, but by the sense that he could not look on his father with the respect he would wish. It is pretty evident by what he says that old Walter was drifting into financial difficulties as well as into moral degeneracy. From this time his son never mentions him.

It was during this year, 1669, that the "Return of Conventicles," already mentioned more than once, was made by order of Archbishop Sheldon. From this document, which is preserved at Lambeth (Tenison MSS. 639), we learn of the existence of eight Quakers' meetings in Buckinghamshire to the south of the Chiltern Hills.

Taking the parishes in the order from south to north the first is "Wyrardisbury and Colnbrook." This is somewhat puzzling, as the two places are some distance apart, but probably the meaning is that the Presbyterian conventicle, which is first described, met at Colnbrook and Wraysbury alternately. The Quakers on the other hand are definitely located at the house of "ye widow Stile." Their number, *i.e.* probably, the average attendance, is given at 30, and it is stated that there was "no constant speaker" among them.

In the village of Horton, lying between Wraysbury and Colnbrook, was another meeting, "at ye house of widow Atler," consisting of "silly women and excommunicate persons." Probably Robert Peade, the parish priest, was exceptionally severe on Nonconformity, for the Baptists who met in another house in his parish are also described as "excommunicate," an expression which occurs nowhere else in the county. No doubt, "widow Atler" was the "Bridget Attlee, of Horton, near Colnbrook, widow," who is mentioned in the "Memorial of Sufferings," as having been fined for attending a meeting in the following year. Besse's allusion to her trials under the Conventicle Act of 1670 gives a vivid idea of the sufferings endured by many humble victims under that reign of terror.

"Bridgett Attlee, of Horton, near Colnbrook, widow" (no doubt the "Widow Atler" mentioned in the Conventicle Returns), "being informed against for being at a meeting to worship God, in the house of Henry Hawman, of Colnbrook, was fined £8 5s. The £8 for part of the fine upon the house, and the 5s. for her being there. Whereupon, by virtue of two warrants from one called Sir George Tash, of Iver, the constable, the steeple-warden, and the overseer, having one John Moor to assist them, did take away from the said Widow Attlee two great feather beds (all she had), two feather bolsters, one coverlet, one bedstead, with various curtains and rods, one drawing table, one cupboard, a brass pot, a platter, a candlestick, a great spit, and a great iron dripping pan; all of which goods were at least worth £14."

Passing over the meeting at George Salter's, Hedgerley Dean, described in the last chapter, we come to Chalfont St. Giles where we find another conventicle in the house of William Russel, where sixty or seventy persons of "inconsiderable qualitie," of whom Isaac Penington was the "head or teacher," met for worship. This was at Old Jordans Farm, of which we shall have more to say later. Evidently Penington, undaunted by his many imprisonments, was still labouring among his old neighbours as well as at Bury Farm, for under Amersham, there is mention of a conventicle at the house of Isaac Penington, of which he is returned as the principal teacher.

The gathering at Wycombe, in the house of "John Raunce, practiser in Phisick," is mentioned, and he is described as the teacher. He is similarly returned at Turfield (Turville, near Henley-on-Thames), where about 80 Quakers met at "ye house of ye widow West." Thomas Curtis, the Reading Friend whom Ellwood met at Chalfont Grove, also visited this meeting, as well as Joseph Cole, and "one Gilpin."

Another meeting which we may suppose Raunce would occasionally attend was at Wooburn, but of this we have no further particulars, except that it was in the house of Jonathan Kingham.

The last meeting, south of the Chilterns, we find at Cholesbury, near Chesham, in which latter town, since so noted for the strength of Nonconformity, there were "noe conventicles" at this time, though it is expressly stated that there were individual Dissenters there. It is worth mentioning that William Dyer, the ejected

clergyman of Cholesbury, afterwards became a Quaker, and was buried among the Friends in Southwark.

Another meeting appears to have been held, at least occasionally at Farrier's End (now called Terrier's End), in the parish of Drayton Beauchamp, where, on June 10th, 1666, eleven Friends were arrested at the house of Thomas Morton, and were imprisoned in Aylesbury Gaol.

In the Vale of Aylesbury the return describes the meetings at Ilmer, Haddenham, and Weston Turville, already alluded to. The number attending the last named is stated as being "very few." The one at Meadle is not mentioned.

A monthly meeting, with an average attendance of 100, was held at the house of John Lucas, yeoman, at Wingrave. Most of them of "meane qualitie," but their teacher was "John Crooke, of Croote, a justice of ye peace in ye late times." This was doubtless that John Crooke, of Beckrings Park, Bedfordshire, at whose house, as already mentioned, the first yearly meeting of the Society was held in 1658. Besse states that James Lucas, of Wingrave, underwent a lengthy imprisonment in 1668.

It does not appear whether there was a Friends' meeting at this time in the county town itself. Five conventicles are reported, but the denominations are not stated.

XVII.—THE BUILDING OF WOODSIDE FARM.

A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command.
WORDSWORTH.

WE have already seen that Isaac Penington was released from his illegal imprisonment in Aylesbury Gaol in 1668. He was too gentle and unresisting to bring an action against those who had so cruelly wronged him, and this meekness was taken advantage of by some unprincipled persons, who refused to pay him their debts. Nor was this all. A relative of Mary Penington's commenced a lawsuit against her to deprive her of one of her estates. The case was thrown into Chancery, and was lost, because neither Mary nor her husband would take an oath to substantiate their claims. About the same time they seem to have felt that they could not remain much longer at Bury Farm. But they were most anxious not to leave the neighbourhood. We saw in our last that Isaac was still in the habit of meeting some of his old neighbours at Old Jordans Farm, as well as holding meetings at Amersham. There were a few simple-hearted people in the district to whom he and his wife were greatly attached. These good folks had known them in their days of prosperity at the Grange. Some of them had embraced Quaker

principles under their influence, and had shared in their sufferings for conscience sake. They now looked with respectful sympathy on the "meanness and great straitness" to which they were reduced, and the Peningtons, for their part, could not bear the idea of parting with them. Thomas Ellwood, now engaged in his courtship of Mary Ellis, was still with them. His services do not seem to have been so much required as tutor, for some, at any rate, of the children had been sent to the Friends' School at Waltham Abbey; but he was invaluable as their man of affairs. Isaac Penington's frequent imprisonments and delicate health had prevented his looking after his wife's estates, and it is not easy to see how they could have done without the aid of the honest and energetic Thomas.

The Peningtons vainly endeavoured to find an abode anywhere in the neighbourhood of Amersham or Chalfont, and at last resolved to spend the summer near their children at Waltham Abbey, leaving their friends to inquire further for them. As a last resource, Mary had suggested that they should settle on her property in Kent, where Thomas Ellwood was now gone to collect the rents. But Isaac objected to the air and miry roads, and preferred to remain in Buckinghamshire. Just before their departure for Waltham, however, a Friend whom Mary calls "R.T."* called

* No doubt this was Ralph Trumper, of Amersham, one of the ten Friends arrested by Ambrose Benett at Edward Perrot's funeral in 1665. In 1667 he was imprisoned for tithes at the suit of Thomas Crawley, rector of Amersham. In the following year this good man had goods worth £52 seized for tithes of £16 value, and was imprisoned by his landlord, Sir William

on her and deplored the prospect of their removal. "Why," he asked, "will you not buy some little place near us?" "I refused this," says Mary, "with great neglect, saying our condition would not admit of such a thing, for we had not a hundred pounds besides our rents, and that we must sell some of my land to do so." The Friend then told her that he had an uncle who was thinking of selling a small property at Woodside, near Amersham, worth about £30 a year. The site was healthy, and the house, though out of repair, capable of being made habitable. While Mary was thinking over the proposal, her husband being away from home, another Friend came in, and she submitted to him what the first had proposed. "He seemed to encourage the thing, and said he had heard there were some rooms in the house that might serve."

The same night Thomas Ellwood returned from his Kentish journey, and told Mary that he had met with a person who was very anxious to purchase one of her farms there, called West Bur. It immediately struck Mary that this would afford an opportunity of securing the property at Woodside. Accordingly, the next morning, with a friend named Anne Bull, she climbed the steep hill, where, a century and a half before, William Tylsworth, the Lollard martyr, had sealed his testimony with his blood, and came through Hills Lane

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Drake, for refusing to pay church rates in accordance with his lease. He was discharged on Sir William's death, but in 1669 he was again imprisoned by James Perrot, Sir William's executor, and had corn, cattle, &c., worth £112 6s. 6d. taken from him for tithes to the value of £28 10s. In 1671 corn to the amount of £56 was seized.

to the orchard adjoining Woodside. But when she saw the ruinous condition of the house, her heart failed her, and she turned away without entering it. Her husband now entered into treaty for a house at Beaconsfield, and the Woodside plan was allowed to drop. But a little later, the Beaconsfield negotiation having fallen through, Mary again went to Woodside with Thomas Ellwood and another Friend.

"So," she tells us, "I went into the house, and they viewed the grounds ; and in half an hour's time I had the form of the thing in my mind, what to sell, what to pull down, what to add, and cast how it would be done with the overplus money. So I gave up to have them treat for it, and let us know at Waltham ; which they did, and sent us word the title was clear, but they judged it £50 too dear. When I received that message, I had my mind much to the Lord in this thing ; that if it were the place He gave us liberty to be in He would order it for us. I had requested of my husband, that seeing he had lost all, and the children had no provision but my estate, and that we were so tossed about, and had no dwelling place for ourselves or our children, I might build some little thing for them. My husband was averse to building ; but I, weighing that I could part with some land, and buy the place with the money, and put it in condition for us and them, and he not to be troubled with the building, but that it should be made over to Friends for me and the children ; then he, considering that the estate was mine, and that he had lost all of his, and that thus that suffering had been brought upon

me, was willing that I should do what I would, and he added that he took delight that I should be answered in this; though it was contrary to his temper either to own a house or to build one.

"So I sent word to our friends that they should conclude for it; that it did not matter £50 if they thought well of it in other respects. Then it went on. I was often in prayer to the Lord that I might be preserved from entanglements and cumber, and that it might be such an habitation as would manifest that the Lord was again restoring us, and had a regard to us. When it was bought I went industriously and cheerfully about the business, though I saw many unusual incumbrances present themselves before me, under which I still cried to the Lord that I might go through in His fear, and not cumber or darken my mind.

"After we had concluded for it, we met with a great interruption; the woman being advised to make prey upon us by an unreasonable demand for her consent. I earnestly desired of the Lord to make way for us to get clear of the whole matter, though with great loss, rather than we should run into entanglements in the management of it, the dread of running into debt was so heavy on me. But I got over that, and went on to plant, and to make provision for building, till the surveyor put me out of my own way. He put us upon raising from the ground a new part, and my husband falling in with his plan, I could not avoid it. It brought great trouble on me, for I did not see my way clear as before. Having stepped from my own plan,

and not knowing how to compass this charge, I took no pleasure in doing anything about it. At length I fell ill, and could not look after it, and great was my exercise, one while fearing the Lord did not approve of what I had done ; another while saying within myself, I did not seek great things, nor vain glory in wishing a fine habitation. For as I cast it at first, and did not intend to do more, it would have been very ordinary. After many close exercises and earnest prayers, I came to a clearness that I had an honest intention in what I did, the full expense being undiscerned. I then felt my mind stayed, and acted without disquiet, and the building was afterwards managed by me rather in delight, through an assurance that the undertaking was a right one.

" Part of the house fell down from the new casting of it, and in the falling I was most remarkably preserved. This wrought in me a care how to compass what had to be done. After a time I felt an innocent enjoyment arise in my mind, and I went on very cheerfully, never looking out with apprehension, and when there was occasion for money to be paid I found I still had it, having contracted my family expenses. My rents came in steadily, and by selling old houses, and bark, and several other things, the expenses of the building were met, and I then had pleasure instead of pain in laying out the money. Indeed, my mind was so daily turned towards the Lord in conducting this affair, and so continually was I provided with money, that I often thought, and sometimes said, that if I had lived in the time when the building of houses for the service or

worship of the Lord was accepted and blessed I could not have had in such work a sweeter, stiller, or pleasanter time.

" I set all things in order of a morning before I went to meeting, and so left them unthought of till I returned ; rarely finding them so much as to arise in my mind when going to, or when at meeting. Thus was my mind kept sweet and savory ; for I had nothing in all that affair that disquieted me, having no further anxiety than that nothing should be wasted, and this I perceived by eye, without disquieting care being administered that would produce anger or fretting. I lay down sweetly and very pleasantly at night, awaked with the sweet sense of the work before me in the morning, was employed all day thereat, but had no burden on my mind. This seasoned me, and kept me pleasant and in health, and now I am free to leave this account of it with my children.

" The building was completed in less than four years ; I could have compassed it in much less time, but then I should have been straitened for money ; doing it by degrees, it stole on undiscovered in point of charge. Now all is finished except the washhouse ; and I have taken up one hundred pounds ; and during that time we have not omitted being helpful to others in giving or lending in our places."

The house thus rebuilt by this brave woman is still, after the lapse of two centuries, a tenantable habitation, showing how substantially the work must have been done. Now used as a farmhouse, it is but a short distance from the Amersham station on the new Metropolitan Extension Railway. Mrs. Webb says that

while it was in progress the Peningtons occupied Berrie House (Bury Farm), but does not give her authority for the statement. Ellwood says that they removed from Bottrels to Bury Farm, at Michaelmas, 1666, and Mary Penington speaks of their being unsettled in 1668. But the Lambeth MS. quoted in the last chapter, shows that in 1669 they were still in the parish of Amersham. Woodside probably was rebuilt during the interval between the spring of 1669 and the end of 1672.

Two great trials came upon the Peningtons during the building of Woodside. The first, in the summer of 1670, was the loss of their second son, Isaac, whom they intended to train as a merchant, and had sent on a voyage to Barbadoes in a vessel commanded by a Friend named Grove. Young Isaac, however, fell overboard and was drowned on the return voyage, to the great grief of his parents, and of the captain, who had become greatly attached to him.

It must have been shortly after this that Penington was on a visit to Reading where several Friends were imprisoned. A magistrate, named Sir William Armorer, hearing of Penington's arrival from the gaoler, sent for him, tendered to him the oath of allegiance, and made his refusal to take it the ostensible ground of his imprisonment. Mrs. Webb gives 1672 as the date of this sixth and last of Penington's imprisonments, but both Ellwood and George Fox record it under the date of 1670. He continued in Reading Gaol twenty-one months, until set free by a general pardon granted to the Friends by Charles II.

XVIII.—WILLIAM PENN.*

Rival nations and hostile sects have agreed in canonizing him. England is proud of his name. A great Commonwealth across the Atlantic regards him with a reverence similar to that which the Athenians felt for Theseus, and the Romans for Quirinus.

MACAULAY.

WE have already seen that the gossips had proved mistaken in allotting Gulielma Springett to Thomas Ellwood. But it was not long before, to use Ellwood's own words, "he for whom she was reserved" appeared on the scene—a lover in every way suitable; of exactly her own age, like herself of gentle birth, and bound to her by the closest ties of intellectual and spiritual sympathy.

William Penn was the son of an English Admiral and of the daughter of a Dutch burgomaster. His father, Sir William Penn, had risen from before the mast to become one of Cromwell's most renowned sea captains, and to add Jamaica to the British dominions by conquering it from the Spaniards. His monument in that glorious church of St. Mary Redcliffe at Bristol, tells us that he was "of the Penns of Penlodge, in the County

*Part of this chapter is taken from the author's pamphlet, "William Penn in South Bucks and Hertfordshire."

of Wilts, and those Penns of Penn in the County of Bucks." An attempt has recently been made to disprove all connection between the Penns of Penn and those of Minety, to whom the Admiral belonged. But this inscription, together with the identity of the family arms, seems to be decisive. At the same time, the nature of the connection cannot be traced. A letter from the great Quaker's grandson, William Penn, of Shangarry, written in the last century to his cousin, Granville Penn, seems to imply that all his efforts to discover it had failed. But a proof that the fact of the connection was recognised is afforded by the existence of a family vault at the picturesquely situated church of Penn, on the hills six or seven miles distant from Chalfont, where six grandchildren of the great William Penn lie interred.

Admiral Penn married Margaret Jasper, daughter of the Burgomaster of Rotterdam, and in 1644, the year of the fatal fight of Marston Moor, she gave birth to her son William in her house on Tower Hill. In 1649, when little William was five years old, he would hear people speaking of the execution of King Charles. Then came the days of Cromwell, and the tidings of his father's victories. When the lad was fourteen, he would hear of the death of the great Protector, and the accession of his son, Richard ; and a year and a half later, of the return of Charles II. On April 22nd, 1661, young Penn and his father, with a party of friends, sat at a window in Cornhill, and saw the King enter the city in state, the day before his coronation. The Admiral was exulting in the prospect of preferment and a peerage. He had not long returned from Ireland, whither he had retired

with his family, having fallen into disgrace with Cromwell for carrying on a secret correspondence with Prince Charles at Cologne. The Protector had deprived him of his commission, and imprisoned him for five weeks in the Tower, and now, like many more, he hoped for great things from the dawn of the rising sun. "So glorious was the show with gold and silver," says Pepys, who was in the same room with the Penns, "that we were not able to look at it, our eyes at last being so overcome." It gives us a vivid idea of the outburst of splendour, which that glittering, licentious court brought with it after the sober days of the Commonwealth. But these pomps and vanities had little attraction for the fair-haired boy who sat at the Admiral's side. The lad formed a strange contrast with both his parents. Old Penn was one of those who make themselves "all things to all men," but not exactly in Paul's sense of the word. He could pull long faces among the saints who surrounded the council-table of the Protector, and throw himself into the gaieties of the rollicking courtiers of the King with equal ardour. He could abuse the memory of his late master ("by whom," says Pepys, "I am sure he hath got all he hath in the world") among his boon companions at the Dolphin Inn. He delighted in feasts and suppers, chines of beef, mince pies, and flagons of ale. As to his plump little Dutch wife, she was one of the merriest of the merry, with all the coarseness of the age. Her pranks would shock the least fastidious of the present day. To dance and drink, to throw squibs and crackers into the street, to romp and tumble with her guests upon the floor, and to smear their faces with soot and candle

grease—such were the favourite amusements of my Lady Penn. There was also a daughter, "Pegg," whom Pepys ungallantly describes as "a beggarly proud fool, with a bracelet of diamonds and rubies about her wrist, and a sixpenny necklace about her neck, and not one good rag of clothes upon her back."

It is not to be wondered at that a naturally refined and thoughtful boy, brought up in a home like this, should have turned by a vigorous reaction from the tendency of the times, and should have sought for something higher and more satisfying. His father had sent him in October, 1660, to study at Oxford, and whilst there he had heard a Quaker preacher of the name of Thomas Loe (the same, it may be remembered, for writing to whom Ellwood was imprisoned at Oxford), and been deeply impressed by him. He had also corresponded with the great Dr. Owen, then Dean of Christ Church, on spiritual matters. Nor does it seem impossible that he may have been influenced by an occurrence in the circle of his own relatives. In his "No Cross, No Crown," occurs this touching passage:—

"A sister of the family of Penn, of Penn, in Buckinghamshire, a young woman delighting in the finery and pleasures of this world, was seized with a violent illness that proved mortal to her. In the time of her sickness she fell into great distress of soul, bitterly bewailing the want of that inward peace which makes a death-bed easy to the righteous. After several days' languishing, a little consolation appeared after this manner. She was some hours in a kind of trance; she apprehended she was brought into a place where

Christ was ; to whom could she but deliver her petition, she hoped to be relieved. But her endeavour increased her pain, for as she pressed to deliver it, He turned His back upon her, and would not so much as look towards her. But that which added to her sorrow was, that she beheld others admitted ; however, she gave not over importuning Him. And when almost ready to faint, and her hope to sink, He turned one side of His face towards her, and reached forth His hand, and received her request, at which her troubled soul found immediate consolation. Turning to those about her, she repeats what had befallen her, adding, 'Bring me my new clothes, take off the lace and finery' ; and charged her relations not to deck and adorn themselves after the manner of the world ; for that the Lord Jesus, whom she had seen, appeared unto her in the likeness of a plain countryman, without any trimming, or ornament whatever, and that His servants ought to be like Him."

It is an interesting coincidence, if nothing more, that in the parish of Penn, and not far from the historic seat of the Penns, now owned by Lord Howe, is a farm known as Pennbury Farm. Did this suggest the name of "Pennsbury Manor in the county of Bucks," afterwards given by the great Quaker Statesman to his mansion on the banks of the Delaware ?

Young Penn's Quaker tendencies first showed themselves by his refusing to wear the college cap and gown, and so getting expelled from the University. The old Admiral's rage knew no bounds. He stormed at his son as he would have done at a refractory sailor on the

quarter-deck ; he flogged him ; he shut him up in a room by himself, and at last sent him for two years to France. Here Penn studied theology under the famous divine, Moses Amyraut, and here he seems to have made the acquaintance of his friend and counsellor of later days, Algernon Sidney. He was presented at court, the brilliant court of Louis Quatorze, and returned to England with the manners and bearing of a finished gentleman. We find him studying law, then serving with the fleet against the Dutch, and sent by the Duke of York with despatches to the King, who had a long and friendly conversation with him.

The turning point of Penn's life came in 1667. When the great plague of 1665 broke out his father had sent him to manage his Irish estate, Shangarry Castle, County Cork. He heard while there that Thomas Loe, the preacher who had stirred his boyish enthusiasm at Oxford, was about to address a Quakers' meeting at Cork. He went, and was deeply thrilled when Loe commenced his address with the words, "There is a faith which overcometh the world, and there is a faith which is overcome by the world." Penn was stricken with remorse for his past temporising. He resolved to throw in his lot with the despised and persecuted Friends, and soon the strange spectacle was seen of the young officer, with sword and plume, lace and ruffles, dragged off to Cork Gaol among the sober-coated Quakers. He was soon released, and returned to England, where he entered his father's presence, wearing his hat. The old sailor asked him what he meant. "I am a Friend," said William, "and Friends

take off the hat to none but God." His father asked him if he would at least promise to doff his hat before the King and the Duke of York, and on his refusal to do even this, turned him out of doors. William, it is said, carried out his promise at a later date, when he entered Whitehall, and passed through the ranks of bareheaded courtiers without uncovering. The King smilingly lifted his hat. "Friend Charles," said Penn, "wherefore dost thou uncover thyself?" "Friend Penn," replied the King, "it is the custom of this place for only one man to wear his hat at a time." It seems a trifle to us, but with Penn it involved a mighty principle, nothing less than the essential equality of all men in the presence of the Eternal God.

The very day that his father turned him out of doors, early in 1668, he first met Gulielma Springett. He could never, therefore, as has sometimes been asserted, have visited her and her friends at Chalfont Grange, which they had left in 1665. His earliest recorded visit to Buckinghamshire, was in this same year, 1668, when he had an interview at Wycombe, or perhaps at Cliveden, with the profligate but kindly George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, in order to enlist his influence on behalf of some imprisoned Friends.

On this visit he was in the company of his spiritual father, Thomas Loe, and of George Whitehead. The former was taken suddenly ill, but Penn had to leave him and return to London. A few days later he stood by his death-bed.

We next find Penn in the Tower of London, where he was imprisoned on a charge of blasphemy, founded

on a misconstrued passage in a pamphlet he had written, but really owing to the spite of Lord Arlington against his father. Every attempt was made to terrify the youth into recantation. He was told that the Bishop of London had said he should either recant or die a prisoner in the Tower. His answer was, "My prison shall be my grave before I will budge one jot. I owe my conscience to no mortal man; I have no need to fear; God will make amends for all." The King sent the famous controversialist, Stillingfleet, to argue with the immovable young Friend. "Tell the King," said William, "that the Tower is to me the worst argument in the world." After eight months, Penn was released. His father was now reconciled to him, and sent him on another visit to his Irish estates. On his return, he found the Admiral very near his end, and received the expression of his regret for his harshness. "Son William," said the old man, "if you and your Friends will keep to your plain way of preaching and your plain way of living, you will make an end of the priests to the end of the world."

Such had been the early career of the young Friend who was now (1670) the affianced lover of Guli Springett. It seems to have been about Midsummer of this year, immediately after his return from Ireland, that Penn paid a second visit to Buckinghamshire. A Baptist preacher at High Wycombe had publicly spoken against the Friends' views, and Penn's writings in particular. A controversy followed, which led to a day being fixed for a public discussion at West Wycombe, between Penn and the famous Baptist controversialist of that

day, Jeremy Ives. It was this same Ives, who in the disguise of an Anglican clergyman, once disputed with a Romanist priest before Charles II.

It is no use attempting to deny the fact that very little love was lost between the early Quakers and their Baptist contemporaries. Even the gentle Ellwood can rarely mention the Baptists without some bitter or sarcastic utterance.

"To this meeting, it being so near me," he says, "I went, rather to countenance the cause than for any delight I took in such work; for indeed I have rarely found the advantage equivalent to the trouble and danger arising from these contests; for which cause I would not chuse them, as being justly engaged I would not refuse them. The issue of this proved better than I expected; for Ives, having undertaken an ill cause, to argue against the Divine light and universal grace conferred by God on all men, when he had spent his stock of arguments which he brought with him on that subject, finding his work go on heavily and the auditory not well satisfied, stepped down from his seat and departed, with purpose to have broken up the assembly. But, except some few of his party who followed him, the people generally stayed, and were the more attentive to what was afterwards delivered amongst them; which Ives understanding, came in again, and in an angry, railing manner expressing his dislike that we went not all away when he did, gave more disgust to the people.

"After the meeting was ended, I sent to my friend, I.P. [Isaac Penington], by his son and servant, who

returned home though it was late, that evening, a short account of the business in the following distich :—

Prævaluit veritas : inimici terga dedere ;
Nos sumus in tuto ; laus tribuenda Deo.

Which may be thus Englished :—

Truth hath prevailed ; the enemies did fly ;
We are in safety ; praise to God on high."

XIX.—THE SECOND CONVENTICLE ACT.

The wicked walk on every side, when the vilest men are exalted.

PSALM xii. 8.

THE Conventicle Act of 1664 had become practically a dead letter, having defeated its purpose by its very severity, as the authorities shrank from the odium of enforcing its oppressive provisions as to fines and banishment. The returns made to Sheldon in 1669, and already mentioned, had shown how far was the strength of Nonconformity from being broken ; and a new effort was made at stamping it out. A Bill passed the Commons in the spring of 1670, and was carried through the Lords in spite of a vigorous opposition, in which Dr. Wilkins, the liberal-minded Bishop of Chester, took an honourable part. Unlike the first Act, it did not connect the penalty of imprisonment with attendance on conventicles, and where that Act had levied a fine of five pounds and under for the first offence, the new measure only named one of five shillings. Instead of imprisonment or £10 fine, it only inflicted ten shillings for the second offence ; and nothing was said of banishment or augmented penalties for the third offence. But a more grossly unconstitutional measure never disgraced the Statute

Book. It authorised justices of the peace to convict, fine, and distrain on their own authority, without the formality of a trial by jury; and a fine of £100 was imposed on any justice refusing to execute the law. Informers were promised one-third of the fines, and their names might be kept secret. A householder was liable to fine if his wife or child were present at a conventicle, while the justices were allowed to levy extra fines on various pretexts, especially on preachers. Officers had power to break open houses, and were fined £5 for failing to give information of conventicles; and finally, all claims were to be construed most largely and beneficially for their suppression.

The spirit of persecution was once more in a blaze throughout the land. "Of all sufferers," says Dr. Stoughton in his "Church of the Restoration," "the Quakers suffered most, because they were the most persistent and resolute in continuing their meetings, because when officers were on their way to seize them, they would not escape, and further, because they would pay no fines, not even gaol fees, nor offer any petition to be set at liberty. Such people occasioned the greatest perplexity to magistrates and the Government, and completely wore out their patience, thus ultimately gaining their own point by an invincible resistance, under the form of perfect passivity."

William Penn was one of the earliest victims. On August the 14th, 1670, the congregation attending a meeting in Gracechurch Street found the doors and windows nailed against them. They assembled in the street, and Penn addressed them at some length. He

and another Friend named William Meade, an old Cromwellian soldier, were arrested by a band of musketeers, taken to prison, and tried for holding an unlawful assembly, before the Lord Mayor and Recorder of London. The Recorder conducted the case with an unfairness and ferocity worthy of Jeffreys himself, in which he was fully seconded by Sir Samuel Starling, the Lord Mayor. The jury refused to bring in a verdict of guilty, and adhered to their resolution, though kept for two days and nights without meat, drink, or fire. This historic and memorable case established for all coming time the right of juries to return a verdict according to their conscience. Penn was imprisoned in Newgate for refusing to take off his hat, but was released in time to visit his father's death-bed. After burying the old Admiral at Bristol, he visited Buckinghamshire again. Maria Webb thinks it was during this visit he held the disputation with Jeremy Ives, referred to in the last chapter, but a careful examination of Ellwood's account seems to show that the event must have been earlier in the year.

The Buckinghamshire Friends had not escaped the storm. Isaac Penington's imprisonment at Reading has already been mentioned. George Fox, who had passed through the county the previous year (1669), and had "many large and precious meetings," came again this year, and met with "much threatening."

It was about this time that a worthy Friend in Buckinghamshire (in what part of the county does not appear) was visited by a sanctimonious individual in Quaker garb, who hoped to meet the hospitable

reception usually accorded to Friends from a distance by their co-religionists. But as he could give no satisfactory credentials, the Friend was not to be imposed upon, and John Poulter, for that was his name, had to betake himself to a neighbouring alehouse. Here it was not long before he had imbibed mine host's strong liquors so freely, that he forgot his assumed character entirely, and divulged to his pot companions that he was a "trepan," or spy, sent out to insinuate himself into the confidence of the Dissenters. Dr. Mew, the Vice-Chancellor of Oxford, he said, had commissioned him for the work, and he produced a warrant under the hand and seal of Justice Morton, giving him sanction and protection in it.

Next morning, after sleeping off his debauch, this not very respectable agent of Church and State was conscious of his folly, and saw that he could do nothing more among the Quakers. He next turned up in another part of the county, and managed to get into the confidence of some Baptists, who informed him of a private meeting they were about to hold, and allowed him to attend it. To show his contempt of infant baptism, as well as to insult the Queen, he actually christened a cat by the name of Catharine Catharina. Quite deceived by the extravagance of his zeal, the Baptists entered pretty freely into conversation with him about the severity of the government. A worthy man named Headach was specially unguarded in his expressions. Poulter informed against him, and got him put on his trial for high treason. But just as Headach's case was called upon, some very inconvenient revelations as to Poulter's

past career had come to light, and he was glad to flee for a time, so that the charge fell through.

The "Trepan" soon reappeared, and this time acknowledged his name, adding that Judge Morton used to call him "John for the King," and impudently pretending that Archbishop Sheldon had given him deacon's orders. The Friends, on inquiring into his antecedents, found that he was the reputed son of a Salisbury butcher, and that he was too well known in that city as "a fellow egregiously wicked and debauched." He was now on the look-out for a confederate, who would aid in disturbing meetings, and soon found a suitable one in Ralph Lacy, of Risborough, who had just served a term of imprisonment in Aylesbury Gaol, and narrowly escaped the gallows, for stealing a cow. He went by the names of "the Cowstealer," the "Informer," and "Red-hair." Sad to say, they met with willing assistance from a clergyman in the district, the Vicar of Hughenden, James Phillips by name. Like some others who had obtained their livings under the Commonwealth, he seemed anxious to purge himself of all suspicion by his excessive zeal against Nonconformists. Poulter and Lacy, it appears by Ellwood's account, went to the Vicar and acquainted him with their intention of disturbing the meeting at Old Jordans, the farm on the brow of the hill just above the present Jordans Meeting House. He told them that one of his parishioners, a widow named Anne Dell, had lately removed to White's Farm, near Beaconsfield (now known as the Grange), and about two miles from Jordans. Armed with "Parson Phillips'" credentials, they met

with a hospitable reception from her and her sons, two disreputable young men; and John, the younger son, undertook to be their guide to Jordans, and to give them the names of those present. Ellwood, whose house at Hunger Hill was close to White's Farm, had gone over to Jordans that summer day, and gives a brief account of what took place; but we will follow the quaint record in the Monthly Meeting minutes :—

"Upon the 24th of the fifth month, 1670, some of the people of God (whom the world called Quakers) were peaceably met together at the house of William Russell, at Jordans, in the parish of Giles Chalfont, to wait upon and worship the Lord God of Heaven, in truth and sincerity, according to the requirings of his good Spirit, and as the Holy Scriptures direct, in which religious exercise, as we were sitting together, attentively giving heed unto what the Lord by y^e^ mouth of one of his servants did at that time minister unto us; Henry Reading, one of y^e^ constables of y^e^ said parish (who himself bears the name of a professor, and is said to frequent the Presbyterian meetings in privat) came in amongst us, attended by one Ralph Lacy, and John Dell, in y^e^ quality of informers, and one Richard Dunton, as an assistant, and showing a warrant under y^e^ hand and seal of Edward Baldwin, of Wilson's Green, in the parish of Beaconsfield, a Commissioner of the Peace for the said county, he commanded us forthwith to go before him. But we who came together not in man's wil, but according to the requirings of y^e^ Lord, could not consent to break up our meeting in the wil, or by the command of men. We, therefore, continuing thus

waiting upon the Lord, his servant G. W. after some time kneeled down to prayer, which, when Lacy, the informer, perceived, he forthwith stept aside, and with a whistle called in another fellow, tenfold more a child of the devil than himself. This was Poulter, who, like a savage brute, with hideous noise, rushing in amongst us, laid hold on G. W. while in prayer, and in an outrageous manner dragged him along y^e^ floor, not without great danger of hurt, had not the Lord prevented him. A fitter instrument than this fellow Satan could scarce have found ; for his rage and enmity, fury and madness, which appeared in his face, words and actions, rendered him more a monster than a man. So extreamly rude and Bedlam-like was his carriage amongst us (not discountenanced by y^e^ seemingly fearful, but secretly envious constable), yt [that] it seemed good to some Friends to step over to the Justice (who lived about a mile off) and give him an account of their violent and tumultuous proceedings. They were no sooner gone, but Poulter followed them, and the constable him, leaving Lacy, Dell, and Dunton to attend the meeting. After some time, y^e^ meeting ended, y^e^ Friends departed to their homes. They that went to y^e^ Justice for justice, were fined ; for Dell informed Poulter and Lacy, whom he knew at the meeting, and they swore it. Whereupon warrants were issued out from y^e^ said Edward Baldwin to distrain upon y^e^ goods and chattels of William Russell (at whose house the meeting was), £20 ; Richard Skidmore, £2 15s. ; Robert White, £2 10s. ; Henry Tredway, £2 10s. ; Isaac Penington, for his wife, 5s."

There are also the names of Thomas Zachary, Henry

Ball, Ralph Kemp, Thomas Dell, Henry Child and John Franklin ; but the amount they had to pay is not stated. Ellwood was also present at the meeting, and describes the scene, but he seems to have got off without a penalty.

The "fifth month," it must be remembered, was July, according to the old reckoning. "G.W." is supposed to have been the eminent George Whitehead. Wilson's Green was situated within the limits of the present Wilton Park, not far from the mansion. The old road from Jordans to Wilson's Green, up which the Friends hastened in the vain hope of redress from Justice Baldwin, can still be traced, though the part below Wheatsheaf Farm is disused and overgrown with bushes and nettles.

XX.—THE CASE OF THOMAS ZACHARY.

Give me not to mine enemies' will,
For witnesses that lie
Against me risen are, and such
As breathe out cruelty.
SCOTCH PSALTER (PSALM xxvii. 12.)

FOUR weeks had elapsed since Poulter and his confederates had disturbed the meeting at Jordans. The Friends were gathered together in Farmer Russell's house for their usual first day service, when the ill-omened face and form of the red-headed Lacy was seen among them, accompanied by a strange companion. Poulter had judged it prudent to "make himself scarce." The cat-christening episode had come to light, and had not enhanced his reputation as a dutiful son of the Church of England; in addition to this, he was wanted on a charge of theft and cheating by an inhabitant of Brentford. The newcomer was one Richard Aris, who had lately failed in business as an ironmonger at Wycombe.

"Of this new adventurer," says Ellwood," "this single character may serve whereby the reader may make judgment of him as of the lion by his paw; that at the sessions held at Wiccomb in October last past, he was openly accused of having enticed one Harding

of the same town, to be his companion and associate in robbery on the highway, and proof offered to be made that he had made bullets in order to that service, which charge, Harding himself, whom he had endeavoured to draw into that hainous wickedness, was ready in court to prove upon oath, had not the prosecution been discountenanced and smothered."

This worthy pair, the cow stealer and the would-be highwayman, having looked round on the assembled company, saw that there were much the same persons as young Dell had named the previous month, and went and laid an information against the same parties, this time not before Squire Baldwin, of Beaconsfield, but before Sir Thomas Clayton, of the Vache, the same who had joined with Ambrose Benett in committing Ellwood and Penington to Aylesbury Gaol in 1665. It will be remembered that on the previous occasion, one Thomas Zachary had been fined. This Friend was a London physician, who had a house at Beaconsfield. Lacy and Aris now laid an information against him and his wife Rebekah, and Sir Thomas fined Zachary 15s. for his own offence, 10s. for his wife's, and 10s. for his share of the fine for a preacher unknown, though as a matter of fact there had been no preacher at the meeting; and a warrant of distraint accordingly issued to the officers of Beaconsfield. In Morley's edition of Ellwood's Life, £10 is the sum named in each case, but the figures in the Memorial of Sufferings are as given above, and agree with the provisions of the Conventicle Act in case of a second offence.

Now it so happened that on the Sunday in question,

Zachary and his wife were both in London, and had been for some time. On his return, the worthy Friend was much astonished at the unlooked-for state of affairs, and at once consulted a neighbouring lawyer, who advised him that his remedy lay in an appeal to the Quarter Sessions. The attorney drew up the appeal for him in due form of law, and Zachary himself went over to Chalfont to present it himself to Sir Thomas Clayton. This proved an unfortunate step, for Clayton, who like many more in that day, and a few in the present, saw sedition in every deviation from the Established Church, violently reproached Zachary, telling him "that his suffering was not on a religious account." The good man answered meekly, but some expression which he used about the righteous being oppressed, and the wicked going unpunished, was laid hold of by the justice, who, calling it a reflection on the Government and a high misdemeanour, required sureties of the physician for his appearance at the next Quarter Sessions, and for his good behaviour in the meantime. Zachary, conscious of his innocence, refused to give the sureties required, and was forthwith committed to Aylesbury Gaol. This was on the 17th of September, 1670, which fell on a Saturday. Next day the Friends would be meeting again at Jordans, eight weeks after Poulter's outrage, and four weeks after the visit of Lacy and Aris. They would no doubt talk the matter over, and it was perhaps there that Thomas Ellwood, owing to his energy and leisure, was selected to prepare evidence for Zachary's defence. There was not much time to be lost, for the sessions were to be held at

Wycombe on October 6th, but a coach and four arrived in time, in which were four substantial citizens, whose evidence clearly proved that Zachary and his wife were in London from morning to night on the very day that Lacy and Aris had sworn they were at Jordans, one-and-twenty miles away. Ellwood had subpœnaed the four citizens, had hired the coach and four, and had also engaged a counsel named Starkey, of Windsor, for Zachary's defence. The *alibi* was so clearly proved that the jury, in spite of all the efforts of the prosecution, returned a verdict of "Not Guilty." A difficulty arose, however, in getting the money deposited for the fines at the entering of the appeal, back from the Clerk of the Peace, and what was worse, Sir Thomas prevailed on the Bench, upon some pretext, to remand Zachary to prison again, until the next sessions. Meanwhile, the indefatigable Ellwood had got an indictment for wilful perjury, against Aris and Lacy, drawn up and delivered to the Grand Jury, who found the bill. "And although the court adjourned from the Town Hall to the chamber at their inn," says Ellwood, "in favour, as it was thought, to the informers, on supposition we would not pursue them thither, yet thither they were pursued; and there being two counsells present from Windsor—(the name of one was Starkey, and of the other, as I remember, Forster, the former of whom I had before retained upon the tryal of the appeal)—I now retained them both, and sent them into court again, to prosecute the informers upon this indictment; which they did so smartly that the informers being present as not suspecting any such

suddain danger, were of necessity called to the bar, and arraigned, and having pleaded not guilty, were forced to enter a traverse to avoid a present commitment, all the favour the court could show them being to take them bail one for the other, though probably both not worth a groat, else they must have gone to gaol for want of bail, which would have put them besides their business, spoiled the informing trade, and broke their design; whereas they were turned loose again to do what mischief they could until the next sessions. Accordingly they did what they could, and yet could make little or no earnings at it; for this little step of prosecution had made them so known, and their late apparent perjury had made them so detestable, that even the common sort of bad men shunned them, and would not willingly yield them any assistance."

The next quarter sessions were held at Aylesbury, at the beginning of 1671. Ellwood was forthcoming again with his four citizen witnesses to prosecute the appeal for perjury. Aris and Lacy were defended by a Mr. Hitchcock, of Aylesbury, who boasted that "a great lord, a peer of the realm, had written a letter recommending to him the care and defence of these honest men and their cause." The evidence was so conclusive, however, that the jury returned a verdict of wilful perjury. The release of Zachary now seemed assured; but the malign influence of Sir Thomas Clayton prevailed to have the oath of allegiance administered to him, which he, of course, refused to take, and was recommitted to prison, where he remained some months longer till released by a general pardon.

The wretched informers, dreading imprisonment, and the possible loss of their ears, had disappeared. Ellwood, who had very little of Isaac Penington's passivity and non-resistance, moved by his attorney for an order of court, directed to all mayors, bailiffs, high constables, petty constables, and other inferior officers of the peace to arrest and take them up, wherever they should be found within the county of Bucks, and bring them to the county gaol. On this Aris absconded altogether, and not long after, to the amazement of all, Lacy made his appearance at the gaol of his own accord. He presented a pitiable spectacle, for his red locks were matted and tangled, and his face emaciated with hunger. He had been "lurking privily in woods and bye-places" till he could endure his hardships no longer. The weather of the early part of 1671, as appears by Evelyn's Diary, was so wet, stormy, and unseasonable, as had not been known in many years; so it was no wonder that poor Lacy preferred any fate to such a life. He asked to see Thomas Zachary, and on being confronted with him, fell on his knees and implored his forgiveness. The kind-hearted doctor promised to write to Ellwood, and ask him to drop the prosecution. "To which," says Ellwood, "I so far only consented as to let him know I would suspend the execution of the warrant upon him according as he behaved himself, or until he gave fresh provocation; at which message the fellow was so overjoyed, that, relying with confidence thereon, he returned openly to his family and labour, and applyed himself to business, as his neighbours observed and reported, with greater

diligence and industry than he had ever done before.

"Thus began and thus ended the informing trade in those parts of the county of Bucks; the ill success those first informers found discouraging all others, how vile soever, from attempting the like enterprize there ever after. And though it cost some money to carry on the prosecution, and some pains too, yet for every shilling so spent, a pound probably might be saved of what in all likelihood would have been lost by the spoil and havock that might have been made by distress taken on their information."

XXI.—THOMAS ELLWOOD AT HUNGER HILL.

One whose walk and word were right,
Who tranquilly in life's great task-field wrought,
And side by side with evil scarcely caught
A stain upon his pilgrim garb of white.

WHITTIER.

VERY soon after Ellwood's marriage to Mary Ellis in 1669, he had taken up his abode at Hunger Hill, or Ongar Hill, near Coleshill. The house in which he resided, having become very dilapidated, was pulled down a few years ago. An engraving of it fortunately exists, from which it appears to have been a quaint timber-framed structure. He himself describes the situation as follows :—

DIRECTION TO MY FRIEND INQUIRING THE WAY TO MY HOUSE.

Two miles from Beaconsfield, upon the road
To Amersham, just where the way grows broad,
A little spot there is called Larkin's Green,
Where on a bank some fruit trees may be seen;
In midst of which, on the sinister hand,
A little cottage covertly doth stand,
"Soho!" the people out and then inquire
For Hunger Hill; it lies a little higher,
But if the people should from home be gone,
Ride up the bank some twenty paces on,
And at the orchard's end thou may'st perceive
Two gates together hung. The nearest leave,
The furthest take, and straight the hill ascend,
That path leads to the house where dwells thy friend.

T.E.

The neighbourhood is much changed. Larkin's

HUNGER HILL, NEAR COLESHILL,
The residence of Thomas Ellwood, circa 1669-1713.
(From a lithograph in Wilson Armistead's "Select Miscellanies.")

Green has been enclosed, but the "little cottage" is still to be seen just by the roadside inn known as the "Magpies."

Here Ellwood lived the quiet life of a yeoman farmer till his death in 1713. His marriage seems to have been a very happy one, but little is recorded of Mary Ellwood, except that she was "a solid, weighty woman, who had a public testimony for the Lord and His Truth in meetings." It is, perhaps, needless to observe that the adjectives are not to be understood in a physical sense. "The liberal soul shall be made fat."

In November, 1670, the monthly meeting for what was called the "Upper Side" of the county of Bucks met at Hunger Hill, and the meetings were continued there until some time after Ellwood's death. The position was central, and it had a special advantage in being exempt from the jurisdiction of the Bucks county authorities, as Coleshill was an isolated portion of Hertfordshire, though some miles from the county boundary. The writer of the interesting little pamphlet "A Visit to the Grave of William Penn," says that Ellwood also had a house at Chalfont St. Giles, where he occasionally resided. This may be simply a reference to his stay at Bottrels. He certainly was a leading member of the Chalfont meeting, and not only so, but acted as recording clerk or secretary to the Upperside Monthly Meeting, the minutes of which are still preserved in his handwriting. His early experience and training as a magistrate's son now stood him in good stead, and his services were in request all through the country for drawing up various legal documents for

the Friends, especially at a later date, when they had acquired the liberty of erecting meeting-houses. When, in 1709, a Friends' Meeting House was built at Dorking, in Surrey, the writer's native town, the sum of £1 10s. was paid to Thomas Ellwood for "making the writings."

The time for the erection of many meeting-houses had not yet come at the date to which our narrative has brought us, but in many parts the Friends were beginning to procure plots of ground for the burial of their dead, in order that they might be interred without the intervention of the clergy. At first it was customary to put up a plain stone with the name and date of death, but this was soon discontinued, and not resumed until a few years ago. Daniel Roberts, an eminent Chesham Friend, tells us how his father, who lived near Cirencester, on the Bishop of Gloucester's chancellor asking him whether the practice did not savour of superstition, replied, "Yes, he thought it did; but he would have him take notice that they had learned it from them (the Church of England), and they had noticed that where they had followed them, they had generally gone wrong; so that they intended to be led by them no longer." The Chalfont Friends were among those who felt their need of a burying ground, and in 1671 we find Thomas Ellwood joining with others in purchasing a piece of land from their friend William Russell, of Jordans Farm.

But Ellwood had other occupations in the old timber-framed and lattice-windowed house amid a labyrinth of Buckinghamshire lanes, which made him still more widely known. Though averse, as we have seen, to oral controversy, he was not averse to entering the lists in

a paper warfare. In 1660 he had displayed his boyish zeal by writing "An Alarm to the Priests." About fifteen years later, he gives us a long account of controversies into which he entered with a Baptist named Hicks, and then with a clergyman in Lincolnshire on the subject of tithes. This was followed by critiques on the writings of two seceding Friends named William Rogers and George Keith, as well as by some pamphlets dealing with the subject of persecution. When George Fox died in 1691, Ellwood transcribed his journal for the press, and, in 1694, printed it in folio, prefixing an account of Fox. Later on (1704-1712) he published works on the History of the Old and New Testaments, and one called the "Davideis," being a life of David in verse. Ellwood's gifts as a poet were certainly not of a very lofty order, but his writings are always simple, healthy and pure. A good specimen is comprised in the following lines, called "A Prayer":—

Oh! that mine eyes might closed be
To what concerns me not to see;
That deafness might possess mine ear
To what concerns me not to hear;
That truth my tongue might always tie
From ever speaking foolishly;
That no vain thought might ever rest,
Or be conceived in my breast;
That by each deed, and word, and thought
Glory may to my God be brought!—
But what are wishes? Lord, mine eye
On Thee is fixed, to Thee I cry:
Wash, Lord, and purify my heart;
And make it clean in every part;
And when 'tis clean, Lord, keep it too,
For that is more than I can do.

Ellwood had two neighbours in South Bucks who laid claim, with more or less reason, to the title of poets. One of these was Edmund Waller, of Hall Barn, near Beaconsfield. Waller was a relation of Cromwell, to whom he addressed a flattering ode ; but when Oliver was dead, he presented equally flattering verses to Charles II. The King told him they were not half so good as his panegyric on Cromwell. "May it please your majesty," said Waller, "we poets are never so successful in fact as in fiction." Waller was looked on in that day as the greatest poet of the time, the claims of Milton being overlooked. He treated Ellwood with kindness and consideration, and the latter addressed some lines to his "courteous neighbour" at Beaconsfield.

Very different was the attitude of Dr. Martin Lluelyn, a physician who resided in the old Elizabethan house in Easton street, High Wycombe, now inhabited by Mrs. Wheeler. Dr. Lluelyn had studied at Christ Church, Oxford, and had been an officer in a company of students formed during the Civil War to fight on the Royalist side. A tradition prevails in Wycombe that Lluelyn attended Charles I. on the scaffold, and received from him a present of a pair of gloves, which were long in the possession of his descendants. After the Restoration he became Principal of St. Mary's Hall, and one of the King's physicians. He is described in the inscription to his memory in Wycombe Church as "a most famous and illustrious poet, who treated of lofty subjects with an ability and eloquence not unworthy of the same." But if the best known of his poems, "Wickham Wakened, or the Quaker's Madrigal," is a fair specimen

of his ability, this is a flattering description. A copy of this ditty is in the Bodleian Library at Oxford among a number of pamphlets attacking the Quakers, some of them with incredible scurrility and filthiness. A memorandum states that it was written in February, 1671, in which year Lluelyn was Mayor of Wycombe, "against a physician there that is a Quaker, and takes much from his practice." No doubt Friend John Raunce is meant. One verse will probably be sufficient for the reader's appetite ;—

'Tis the gentry that lulls 'um,
While the Quaker begulls 'um;
They dandle 'um in their Lapps,
Who should strike off their Capps,
And make 'um stand bare
Both to Justice and Mayor,
Till when 'twill ne'er be fine weather;
For now the proud Devil
Hath brought forth this level,
None knows who and who is together.

Chorus—

Now since Mayor and Justice
Are assured that thus 'tis,
To abate their increase and redundance,
Let us send them to Wickham,
For there's one will kick 'um
Into much better manners by abundance.

XXII.—WILLIAM PENN'S FIRST MARRIAGE.

O sun, that followest the night,
. . . . .
Pause for a moment in thy course,
And bless the bridegroom and the bride.

LONGFELLOW.

AFTER his father's death, Penn had published an account of his trial before the Lord Mayor and Recorder, under the title of "The People's Ancient and Just Liberties Asserted." This attracted much attention, and some of the magistrates who had sat on the bench felt that they had had enough of the case. But Sir John Robinson, the Lieutenant of the Tower, who was a nephew of Archbishop Laud, and whose harsh treatment, as we have seen, had hastened the end of Alderman Penington, was otherwise minded, and having ascertained that Penn would be on a certain morning at a Friends' meeting at Wheeler Street, had him arrested, proffered him the oath of allegiance, and on his refusing to take it, committed him to Newgate, and ordered a corporal and a file of musketeers to conduct him thither, on which Penn coolly replied, "No, no, send thy lackey; I know the way to Newgate." During this imprisonment he wrote "The Great Case of Liberty of Conscience," and several other works. He also wrote a letter to the

Parliament on the Conventicle Act, and one to the Sheriff of London on the wretched state of the prison. This imprisonment lasted through the summer of 1671. On his release he first visited his mother at Wanstead, and then came again into Buckinghamshire. But he was not long in the society of Guli Springett this time, for he had resolved to pay a missionary visit to Holland and Germany, during which he was favourably received by the Princess Elizabeth of the Rhine, granddaughter of our James I. He seems to have returned early in 1672.

"After so long a separation," says Hepworth Dixon in his "Life of Penn," "Penn was not unreasonably anxious to be near Guli Springett once again. Calling to see his mother at Wanstead on his way to London, he made a short stay in the capital, visiting old friends, and reporting the results of his journey, and then posting down to Bucks, where he was received with open arms by Miss Springett, as her affianced husband, and by Ellwood and the Peningtons, as the champion of their faith. In their society he seems to have passed a considerable time, dallying with the blissful days of courtship, and slowly making preparation for his marriage. He took a house in the first instance at Rickmansworth, about six miles from Chalfont, which being made ready for Guli's reception, the marriage was performed in the early spring of 1672, six or seven months after his liberation from Newgate, and husband and wife at once took up their residence in their new dwelling."

This account is somewhat vague, and Maria Webb states that no family documents are forthcoming relative to this period in Penn's life. Fortunately, materials of

a very interesting nature exist for filling up the blank. In the Monthly Meeting book there is a minute dated 7th of 12th month, 1671 (Feb. 7th, 1672, new style) as follows :—

"William Penn, of Walthamstow, in the County of Essex, and Gulielma Maria Springett, of Tiler's End Green, in the parish of Penn, in the County of Bucks, proposed their intention of taking each other in marriage. Whereupon it was referred to Thomas Zachary and Thomas Ellwood to enquire into the clearness of their proceedings and give an account to the next meeting."

As the parishes of Walthamstow and Wanstead are adjacent, it may be supposed that Lady Penn's residence, usually described as at Wanstead, may have been within the limits of the former, or Penn may have had a residence of his own near his mother. But how comes Gulielma Maria Springett to be described as "of Tiler's End Green," or, as it is now called, Tyler's Green? As Isaac Penington was still in Reading Gaol, and Woodside Farm was not yet completed, one's first impression is that Mary Penington may have been living there. But her account of the building of Woodside seems to show that she was very near the spot, and Tyler's Green is five miles away. On the whole it seems likely that Lady Mary was in lodgings at Amersham, and that Guli was living at Tyler's Green with some friends. But who were these? One thinks of some branch of the Penns, of Penn. William Penn's allusion to these, his distant kinsfolk, has already been quoted. In addition to this, the petition of the Quaker women of Buckinghamshire for the abolition of tithes

in 1659, already mentioned, bears among the 417 signatures those of Anne and Elizabeth Penn. This, it will be remembered, was when William Penn was a youth just leaving school.

The meeting at which the "proposal of marriage" was made was held at Thomas Ellwood's house at Hunger Hill. It seems somewhat surprising to find Thomas Zachary joined with Ellwood in enquiry into the marriage, as Ellwood's account, quoted in the last article, implies that he was still in Aylesbury Gaol, for the general pardon was not passed till a month or two later, but it deserves notice that Ellwood's statement is not very positive—"so far as I remember, until a general pardon released him."

A month later (March 6th, 1672) we find that "the consent and approbation of Friends was obtained thereunto," and the marriage followed in due course on April 4th, as appears by an entry in a very interesting MS. volume, consisting of memoranda made in the following century, by Rebekah Butterfield, of Stone Dean, now in possession of Mr. Steevens, of Crendon-street, High Wycombe. Under the date just given, is the entry, "They took each other in marriage at Charlewood, at a farmhouse called Kings, where Friends' meeting was y^{n} (then) kept, being in y^{e} parish of Rickmansworth, in y^{e} county of Hertford."

King's Farm, Chorley Wood, is about half-a-mile from the Buckinghamshire boundary, and not quite so far from Chorley Wood Station, on the new Metropolitan Extension Railway. The name is traditionally derived from its having been a hunting-

box of King John. The present house probably dates from the latter part of the fifteenth century. The front, which is timber framed, presents one feature of interest in a curious old window, and there is a large door of very similar style, which probably in Penn's time was the main entrance, but is now concealed from view by a modern structure, used as a dairy. The back of the house, where the entrance door now is, seems rather newer than the front, but was probably built earlier than 1672. The large room to which the window just now mentioned belongs is probably the one in which the marriage took place, and presents an interesting farm house interior. The house is very much hidden from view by an immense barn, solidly built, and strengthened by numerous buttresses. This is said to have been fortified as an outpost during the Civil War, by which party does not appear, and the loopholes then pierced in the wall, which were only bricked up a few years ago, are still distinctly visible from the interior. The old farm has not passed unnoticed by artists, but its historic interest seems to have hitherto been overlooked.

Six days before the wedding gathering at the King's Farm, an event had taken place, the news of which must have given additional joy to those assembled there. On the 15th March, 1672, King Charles had issued the famous Declaration of Indulgence, permitting Non-conformist worship under certain conditions. This, however, did not benefit the Friends, for the simple reason that a licence had to be applied for in order to hold services, and they could not feel it right to ask

permission of man for the worship of God. Some hundreds of applications, as well as some thousands of entries of the licences actually granted, are preserved in the Record Office. Presbyterians, Independents, and Baptists availed themselves of the Indulgence, but the Friends are not mentioned in a single instance. But on the 29th of the same month the King issued a circular letter to the Sheriffs, asking for particulars of the Quakers in the gaols, and in due time all those imprisoned on pleas of the Crown were released by a general pardon. The adoption of a more liberal policy by the Government, and the prospect of Isaac Penington's release from his long captivity in Reading Gaol, came as two bright gleams of sunshine to the party gathered that day at the King's Farm, after the long and stormy winter of their sufferings.

XXIII.—WILLIAM PENN AT RICKMANSWORTH.

The old house by the lindens
  Stood silent in the shade;
And on the gravelled pathway
  The light and shadow played.

I saw the nursery windows
  Wide open to the air;
But the faces of the children
  They were no longer there.

LONGFELLOW.

BASING HOUSE, Rickmansworth, where William Penn took up his abode on his marriage with Gulielma Springett, is so shut in by a high wall with a row of trees behind it, that little can be seen of it from the street; while what little is visible is so modernised by stucco and other alterations, that there is some difficulty in picturing its original appearance. The garden front is less changed, but a fine avenue of trees and an extensive lawn have disappeared. Bayne in his "Historical Sketch of Rickmansworth," 1870, says, "A gentleman of this town, well known and highly respected, and one of whose ancestors sailed with him to America, remembers going to school there and seeing a pane of glass, on which Penn had written with a diamond his name and the date, 1677." Though Rickmansworth is in Hertfordshire, Penn had so

intimate a connection with Buckinghamshire Friends during the five years over which his residence there extended, as to call for some account of his life at Basing House.

"The spring and summer [of 1672] came and went," says Hepworth Dixon in his "William Penn," "but Penn still remained with his young and lovely bride at Rickmansworth; neither the flatteries of friends nor the attacks of foes could draw him away from his charming seclusion. During these summer months, he neither wrote nor travelled; that very instinct of activity, and that restless and aggressive spirit, which were the sources of nearly all his usefulness, were, so to say, touched with the wand of the enchantress, and laid to rest. Since his expulsion from his father's house he had never known such repose of mind and body. Seeing him surrounded by all that makes domestic happiness complete—a charming home, a beautiful and loving wife, a plentiful estate, the prospect of a family, and a troop of attached and admiring friends—those who knew him only at second hand imagined that the apostle of civil and religious liberty, was now about to subside into the quiet country gentleman, more interested in cultivating his paternal acres, than with the progress of an unpopular doctrine, and the general enlightenment of mankind. But those who reasoned so, knew little of William Penn, and perhaps still less of the lady who had now become his wife. Guli would herself have scorned the man who, through infirmity of purpose, could have allowed himself to sink into the mere sloth of the affections, and who, by his outward showing to the

world, would have represented her alliance as bringing weakness to his character instead of strength. Penn was not that man. His interval of rest over, the preacher again resumed his work."

Towards the end of 1672 Penn became the father of a little girl, who was named Gulielma Maria, after her mother. She only lived a few weeks, and was buried at Jordans. Next year a boy was born, and called William. He lived about a year, and was then laid to rest beside his sister.

In the summer of 1673, Penn and his wife journeyed to Bristol to meet George Fox, who had just returned from a missionary journey in America and the West Indies. On his way back to London, Fox held, as he tells us, "many precious meetings" in Buckinghamshire. Later in the year George Fox and his wife, with her son and daughter Thomas and Mary Lower, visited Penn at Rickmansworth. During this visit, as appears by a minute in the Upperside Monthly Meeting records, George was at one meeting at least in William Russell's house at Jordans. This gives an additional interest to Old Jordans Farm, where, although the house has been partly rebuilt, some portion of the buildings seem to date back to Fox's time. On the 10th of December, 1673, Fox, accompanied by Alexander Parker, Joseph Parks, and others, gave his "advice and assistance" to the Friends of the Chalfont meeting assembled at Jordans. The Chalfont meeting had, up to this time, included the Friends of Rickmansworth and Chorley Wood. These, it was now resolved, were to be transferred to the Watford meeting, which was to

assemble by turns at Watford, Chorleywood, and Flaunden. The Chalfont meeting was to be held alternately at Jordans and at Thomas Lane's. Finally, "to the intent Friends might have the benefit and satisfaction of seeing and being refreshed in one another sometimes, and of waiting upon the Lord together," there was to be a monthly re-union of the two meetings at "Chorleywood" upon the second Friday of one month, and the second Wednesday of the next.

An extract from Mr. Cussans' "Hundred of Cashio" (page 136), may be of interest here as relating to the now vanished meeting house where Penn may possibly have resorted for worship at this period of his life. "A small estate near the modern Christ Church, Chorley Wood," says Mr. Cussans, "has long been the property of the Rev. S. Thompson's family. At the end of the garden adjoining the road is a piece of ground which had been used for 150 years as a cemetery by the Society of Friends, the last buried there being Emmett Skidmore, Micklefield Hall. Penn, as we have seen, left Rickmansworth in 1678 [an error for 1677]. The Quakers who did not accompany him to America assembled themselves for worship at the house of a family named Wilson, living at Chorley Wood, and it was the end of the garden belonging to that house that was dedicated to the purposes of a burying ground. The last of the name of Wilson who possessed the estate, bequeathed it to his nephew, George Thompson, who, though he had ceased to be a member of the Society, desired to be buried in the old Quaker ground." Part of the ground is now planted and built over. The

remainder was consecrated for the interment of Mr. G. Thompson and his family (Bayne's "Rickmansworth"). It is more likely, however, that in Penn's time the meetings were still held at King's Farm.

As to "Thomas Lane's," it appears by the Devonshire House records that he resided at Coleshill. Four marriages are recorded at his house between 1674 and 1678. It seems likely that he lived at Brentford Barn Farm, where it is incidentally mentioned in Gibbs' "History of Aylesbury" (page 456), that Quaker meetings were formerly held. He was an intimate friend of Isaac Penington, and was arrested with him by Ambrose Benett at Edward Perot's funeral.

In a letter of Isaac Penington to his wife, dated "19th of First Month, 1667," he mentions that his little son Ned, whom he describes as "looking very well and fresh, if not too well, I mean too fat," was at "Thomas Lane's."

On leaving Rickmansworth, Fox passed on to Aylesbury, and thence to Worcester, where he was arrested for holding conventicles, and imprisoned for over a year.

Meanwhile Penn had lost another little one, Margaret (named after her grandmother, Lady Penn). She died about the end of 1674, and was buried at Jordans with her brother and sister. But for these domestic trials, Guli Penn's life passed peacefully enough in her new home. It is interesting to recall some of the scenes which surrounded her there. She and her husband in their rides and walks about the neighbourhood would perhaps meet the then owner of Moor Park, a tall handsome young man, gorgeously dressed in the laces

and velvets of the period. This was James, Duke of Monmouth, the King's illegitimate son, the same who was destined ten years later to lay claim to the crown, to land in Dorsetshire, to be hailed as "King Monmouth" through the Western counties, to be defeated at the fatal field of Sedgmoor, and to perish by the headsman's axe on Tower Hill.

Or if Penn turned in another direction, towards the quiet little village of Chenies, he might sometimes meet beneath the shade of its embosoming elms an aged nobleman, perhaps accompanied by a son in the prime of life, and of noble and gracious bearing—William, Earl of Bedford, and his son, Lord William Russell. The Earl had taken the popular side in the Civil War. He had endeavoured to obtain concessions from Charles I. and guarantees from Charles II.; in each instance, of course, without success. At the coronation of the latter he carried the sceptre before him. Little could Penn foresee the horrible fate which in a few years was to overtake Bedford's gallant son—that the revenge of the Duke of York, aided by a packed jury, perjured witnesses, and an infamous judge, would bring him to the scaffold as one of the noblest martyrs of English liberties.

XXIV.—FIGHTINGS WITHIN AND FEARS WITHOUT.

> But patience is more oft the exercise
> Of Saints, the trial of their fortitude,
> Making them each his own deliverer.
>
> MILTON.

THE lull in the persecution of the Quakers, which led to the general pardon of 1672, was not of long duration. The Cabal ministry rapidly declined in power, and when Danby took the seals of office, he proved to be "Clarendon over again" in his uncompromising opposition to all Nonconformists. After an interval of a year or two, cases of oppression reappear in the pages of Besse. In 1674, John Morton, of Amersham, had goods, valued at £22 15s. 2d. seized for tithes, amounting to £6 3s. In the following year he was imprisoned for nine weeks at the suit of James Eeles, tithe farmer. In 1676 he was again in trouble, and had cattle seized to the value of £26 12s. 6d. Later on we find him sent to Aylesbury Gaol (in 1678) by "Priest Rolls," of Chalfont St. Giles, in which parish he seems to have farmed some land, while cattle and sheep were taken from him to the value of £24 10s. After three months, however, he was removed to London by *habeas corpus*, and immediately discharged.

In 1686, he was again imprisoned, and had his cattle seized, and in the following year another seizure, apparently of corn, was affected to the amount of £5 8s.

It was no wonder that many among the Friends should begin to discuss the possibility of finding a refuge across the Atlantic, like the Pilgrim Fathers of half a century before. This idea was especially present to the mind of William Penn. "Rickmansworth," says an American writer, "was the cradle of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, the dream of William Penn's honeymoon." Be this as it may, it was probably during his residence there that he first devised the scheme. In 1675 the ownership of part of New Jersey came, by purchase, from Lord Berkley into the possession of two Friends named Edward Bylling and John Fenwick. They had a dispute about the division of the land, which was referred to Penn's arbitration. Soon after, Fenwick, with several other Friends, sailed to take possession of his share. Bylling, on the other hand, had unfortunately become embarrassed in his affairs, and his portion was assigned to three trustees for the benefit of his creditors. Of these trustees, who were all Friends, William Penn was one. They drew up a circular letter to Quakers throughout the Kingdom, describing the country and its products, and inviting them to emigrate thither. These plans took up much of Penn's time and thoughts until, in 1677, he removed to his wife's estate at Worminghurst, in Sussex. The subsequent events which led to the founding of the colony of Pennsylvania do not fall within the province of this work, but two more occurrences during Penn's residence at Rickmans-

worth call for a passing notice. One was the birth of his son Springett, which took place while his mother was on a visit to Walthamstow, January 25th, 1676. The other was a public dispute which Penn held at Rickmansworth with Richard Baxter. That zealous and earnest Presbyterian, having by some means obtained a special licence, preached on ten consecutive Sundays at various churches in the district—at Rickmansworth, Chalfont, Amersham, Sarratt, and Langley. He says, "The country about Rickmersworth abounding with Quakers, because Mr. W. Pen, their captain, dwelleth there, I was desirous that the poor people should once hear what was to be said for their recovery—which, coming to Mr. Pen's ears, he was forward to a meeting, where we continued speaking to two rooms full of people (fasting) from ten o'clock till five ; one lord, two knights, and four conformable ministers, besides others, being present all the time."

Baxter evidently thought that this part of the country was in a bad way. Some years before, he had disputed in like manner with the Baptists at Amersham, but he probably found, as many have found since his time, that there is no tougher task than to convince a Buckinghamshire man of the error of his ways. The oral disputation was followed by a written controversy, which assumed a very heated character, and Penn at last told his antagonist that "he had rather be Socrates at the day of judgment than Richard Baxter."

We may now turn from Penn to a humble neighbour of his, in whose hardships about this time he would no doubt take a sympathetic interest—William Russell,

of Jordans Farm. This worthy yeoman was born somewhere about the closing years of Elizabeth's reign. There is a petition, dated 1636, (preserved in the State Papers at the Record Office) from the parishioners of Chalfont St. Giles to Archbishop Laud, asking for the restoration to his living of their rector, Thomas Valentine, and among the signatures are those of "William Russell" and "William Russell, jun." The latter was probably the same who afterwards became a Quaker.

We have already seen how Quaker meetings were reported at his house or barn in the Lambeth Return of 1669, how Poulter and Lacy, the informers, disturbed a meeting there in 1670; how Thomas Zachary was falsely charged with being there a month later; how he sold a portion of his land to Ellwood and others in 1671, for the purpose of a burying ground; and finally, how George Fox was present at an important meeting at Old Jordans in 1673. We now come on an allusion to him in Besse's "Sufferings." In 1676, when "near eighty and almost blind," he was imprisoned, and had cows and sheep worth £22 12s., taken from him, for tithes amounting to £5 14s., at the suit of "Priest Rolls," of Chalfont St. Giles. In 1679, cows, sheep, and lambs, valued at £22 9s., were taken from him, for tithes of £8 value. In 1683, the old man's troubles came to an end, and he was buried at Jordans. His widow, Sarah, survived him till 1691.

Another "sufferer" mentioned by Besse in 1676, is William Grimsdale, of Chalfont St. Peters. He appears to have resided at Maltman's Green, now usually called

Milton's Green. Cows, &c., to the value of £7 18s., were taken from him.* About the same time, goods valued at £2, were taken from Thomas Saunders, probably Ellwood's old friend at Ilmer or Bledlow, who had previously forfeited a similar sum in 1671.

But probably the Buckinghamshire Friends were more troubled by an unhappy schism which at this time arose among themselves than by any external hardships. It is not easy to trace the origin or history of this schism, but it had its headquarters at Wycombe, and its leader was no other than Dr. John Raunce.† It was this which led George Fox, in 1677, to pay a special visit to South Bucks. He entered the county after visiting Kingston, and says, "I went from thence cross the country into Buckinghamshire, visiting Friends and having several meetings with them, as at Amersham, Hunger Hill, Jordans, Hedgerley, Wickham, and Turvil Heath. In some of which, they that were gone out from the Unity of Friends in Truth into strife, opposition, and division, were very unruly and troublesome, particularly at the men's meeting at Thomas Ellwood's at Hunger Hill, where the chief of them came from Wickham,

* Grimsdale again forfeited goods valued at £2 10s. in 1684.

† It has been suggested, however, that this may not have been Ellwood's old benefactor, but his son of the same name. This seems rendered more probable by the fact that an entry is extant of the marriage of John Raunce, of Chipping Wycombe, to Elizabeth Brown, of Weston Turville; though it is possible that this may have been a second marriage of Dr. John Raunce, after the death of his first wife, Frances. John Raunce and Nicholas Noy, of Wycombe, were imprisoned on præmunire in 1671, and discharged by letters patent the next year.

endeavouring to make disturbances, and to hinder Friends from proceeding in the business of the meeting. When I saw their design, I admonished them to be sober and quiet, and not trouble the meeting by interrupting the service thereof, but rather, if they were dissatisfied with Friends' proceedings, and had anything to object, let a meeting be appointed on purpose some other day. So Friends offered to give them a meeting another day. And at length it was agreed to be at Thomas Ellwood's the week following. Accordingly Friends met them there, and the meeting was in a barn, for there came so many that the house could not receive them. After we had sat awhile, they began their jangling. Most of their arrows were shot at me, but the Lord was with me, and gave me strength in his power to cast back their darts of envy and falsehood upon themselves. Their objections were answered, and things were opened to the people. A good opportunity it was, and serviceable to the truth, for many that before were weak, were now strengthened and confirmed, some that were doubting and wavering were satisfied and settled, and faithful Friends were refreshed and comforted in the springings of life amongst us. For the power rose, and life sprung, and in the arisings thereof many living testimonies were borne against that wicked, dividing, rending spirit, which those opposers were joined to and acted by, and the meeting ended to the satisfaction of Friends. That night I lodged with other Friends at Thomas Ellwood's, and the same week I had a meeting again with those Opposers of Wisdom, where

they again showed their envy, and were made manifest to the upright-hearted."

The schism still existed in 1694, when a minute of the Upperside Monthly Meeting ordered that a copy of Fox's Journal was to be presented "to the Friends of Wycombe meeting, who stand faithful in their testimony against the separation and separate meeting set up there by John Raunce and his party." A tradition handed down at Wycombe states that Raunce was not buried in the Friends' Burying-ground, but in a field near the site of the present Wesleyan Chapel.

In the following year (1678), Fox was in Buckinghamshire again. He tells us that he visited Friends at "Long Crendon, Ilmire, Meadle, Weston, Cholsberry, Chesham, etc." He then came to Isaac Penington's, at Woodside, where he stayed for a few days, and thence passed on to Chorley Wood.

XXV.—THE LAST DAYS OF ISAAC AND MARY PENINGTON.

Since first made one, as one they lived together,
In heart and mind, in life and spirit one,
Till death in part this unity did sever,
By taking him, and leaving her alone,
In silent grief his absence to bemoan.

He being gone, she could not long survive,
But daily from his death began to die,
And rather seemed to be, than was, alive,
Joyless till by his side she came to lie,
Her spirit joined to his again on high.

Ellwood's Lines "On his Dear Deceased Friends, Isaac and Mary Penington."

AFTER Isaac Penington's release from his latest imprisonment at Reading, in 1672, he enjoyed seven years of comparative rest and quiet in the house at Woodside, which his noble-hearted wife had built in his absence. "His constitution," says Maria Webb, "had been greatly impaired by the treatment he had previously endured, but the latter years of his life passed on peacefully, his affectionate wife watching carefully over his declining health. Their children grew up around them with indications of piety, which made their parents' hearts thankful, and hopeful in view of the future. William and Gulielma Penn were near

enough to ensure occasional intercourse between the two families, and we may imagine how happy the intercourse must have been between such cultivated religious minds, bound together as they were by the closest ties of love and relationship."

Mrs. Webb gives several letters written by Isaac about this time to his brother Arthur, who had become a Roman Catholic priest, to his sister Judith, to the Countess of Conway, and to other friends. They are marked by a spirit of deep and fervent piety, joined with a large-hearted liberality, which was rare, indeed, in those days. "As for his being a papist or an arch-papist," he says of his brother, "that doth not damp my tender affection to him. If he be a papist, I had rather have him a serious than a loose papist. If he have met anything of that which brings forth a holy conversation in him, he hath so far met with somewhat of my religion, which teacheth to order the conversation aright, in the light and by the spirit and power of the Lord Jesus."

We have already seen that in 1678 Isaac Penington was visited at Woodside by George Fox. In the following year he and his wife went into Kent to visit Mary's property there, and stayed some time at one of the farms called Goodenstone Court. Just as they were about to return to Woodside, Isaac Penington was taken ill, and after a few days' acute suffering, he passed away, October 8th, 1679, at the age of sixty-three. His corpse was brought back to Buckinghamshire, and was interred at Jordans, in the presence of some hundred spectators, not only of the Friends, but of

others in the neighbourhood, who had come to appreciate his Christian character and genuine worth.

According to Quaker custom, several "testimonies" to the Christian life of the departed were issued, and signed by his son John, by William Penn, and others. That written by Mary Penington is so beautiful and pathetic that no apology is needed for a somewhat lengthy extract :—

"Whilst I keep silent touching thee, oh! thou blessed of the Lord and His people, my heart burneth within me. I must make mention of thee, for thou wast a most pleasant plant of renown, planted by the right hand of the Lord, 'and thou tookest deep root downwards, and sprangest upwards.' The dew of heaven fell on thee, and made thee fruitful, and thy fruit was fragrant and most delightful.

"Oh, where shall I begin to recount the Lord's remarkable dealings with thee! He set His love on thee, oh! thou who wert one of the Lord's peculiar choice. Thy very babyish days declared of what stock and lineage thou wert. Thou desiredst 'the sincere milk of the word as a newborn babe, even in the very bud of thy age ; and who can declare how thou hadst travelled towards the Holy Land, in the very infancy of thy days? Who can tell what thy soul felt in thy travel? Oh, the heavenly, bright, living openings that were given thee! God's light shone round about thee. Such a state as I have never known of in any other have I heard thee declare of. But this it did please the Lord to withdraw, and leave thee desolate and mourning—weary of the night and of the day—naked and poor in spirit—distressed

and bowed down. Thou refusedst to be comforted, because thou couldst not feed on that which was not bread from heaven.

"In that state I married thee; my love was drawn towards thee, because I found thou sawest the deceit of all notions. Thou didst remain as one who refused to be comforted by anything that had only the appearance of religion, till 'He came to His temple, who is truth, and no lie.' For all those shows of religion were very manifest to thee, so that thou wert sick and weary of them all.

"This little testimony of thy hidden life, my dear and precious one, in a day when none of the Lord's gathered people knew thy face, nor were in any measure acquainted with thy many sorrows, have I stammered out that it might not be forgotten. But now that the day hath broken forth, and that thou wert so eminently gathered into it, and a faithful publisher of it, I leave this other state of thine to be declared by the sons of the morning, who have witnessed the rising of the bright star of righteousness in thee, and its guiding thee to the Saviour, even Jesus, the First and the Last. They, I say, who are strong and have overcome the evil one, and are fathers in Israel, have declared of thy life in God, and have published it in many testimonies. . . .

"Ah me! he is gone! he that none exceeded in kindness, in tenderness, in love inexpressible to the relation of a wife. Next to the love of Christ Jesus to my soul was his love precious and delightful to me. My bosom one! my guide and counsellor! my pleasant

companion! my tender sympathizing friend! as near to the sense of my pain, sorrow, grief, and trouble as it was possible! Yes, this great help and benefit is gone, and I, a poor worm, a very little one to him, compassed about with many infirmities, through mercy was enabled to let him go without an unadvised word of discontent or inordinate grief. Nay, further, such was the great kindness the Lord showed me in that hour, that my spirit ascended with him that very moment the spirit left his body, and I saw him safe in his own mansion, and rejoiced with him there. From this sight my spirit returned again to perform my duty to his outward tabernacle.

"This testimony to Isaac Penington is from the greatest loser of all who had a share in his life.

"MARY PENINGTON."

"Written at my house at Woodside, the 27th of 2nd month (April), 1680, between twelve and one at night, whilst watching by my sick child."

Mary Penington never completely recovered from the state of depression into which she had fallen on her husband's death. She began to "set her house in order," making her will and settling all her affairs. She wrote a beautiful little biography of her first husband, Sir William Springett, to be given to his little namesake, her grandson, Springett Penn, as soon as he

should be able to understand it, in the hope that "following him as he followed Christ, he might not only continue his name in the family, but walking in his footsteps, partake of his renown by being the virtuous offspring of that truly great man."

She writes, "In this fourth month, 1680, I have made my will, and disposed of my estate, and have no considerable debt on it, and leave a handsome provision for I.P. and M.P., (John and Mary Penington), and the younger ones, to fit them for a decent calling. I have also left provision for my debts and legacies. I call it a comely provision for my children, considering they are provided for out of my lands of inheritance, having nothing of their father's. Though mourning for the loss of my worthy companion, and exercised with the sickness and weakness of my children, in my outward condition and habitation I am to my heart's content. No great family to cumber me, living private, with time to apply my heart to wisdom in the numbering of my days; believing them to be but few, I stand ready to die. Still, I feel that death is the King of fear; and that strength to triumph over him must be given me in the needful time. The Lord must then stand by me, to resist that evil one who is often busy when the tabernacle is dissolving."

In August, 1680, she went to Edmonton, in order to place her two youngest sons at a school there. Here she was prostrated by a violent fever. The noise of the school and the lack of home comforts tried her exceedingly, and she lay continually moaning, "Distress! distress!" She thought that, like her husband, she was

doomed to die away from home, but expressed her deep thankfulness that she had settled her affairs before leaving home, and had "nothing to do but to die." After about six weeks, however, she was able to leave Edmonton, and travel as far as London, but remained there seven weeks longer, before she was able to get back to Woodside. The very night she reached Woodside, apparently about the beginning of December, she was taken ill again, and kept her bed for at least seven months, often suffering from acute pain, unable, as she says, "to have the pleasantness of her natural sleep, or to walk about the house, or go abroad in the air, to take a view of the beautiful creation."

It was about this time that Mary Penington had the pleasure of once more welcoming George Fox at her home. It was his latest visit to Buckinghamshire (1681).

He mentions his visiting several meetings in Buckinghamshire, and many Bucks Friends being at a meeting at Warborough, in Oxfordshire. Then he says, "From thence I passed to Ilmore [Ilmer] in the Vale of Buckinghamshire, where we had a glorious meeting, and the day following I returned to Mary Penington's, from whence I visited the men's and women's monthly meetings at Hunger Hill, and some other meetings thereabouts, and then passed to Watford."

It was during this visit of Fox to Buckinghamshire that an incident occurred which is mentioned in Ellwood's Life. Fox was staying at Hunger Hill, on his way to Oxfordshire, and was dressing in the morning, when Ellwood, coming into the room, saw a book lying on the table, and took it up. It bore the title, "The

Christian Quaker Distinguished from the Apostate and Innovator, by William Rogers." Ellwood told Fox that he had been anxious to get this book, having only seen one copy, which he had not had time to read through. He had joined with other Friends in disputing at Devonshire House with this Rogers, a merchant of Bristol, who had, in unison with two North-country Friends, John Wilkinson and John Story, formed a new sect under the arrogant name of Christian Quakers. He noted that Fox's copy of the book had some marginal notes of his own; "For that good man, like Julius Cæsar, willing to improve all parts of his time, did usually, even in his travels, dictate to his amanuensis what he would have committed to writing." Ellwood now asked Fox to lend him the book till his return from Oxfordshire, which he willingly consented to do. On his coming back to Hunger Hill, Ellwood told him that he was engaged in a refutation of the book, and Fox allowed him to retain it a little longer. The reply was published the next year under the title of "An Antidote against the Infection of William Rogers' Book, miscalled 'The Christian Quaker,'" and Ellwood followed up the attack a year or two later by another called "Rogeromastix; or a Rod for William Rogers."

In 1682 Mary Penington was sufficiently recovered to be able to travel to her daughter's at Worminghurst. She must have reached Sussex as William Penn was preparing for his voyage to the New World. The Friends who accompanied him on that historic voyage of the *Welcome* seem to have been mostly from Sussex. It has often been suggested that some of the Friends from the

neighbourhood of Chalfont and Rickmansworth accompanied him to Pennsylvania. If so, it was probably at a later date; but I have as yet obtained no direct evidence bearing on the subject. An American visitor to Jordans writes, "The disappearance of the sect from the neighbourhood is partly accounted for by the fact that so many of them followed Penn to Philadelphia. Their descendants are now living in brick houses, with white shutters, in Locust, Walnut and Pine Streets, in the City of Brotherly Love. The country roads and fields and forests which they left behind were the 'world,' while the site of what is now the city of a million inhabitants was then the 'wilderness.' Such are some of the changes, inversions, and substitutions for which we are indebted to the 'whirligig of time.'"

The *Welcome* set sail from Deal on September 1st, 1682, and on the 18th of the same month, Mary Penington passed away at Worminghurst. A few days later her remains—brought from the slopes of the South Downs to the slopes of the Chilterns—were laid beside those of her husband at Jordans.

XXVI.—TWO JUSTICES OF THE PEACE.

Justice Shallow : The Council shall hear it ; it is a riot.
SHAKESPEARE (Merry Wives of Windsor.)

MOST of the English Nonconformists had enjoyed another season of comparative immunity from persecution during 1679–81. The bigotry of the age had found other victims in the Roman Catholics, who were relentlessly proscribed and punished as the result of the pretended revelations of Titus Oates. The Quakers shared the benefit of the change, except that in some cases they fell under suspicion as being Romanists in disguise, because of their refusing to take the oath of allegiance. Besse records no cases of "sufferings" between 1679 and 1683. But in course of time, a fresh reaction set in, and the discovery of the Rye House Plot in 1683 led to a fresh persecution of Dissenters, in which the Quakers had their full share. It was to be expected that those of Buckinghamshire and the adjoining part of Hertfordshire would be in especial danger, for the leading persons charged with the treason were all well known in the district. Lord William Russell was doubtless a frequent visitor at his father's mansion of Chenies. Algernon Sydney had contested the borough of Amersham four years before. John

Hampden was the heir of the most illustrious name in Buckinghamshire. Lord Essex had his seat at Cashiobury, between Rickmansworth and Watford. Small wonder, then, that the magistrates of Rickmansworth especially should be all on the *qui vive* for evidences of treason, when his long and loyal descent had not preserved the Earl, their neighbour, from being sent to the Tower.

One of these worthy men, Sir Benjamin Titchborn, living about a mile from Rickmansworth, was one day waited upon by a Quaker "apothecary and barber," named William Ayrs, of Watford, who was accustomed from time to time to come and cut his hair. The good Friend, as he went thus from house to house among the neighbouring gentry, seems to have taken the opportunity of circulating Quaker literature. At any rate, he had several times presented Quaker books to Sir Benjamin, and they had always been kindly received. Accordingly, on the present occasion, he asked his acceptance of one, which Sir Benjamin took as usual, and after Ayrs was gone, began to look over the book. He at once saw, however, that it was something very different from the exhortations or rhapsodies he had read on former occasions. The title was "A Caution to Constables and other Inferior Officers concerned in the Execution of the Conventicle Act, with some observations thereupon, humbly offered by way of advice to such well-meaning and moderate Justices of the Peace as would not willingly ruin their peaceable neighbours.—By Thomas Ellwood."

Ellwood very well knew that there were many magis-

trates to whom the task of seeking to coerce Nonconformists was utterly odious, and who only took action in the matter to avoid the penalties to which they might otherwise become liable. He had therefore written this little book to inform such "how they might secure and defend themselves from being ridden by malapert informers, and made their drudges," and he tells us that he had reason to believe that it was not without good results.

But Sir Benjamin considered the book as being of a seditious tendency. The matter must be further looked into. He submitted it to another magistrate, named Fotherly, who lived in the town of Rickmansworth. This was John Fotherly of the Bury, who about this time (1682) built the almshouses in Rickmansworth High Street. He was a zealous Royalist, and had sent money to Charles II. during his exile. The two agreed that the book was seditious, and that Ellwood ought to be prosecuted. Sir Benjamin next sent for Ayrs, and asked him if he knew where Ellwood lived. The barber replied that he knew him well, and had often been at his house. Now arose a curious point. Hunger Hill, where Ellwood lived, is in the township of Coleshill, which, although some five miles from the Hertfordshire border, and forming part of the Bucks parish of Amersham, was yet reckoned as belonging, with a small portion of Beaconsfield parish adjoining it, to that "Hundred of Cashio" which consists largely of parishes (some say the sites of the old Danish settlements) which lie scattered, like plums in a pudding, all over Hertfordshire. It was therefore a case in which

the Herts magistrates had jurisdiction, and Sir Benjamin ordered Ayrs to give Ellwood notice to appear at Rickmansworth before himself and Fotherly on a certain day, threatening that in case of Ellwood failing to appear, Ayrs should himself be prosecuted for circulating the book.

The worthy barber came at once to Hunger Hill in great alarm, and much distressed at the thought of his having been the means of bringing Ellwood into danger; but Thomas sought to calm him by assuring him "that he would not fail, by God's leave, to appear at the time and place appointed, and thereby free him (Ayrs) from trouble or danger."

But before the day arrived a messenger came to Hunger Hill with bad news from Worminghurst. Guli Penn was dangerously ill, and, in her husband's absence in Pennsylvania, knew of no one to whom she could look with such confidence as her oldest friend, Thomas Ellwood. Would he come at once? Ellwood found himself in a strait, as he says, "betwixt honour and friendship." If he broke his word to the justices, he might lose his reputation for truthfulness, and bring discredit on his religious profession. If he remained to fulfil his engagement at Rickmansworth, Guli Penn might have passed away before he could reach Worminghurst. At length he resolved to see the justices himself, and endeavour to induce them to grant him a few days' respite. He felt the greater confidence in doing this because he was aware that both Titchborn and Fotherly, with some members of their families, had been on most friendly terms with Guli during her residence at Basing

House. However, as he knew neither of the magistrates himself, he rode early the next morning to Watford, and asked William Ayrs to accompany him. Ayrs told him that he believed he might have some influence with Sir Benjamin, but he knew nothing of Fotherly. There was, however, another Friend at Watford, named John Wells, who was well acquainted with Fotherly, and was willing to accompany Ellwood to his house. Accordingly all three rode to Rickmansworth, where they put up their horses, and Ellwood and Wells walked to Justice Fotherly's house, leaving Ayrs at the inn. Wells asked for the justice, and was shown into the parlour to speak with him, leaving Ellwood waiting in "a fair hall."

Presently the justice came out with a very stern look and asked Ellwood in a harsh tone, "What have you to say to me?"

"I am come," replied Thomas, "upon an intimation given me that thou hast something to say to me."

Fotherly put his hand in his pocket, and drawing out the obnoxious volume, asked, "Do you own yourself the author of this book?"

"If thou wilt please to let me look into it," answered Ellwood, "if it be mine I will not deny it."

The magistrate handed him the book, and the cautious Friend turned over the leaves to see that it had not been tampered with, then looking up, he said, "I wrote the book, and I will own it, all but the errors of the press."

"Your own errors, you should have said," answered Fotherly, with a frown.

"I know there are errors of the press in it," said Ellwood, calmly, "and therefore I excepted them; but

I do not know there are any errors of mine in it, and therefore cannot except them. But if thou pleasest to show me any error of mine in it, I shall readily both acknowledge and retract it. Wilt thou give me an instance in any one passage in this book, wherein thou thinkest I have erred?"

"I need not go to particulars," said the justice, "but charge you with the general contents of the whole book."

"Such a charge," replied the imperturbable Thomas, "would be too general for me to give a particular answer to; but if thou wilt assign me any particular passage or sentence in this book wherein thou apprehendest the ground of offence to lie, then, when I have opened the terms, and explained my meaning therein, thou mayest, perhaps, find cause to change thy mind and entertain a better opinion both of the book and of me. And therefore I again entreat thee to let me know what particular passage or passages have given thee an offence."

The Justice was baffled. "You need not be in so much haste for that," he said, "you may have it timely enough, if not too soon. But this is not the day appointed for your hearing, and therefore what, I pray, made you in such haste to come now?"

Ellwood changed his tone, and spoke with such an indignant air as visibly impressed the magistrate. "I hope," said he, "that thou wilt not take it for an argument of guilt that I come before I am sent for, and offer myself to my purgation before the time appointed. But I have a particular occasion which

induces me to come now, which is, that I received advice last night by an express out of Sussex, that William Penn's wife, with whom I have had an intimate acquaintance and strict friendship, *ab ipsis fere incunabilis* [almost from our cradles], at least, a *teneris unguiculis* [from our tender years], lies there now very ill, not without great danger (in the apprehension of those about her) of her life, and that she hath expressed her desire that I should come to her as soon as I can, the rather that her husband is absent in America. This hath brought a great strait upon me, being divided between friendship and duty, willing to visit my friend in her illness, which the nature and law of friendship requireth, yet unwilling to omit my duty by failing of my appearance before thee and the other Justice, according to your command and my promise, lest I should thereby subject, not my own reputation merely, but the reputation of my religious profession, to the suspicion of guilt and censure of willingly shunning a trial. To prevent which I have chosen to anticipate the time, and come now to see if I can give you both satisfaction in what you have to object against me, and then, upon being dismissed, pursue my journey into Sussex. But if I am detained by you, I must submit to Providence, and by an express acquaint my friend therewith, both to free her from an expectation of my coming, and myself from any imputation of neglect."

"I am very sorry," said Fotherly in a milder tone, "to hear of Madame Penn's illness. She is indeed a most virtuous and worthy dame, and for her sake I will

do what I can to further your visit to her; but I am but one, and of myself can do nothing in it; therefore you must go to Sir Benjamin Titchborn, and if he be at home, see if you can prevail with him to meet me, that we may consider of it. But I can assure you the matter which will be laid to your charge concerning your book is of greater importance than you seem to think it. For your book has been laid before the King and Council, and the Earl of Bridgewater, who is one of the Council, hath thereupon given us command to examine you about it, and to secure you."

This was alarming news, for it was this Earl who had been, as we have seen, the relentless persecutor of Isaac Penington, and he was widely known as the implacable foe of all Nonconformists. But Ellwood, strong in the consciousness of his innocence, did not shrink from the thought of facing even the dreaded Lord of Ashridge.

"I wish," he said, "I could speak with the Earl myself, for I make no doubt but to acquit myself unto him; and if thou pleasest to give me thy letter to him, I will wait upon him with it forthwith. For, although I know that he hath no favour for any of my persuasion, yet, knowing myself to be wholly innocent in this matter, I can with confidence appear before him, or even before the King in Council."

"Well," said Fotherly, "I see you are confident; but, for all that, let me tell you, how good soever your intention may be, you timed the publishing of your book very unluckily, for you cannot be ignorant that there is a very dangerous plot lately discovered, contrived

by the Dissenters against the Government and his Majesty's life. And for you to publish a book just at that juncture of time to discourage the magistrates and other officers from putting in execution those laws which were made to suppress their meetings, looks, I must tell you, but with a scurvy countenance on you."

"If there was any mistiming in the case," answered Ellwood with a smile, "it must be on the part of those plotters for timing the breaking forth of their plot while my book was printing, for I can bring very good proof that my book was in the press, and well nigh wrought off before any man talked or knew of a plot but those that were in it."

The interview ended here, and Ellwood went back to the inn for his horse, and rode out to the mansion of the other magistrate, accompanied by William Ayrs, who introduced him to Sir Benjamin and Lady Titchborn. The knight and his lady expressed much concern at hearing of Guli Penn's illness, and the former addressed Ellwood in a "smooth, soft, and oily" manner, which contrasted strongly with the bluffer tone of his brother magistrate. He ordered his horse to be saddled at once, and rode back with Ellwood to Justice Fotherly's. The two were closeted together for awhile, and then called Ellwood before them, and examined him as to his motives in writing this book. He briefly explained to them his intentions, as already stated, and humbly submitted that there was nothing unlawful or unreasonable in his thus endeavouring to secure some relief.

The magistrates replied that the book might be con-

strued, especially at such a time, as a seditious attempt to discourage the officers from putting the laws into execution according to their oath. They added that they ought to commit him to prison till the next assizes, but, under the circumstances, they would admit him to bail, on his giving sureties for his appearance at that time. This Ellwood declined to do. The justices told him that they would not put him to the trouble of looking for sureties, but would accept Wells and Ayrs as sufficient. Ellwood replied that he had no doubt of his being able to obtain sureties, but he had a conscientious objection to doing so, considering that such a course would imply the consciousness of guilt, and cast a slur on his Christian profession. Indeed, he had rather go to prison than give bail.

After a lengthy discussion on this point, the justices asked Ellwood, "Are you against appearing, or only against being bound with sureties to appear?"

He replied with firmness, "I am not against appearing, which as I cannot avoid if I would, so I would not if I might; but am willing to appear, if required, to answer whatsoever may be charged against me. But in any case of a religious nature, or wherein my Christian profession is concerned, which I take this case to be, I cannot yield to give any other or further security than my word or promise as a Christian."

"Well," asked the magistrates, "will you promise to appear?"

"Yes, with due limitations."

"What do you mean by due limitations?"

"I mean if I am not disabled or prevented by sickness

or imprisonment. For as you allege that it is a troublesome time, perhaps I may find it so. I may, for aught I know, be seized and imprisoned elsewhere on the same account for which I now stand here before you, and if I should, how then could I appear at the assize in this county?"

"Oh, those are due limitations indeed," was the reply. "Sickness or imprisonment are lawful excuses, and if either of these befall you, we shall not expect your appearance here; but then you must certify us that you are so disabled by sickness or restraint."

"But how shall I know when and where I shall wait upon you again after my return from Sussex?"

"You need not trouble about that; we will take care to give you notice of both time and place, and till you hear from us you may dispose yourself as you please."

"Well then, I do promise you that when I shall have received from you a fresh command to appear before you, I will, if the Lord permit me life, health, and liberty, appear when and where you shall appoint."

"It is enough; we will take your word."

Ellwood courteously thanked the justices for their consideration and kindness, not without a secret conviction that the outspoken Fotherly had been more really his friend in the matter than the "smooth and oily" Knight. They then desired him to "give their hearty respects and service to Madam Penn," and dismissed him with their good wishes for a safe journey.

Ellwood rode back to Hunger Hill, where his wife was anxiously awaiting the issue of his journey. He had already ridden some four-and-twenty miles that day, but

a longer journey still awaited him now. We may conjecture that he probably slept that night as far south as Guildford, for before noon the next day he arrived safely at Worminghurst, where he found that his friend was much better. He stayed with her some days, and then finding that the improvement in her condition was maintained, and some friends having come to visit her from London, he returned home.

He was now in daily expectation of a summons to appear before the justices, but no tidings came. He communicated with Ayrs and Wells, but they had heard nothing, though they had since seen the justices; and when at length the assizes came round, and still no sign of a summons appeared, it was evident that the matter had blown over. Ellwood adds, "Thus was a cloud that looked black, and threatened a great storm, blown gently over by a providential breath, which I could not but with a thankful mind acknowledge to the All-great, All-good, All-wise Disposer, in whose hand and at whose command the hearts of all men, even the greatest, are, and who turns their counsels, disappoints their purposes, and defeats their designs and contrivances as he pleases. For if my dear friend Guli Penn had not fallen sick, if I had not thereupon been sent for to her, I had not prevented the time of my appearance, but had appeared on the day appointed; and, as I afterwards understood, that was the day appointed for the appearance of a great many persons of the Dissenting party in that side of the country, who were to be taken up and secured on the account of the afore-mentioned plot, which had been cast upon the

Presbyterians. So that if I had then appeared with and amongst them, I had in all likelihood been sent to gaol with them for company, and that under the imputation of a plotter, than which nothing was more contrary to my profession and inclination."

We cannot wonder that Ellwood, contrasting his situation with the peace and liberty enjoyed by William Penn across the Atlantic, should give expression to his feelings in the following lines :—

TO MY FRIEND IN AMERICA.

I envy not nor grudge the sweet content
I hope thou takest under thy shady tree,
Where many an hour is innocently spent,
From vexing cares, from noise and tumult free,
Where godly meetings are not riots made,
Nor innocents by stratagem betrayed.

But for mine own part, I expect not yet
Such peaceful days, such quiet time to see ;
My station in a troublous world is set,
And daily trials still encompass me ;
This is my comfort, that my God is near.
To give me courage, and my spirit cheer.

The blustering winds blow hard, the foaming seas
Raise their proud waves, the surging billows swell ;
No human art this tempest can appease ;
He's only safe who with the Lord doth dwell.
Though storms and violence should yet increase,
In Him there is security and peace.

XXVII.—THE LAST STORMS OF PERSECUTION.

> As men the dictates of whose inward sense
> Outweighs the world; whom self-deceiving wit
> Lures not from what they deem the cause of God.
>
> WORDSWORTH.

WE have already seen that the Friends were exposed to great hardships during the period of panic which followed the discovery of the Rye House Plot in 1683. Seven hundred Friends were imprisoned in England during this year. They regarded it as a special grievance that their peaceable meetings were described in indictments as "riots." The word was used with a great degree of latitude of meaning at this time. George Fownes, the eminent Baptist minister of Bristol, was arrested when riding to a meeting, and charged with riot, on which he wittily replied that George and his horse could not commit a riot unless Thomas or William were present to assist.

Amongst the leading gentry in South Bucks at this period was one Sir Dennis Hampson, of Taplow, a justice of the peace, and who, two years later, represented Wycombe in Parliament. This magistrate, on Sunday, July 1st, 1683, rode with a party of horse to Wooburn, and surprised twenty-three men, mostly of humble station, at a Friends' meeting there, and

committed them to Aylesbury Gaol. Their names, as preserved by Ellwood and Besse, were William Woodhouse, William Mason, John Reeve, Thomas Dell, Edward Moore, Stephen Pewsey, Thomas Sexton, Timothy Child, William Sexton, Robert Moore, Richard James, William Aldridge, John Ellis, George Salter, John Smith, William Tanner, William Batchelor, John Dolbin, Andrew Brothers, Richard Baldwin, John Jennings, and Robert Austin. They seem to have come together from a wide area. Thomas Dell and George Salter were yeoman farmers from Hedgerley ; William Tanner was from Uxbridge ; Richard Baldwin was a maltster of Hedgerley Dean ; John Smith was a labourer of Farnham Royal. The others cannot now be traced, but most of the surnames are still familiar in South Bucks.

Eleven days later, the prisoners were indicted for a "riot" at the Quarter Sessions at Buckingham. Hampson did not appear himself, but sent his clerk to represent him. The prisoners demanded an immediate trial, but it was denied them, and they were ordered to give bail, but refused, and handed in a written statement of the reasons of their objection to give bail or fees. They were then remanded to prison till next Quarter Sessions ; but "William Woodhouse was again bailed, as he had been before, and William Mason and John Reeve, who not being Friends, but casually taken at that meeting, entered recognizance as the court desired, and so were released till next sessions ; before which time Mason died, and Reeve being sick appeared not, but got himself taken off." The rest were brought to

trial in October, and found guilty of a riot, though they had only been "sitting peaceably together without word or motion, and though there was no proclamation made nor they required to depart." One of the jurymen afterwards had the candour to confess that he did not know what a riot was! The prisoners were fined a noble (6s.8d.) each, and on their refusing to pay it, were recommitted to prison during life or the King's pleasure, or until they should pay the fine. Woodhouse was at once discharged, a relation having paid the fine and fees, and soon after Dell and Edward Moore were released in the same way; while Pewsey's fine and fees were paid by the parish in which he lived, to prevent his wife and children from becoming chargeable to the rates. The remaining seventeen continued in prison rather than take a step, simple as it was, which might be construed into an acknowledgment that they had done wrong in meeting to worship God. Month after month passed by, and still their imprisonment continued. On September 26th, 1684, one of them, John Smith, died in prison, and was buried at Jordans. Nearly twelve months later (September 12th, 1685), William Tanner, of Uxbridge, shared his fate, just as Jeffreys was commencing the Bloody Assize in the West of England. Ellwood does not mention the death of these two, but it is recorded by Besse. At last, in 1686, James II. proclaimed a general pardon to the Quakers, and the remainder were set at liberty.

Ellwood's narrative abruptly breaks off at this point, and he does not mention what we learn from other sources, that (apparently as the result of the Wooburn

injustice) he brought out another work called "A Discourse concerning Riots," which was quickly followed by "A Seasonable Dissuasive from Persecution." Both of these works were published in 1683.

The accession of James II. on his brother's death in 1685 only brought at first a heavier trial to most of the Nonconformists, but for the Quakers there was a ray of hope in the fact that the new King was the personal friend of William Penn, who had returned from America, not long before the death of Charles II. James, when Duke of York, had promised his old comrade, Admiral Penn, that he would always be his son's protector and friend, and it is to his credit that, bigoted Romanist though he was, he always kept his promise. It soon became known that Penn had influence with the new King, and his house at Kensington was thronged with petitioners, who sought his aid and intercession at Court. This singular friendship not unnaturally gave rise to suspicion, and Penn was accused of being a Jesuit in disguise. It is with regard to this part of his life that Lord Macaulay has brought some very serious charges against Penn, tending to implicate him in some of the worst cruelties and intrigues of the Court. He has, however, been ably defended by various writers; his influence with James was certainly exercised on behalf of the persecuted, and while he may have taken some regrettable steps under the seductive influence of Court favour, there is reason to think that the worst charges have originated in a confusion between him and George Penne, a lawyer of Bridgewater.

When James came to the throne there were 1,400 Quakers lying in the prisons of England for conscience sake. Penn used his utmost endeavours to obtain their release, but a full year elapsed before the general pardon was proclaimed.

The direct persecution of the Quakers on the ground of their religious belief was now at an end; but they were still for many years to suffer grievous annoyances and loss as the result of civil actions for tithes. In this very year (1686) "Priest Rolls," of Chalfont St. Giles, seized sheep and lambs, valued at £15, from William Russell, of Old Jordans (son of old blind William, who had passed away in 1683) for tithes amounting to £4 15s. 3d. In the following year, Russell was imprisoned for three months and had cattle, sheep, &c., worth £23 5s., taken from him for tithes of £7 3s. 6d. value; and a little later another seizure amounting to £13 1s. took place.

Another Friend who suffered on account of tithes in James II.'s and William III.'s days was Josiah Lane, another resident in the parish of Chalfont St. Giles. He was imprisoned for three months in 1687, and had £23 worth of goods seized for £7 of tithes. A year or two later, goods amounting to £7 11s. 6d. were taken from him.

About the same time, Henry Child, of Amersham, forfeited £7 13s., and Edward Belson, of Haddenham, £2 11s.

In 1690, "on the 28th of the month called May," Josiah Lane was in trouble again. He was committed to Aylesbury Gaol for tithes at the suit of Richard Wilby

and Charles Pearce, tithe-farmers, "who had before in the same year," says Besse, "taken out of his barn without any orders of law, corn worth £8 7s. 6d., and from Uxbridge Market four hogs worth £3, but, notwithstanding those illegal seizures, they sued him for the whole tithes as if they had taken nothing."

This is the last case of "suffering" in Buckinghamshire recorded in the pages of Besse.

JORDANS MEETING HOUSE,
Chalfont St. Giles; built 1688. Interior view.
(From a photograph taken by J. W. Walker, of Maidenhead.)

XXVIII.—JORDANS MEETING HOUSE AND STONE DEAN.

In our churchyard
Is neither epitaph nor monument,
Tombstone nor name, only the turf we tread,
And a few natural graves.

WORDSWORTH.

ALTHOUGH the English Nonconformists felt little confidence in the motives which actuated James II. in announcing a more liberal policy by the Declaration of Indulgence in 1687, they thankfully availed themselves of the increased freedom which it afforded them, and many of the oldest meeting houses date from that and the following year.

The Friends of the Chalfont meeting felt that the time had come for them to erect a sanctuary which should be more convenient and seemly than the farm-house at Old Jordans, where they had worshipped so long. We have already seen that they had acquired a piece of land for a burying ground so early as 1671. This first purchase of one rood of ground, from William Goldwin and William Russell, was by indenture dated June 20th, 1671. The land was conveyed on trust to H. Ball, Thomas Ellwood, Thomas Zachary, George Salter, Thomas Dell, and William Sexton, "for the term of one thousand

years at a peppercorn rent if demanded." The names are all familiar, and the three last were among the stedfast confessors who were imprisoned for the Wooburn "riot." Henry Ball, of Coleshill, was one of those fined under the Conventicle Act, and had also been imprisoned at Aylesbury "at the suit of James Eeles, tithe-farmer, of Amersham."

Here besides old blind William Russell (1684) and his daughter Elizabeth (1671), Isaac and Mary Penington (1679 and 1682), and Penn's three children who died at Rickmansworth (1673, 1674, and 1675), several noteworthy burials are recorded in the Devonshire House registers prior to the erection of the meeting-house in 1688. There was Robert Kingham of Wooburn (1672), who, or perhaps his son of the same name, is mentioned by Besse as forfeiting £1 10s. in the same year; Jonathan Kingham of Wooburn, miller (1675), in whose house the "conventicle" there was held; John Smith of Farnham Royal (1684), who possibly lived at the detached hamlet of Seer Green, close to Jordans, and who, as we have seen, died a prisoner for conscience sake, the last of the Buckinghamshire martyrs; also Nicholas Skidmore, butcher, of Chalfont St. Giles (1686), who had sheep, etc., worth £57 seized to pay the fine for attending a meeting in 1670, and in 1671 was excommunicated and imprisoned by "Priest Rolls, for refusing to pay tithes and offerings"; Frances Salter of Hedgerley Dean (1687), the brave woman who was sent to prison by Ambrose Benett in 1666 for holding a meeting at her house; and finally (1688), two little children of Isaac Penington's daughter Mary, who had

been married at Old Jordans Farm in 1686 to Daniel Wharley, a woollen draper of London.

Now, upon June 25th, 1688, just as all England was in a fever of excitement about the trial of the seven Bishops, which came off four days later, John Penington, of Woodside, (Isaac's eldest son), acting on behalf of the Society, purchased of William Russell for £40, "a plot of ground called Well Close Hedgerow, together with the Dell of Wood therein, containing 1½ acres. Also, a part of a close of land called Upper Well Close, containing 1 acre. Also the corner of a close of land called Coarse Hurdles, containing 1 acre 3 roods." The erection of the meeting house was at once proceeded with, and on Sept. 30th, according to the Butterfield journal, on Oct. 7th, according to another account, the first meeting was held at "New Jordans." On Dec. 14th, another conveyance was executed, by which Penington made over the land to trustees, reciting that he and they, with other Friends, had "at their joint and common charge," erected upon it "a certain house, cottage, and tenement" for the worship of God. Great events had taken place during the interval between the drawing up of the two deeds. William of Orange had landed at Torbay on the 5th of November, and on the 11th of December, King James had fled from London to Sheerness. The country was full of panic and confusion, but the peaceful Friends "pursued the even tenor of their way." The trustees included Thomas Ellwood of Hunger Hill, Peter Prince (of whom more anon), William Grimsdale of Maltman's Green, Henry Treadway, Henry Pearce and Thomas Dell.

The beautiful situation of Jordans, "hidden away among the woodland solitudes of Buckinghamshire," is well known. No spot could be more suggestive of calmness and repose. A graphic description by a recent visitor, the author of "Buckinghamshire Sketches," gives an admirable idea of the place, except that the building is not "white," but of red brick, and the trees are not elms but limes :—

"In the hollow of one of the little valleys—or 'bottoms,' as they are locally called—which are so numerous in the country from the Thames to the Colne, four roads converge—from the two Chalfonts (St. Peters and St. Giles), from Beaconsfield, and from Penn—the original starting-place of the Penn family, a village not far from the Wycombe valley. In the corner between the lanes from the Chalfonts a passer-by to-day sees an oblong piece of ground, looking, as he casually glances at it, like a little orchard in which the fruit trees have died from age or from the shade of the overshadowing elms, which border the enclosure. He will hardly take note of the bare and white little building by the side and the small cottage attached to it, and the eye will not readily catch the few low plain gravestones which appear among the grass. Still, it is here that William Penn was buried—a very fitting spot for one of the Society who made peace their watchword. For nothing can be more peaceful than this place. A farmer's cart passes by, or a gentleman's carriage is now and again seen in the course of the day, but the cooing of the wood-pigeons in the thick woods which stretch towards Wilton Park, or the shouts of a farm lad from the yard

at Stone Dean, are generally the only sounds which are heard. . . . . On most days nothing can exceed the rural peace of the place whatever be the time of year; in spring, when the hedge-rows are full of primroses, and the woods and coppices which abound in all these Bucks bottoms are blue with wild hyacinths, or in the autumn—the season of all others to wander about this country—when the beech woods glow with colour, and the cherry orchards seem to be masses of crimson trees. . . . . Those who can find pleasure in things which can be seen without rushing from capital to capital, will not do amiss to wander among the clematis-covered hedge-rows and the shady beech woods of Bucks to the Friends' Burying-ground by Stone Dean."

The interior of the little meeting-house is of the most primitive character, with bare white-washed walls, latticed windows, brick floor, wooden forms, and a slightly raised platform at one end. Under the same roof, and occupied by a caretaker, is a large downstairs room with an antique fireplace, and above it two bedrooms. The largest of these was formerly used for women's meetings, and can be converted into a gallery to the main building by throwing back the shutters which divide them. Underneath, at the rear of the building, where the ground is considerably lower than in front, there is stabling for eighteen or twenty horses. The wood at the back of the building, with the romantic dell among the beech trees, and a small field above the wood, form part of the property.

On the opposite side of the lane (called Welder's

Lane) leading to Chalfont St. Peter, alongside which the Jordans property runs for about three hundred yards, are the grounds of Stone Dean. The visitor to Jordans who comes down the steep lane from Beaconsfield (which by the way is quite a modern road) passes the gate leading to the modest mansion, and sees the stuccoed and slate-roofed front of the house. But on passing a few yards along Welder's Lane, he will see that this part of the building has been built in front of a much older structure of red brick, with a high tiled roof surmounted by a peculiar turret. This house was built in 1691, as his niece, Rebekah Butterfield, tells us in her journal, by a Friend named Peter Prince, "citizen and tallow-chandler," from Hammersmith, who had apparently come to live in the neighbourhood some years before. On January 5th, 1685, he had "proposed his intentions of marriage" to Mary Odingsess, of Chalfont St. Peter, of a Yorkshire family, at the monthly meeting at Hunger Hill, and on March 1st they had been united in wedlock at Jordans Farm, which, by the way, lies a little way above the meeting-house on the road to Chalfont St. Giles. The Grove, where Ellwood had listened to the preaching of Edward Burrough, is about a mile away, near the further end of Welder's Lane. Not far from the Grove is Maltman's Green, the abode of staunch old William Grimsdale. A few yards down the road, leading from Jordans to Seer Green and Penn, is the quaint old timber-framed Dean Farm, in those days, or soon after, in the occupation of Friends. It will thus be seen, that with Thomas Ellwood at Hunger Hill, John Penington at Woodside, the Skidmores, the

Lanes and the Dells at Chalfont St. Giles, the new meeting-house was planted in the midst of a little colony of Quakers. Meetings were held in it after 1692 every Sunday and Wednesday, and a Friend living about forty years ago remembered hearing her mother say that in her early life the Sunday services were so crowded that it was necessary to repair to the meeting early in order to secure a seat.

The first burial at Jordans of which we have any record after the erection of the meeting-house was that of another daughter of William Penn—a second little Gulielma Maria—who died at Hammersmith in 1689. It is well known that the change of Government had altered Penn's position for the worse. He had come under a not unnatural suspicion as one of the friends of the exiled King. In January, 1691, immediately after his attending the funeral of George Fox in Bunhill Fields, he was arrested and brought before William and his Council. False charges were laid against him. He was kept a prisoner in his own house for nearly three years; he was threatened with the loss of his proprietary rights in Pennsylvania. The lord of twenty million acres had much difficulty in raising a few hundred pounds. In 1693 he was released just in time to watch by the dying bed of his beloved Guli. She died at Hoddesdon on February 23rd, 1694, in the fiftieth year of her age, and a few days later her remains were brought along the Hertfordshire lanes to the happy scenes of her girlhood, and laid beside her four children and her parents, beneath the leafless boughs of Jordans.

But though the reign of William III. brought trials to their great leader, it brought much increased prosperity to the Society at large. Between 1688 and 1690 licences were taken out for no less than 131 new temporary and 108 new permanent places of worship for the Society. Temporary places, however, were rapidly giving way to permanent ones. An instance of this occurs in the Chalfont district. In February, 1693, William Grimsdale acquainted the Upperside meeting "that the Friends of Chalfont Meeting have a desire to remove their meeting from Tylers, where it is every other First-day, to Jordans, where the rest of the meetings are, as being more convenient for the greatest part of their meeting, and likely to be more for the service of truth, and were willing to do it with the unity of this meeting. Whereupon this meeting enquired whether the Friends of that meeting were generally satisfied therewith ; and being assured that the most part of them were satisfied, and those few who were not were content to condescend and yield to the rest therein ; this meeting approved the proposal, and left it to the Friends of that meeting to settle." It may be noted that the Upperside Monthly Meeting at this date represented the meetings at Jordans, Watford, Tring, Chesham, and Wycombe.

Other burials recorded in the register at this period are those of old William Russell's widow, Sarah, and of the veteran George Salter (both in 1691).

Another entry which calls for a moment's notice is that of "Theophila Bellers, Peters Chalfont, daughter of John and Frances Bellers," died November 3rd, 1692. John Bellers, an eminent London merchant, lived at the

Grange, Chalfont St. Peters, the former abode of Isaac Penington, at least from 1690 to 1695. His wife, Frances, belonged to the ancient family of the Fettiplaces.

The register shows strikingly the prevalence of Quakerism in the district at this early period. Down to 1717, the residence is carefully recorded in each case, and we find twenty-two from Chalfont St. Giles, sixteen from Chalfont St. Peter, eight from Farnham Royal (including Seer Green), sixteen from Amersham and Coleshill, one from Penn, four from Wooburn, two from Eton, three from "Headsworth, Bucks" (Hedsor?), one from Wycombe, four from Burnham, one from Dorney, one from Hitcham, three from Hedgerley, three from Upton (including Bulstrode), besides others from London, Uxbridge, "Harvel" (Harefield), Rickmansworth, Staines, etc., etc.

Penn was again at Jordans, about three months after his wife's death, at the funeral of Peter Prince, who died at Stone Dean on May 7th, and whose funeral was very numerously attended. Next year Prince's widow was married at Jordans to Richard Baker, who died at Hunger Hill, October 12th, 1697, and was also interred at Jordans. She survived her second husband until 1734.

In April, 1696, we find recorded the interment of William Penn's eldest son, Springett, who died at Lewes on the 10th of that month. His father published a touching account of his last days under the title "Sorrow and Joy in the Loss and End of Springett Penn." Only five weeks before his death Penn had married again, his second wife being Hannah Callowhill, the daughter of a Bristol merchant; and soon after

Springett's death he removed from Worminghurst to his wife's native city. Another burial at Jordans in 1696 was that of Hannah Penington, apparently a niece of Isaac.

This chapter may be appropriately closed with some lines written by a visitor to Jordans so long ago as 1823:

Years have rolled on. Around the sacred scene
Waves the tall tree, her buds of emerald green
Sports the gay cistus, o'er the hallowed bier
Blushes the rose-bud; to the opening year
Springs the young lark, the leafy bowers among,
Spreads her light wings, and pours her matin song.

Years have rolled on, since midst the leafy glade
His meed of praise the humble pilgrim paid;
Though bigot zeal maintained her iron sway,
And tears and trials strewed his mournful way,
On bended knees the suppliant sought his God,
Owned his pure love, and kissed the uplifted rod,
Round his meek brow the wreath of sorrow twined;
Though sad, rejoicing; though oppressed, resigned.

Years have rolled on. Perennial flowers have shed
Their fragrant odour o'er the victor's bed;
Raise thy moist eye, the power of love adore—
Weep for thyself, but weep for them no more.
Thine is the day of warfare and of fight;
Theirs is the harp of gold, the robe of light.
Thine is the arduous step, the toil-worn road;
Theirs is the City of the Living God.
There the pure river rolls its crystal waves;
The tree of life its healing branches laves.
Washed by the Lamb, before the Throne they meet,
And cast their crowns of glory at his feet—
Sing the new song—the Alleluia raise,
And join the chorus of eternal praise.
Weep for thyself—for them no tears can fall,
They rest in heaven, and God is all in all.

STONE DEAN HOUSE, NEAR JORDANS MEETING HOUSE,

Chalfont St. Giles, built by Peter Prince, a Friend, 1691. It was the residence of the Quaker families of Prince, Baker, Butterfield, and Green.

(From a photograph of a pen and ink drawing by a young lad of Chalfont St. Peter, in possession of the late Rev. Edward Meers, M.A., of Stone Dean.)

XXIX.—TO THE DEATH OF THOMAS ELLWOOD.

Dear to me these far, faint glimpses of the dual life of old;
Inward, grand with awe and reverence; outward, mean and coarse and cold,
Gleams of mystic beauty playing over dull and vulgar clay,
Golden threaded fancies weaving in a web of hodden gray.
WHITTIER.

THE reign of William III. has already been alluded to as the palmy age of English Quakerism. One remarkable incident which marked it in Buckinghamshire calls for notice, as showing the esteem and confidence which the Friends had by this time won from their neighbours. This was the return of John Archdale as Member of Parliament for Wycombe in 1698. This John Archdale was a member of one of the leading families in the Wycombe of that day, probably a descendant of that Matthew Archdale who had arrested Isaac Penington in 1661. His brother Thomas, two years after this election, sold the Loakes (Wycombe Abbey) estates to Lord Shelburne, from whom they have descended to the Carington family. I find an interesting allusion to a Mr. Archdale, probably this John, in the "Life of Isaac Milles," who was the High Church Vicar of Wycombe from 1673, when he was presented to the

living by Matthew Archdale, till 1681. We are told of this Mr. Archdale that he had lived a loose and careless life, but had been sobered by Mr. Milles' preaching "or otherwise," and at last declared himself a Quaker. Milles desired him "to allow the cause of the Church of England to have a re-hearing," and Archdale reluctantly consented. The conversation was renewed for several days, without convincing Archdale, though it seems to have kept some of his family from leaving the established Church. Archdale partly ascribed his adoption of Quaker principles to the influence of the writings of Dr. Henry More, the famous Cambridge Platonist, and said that "no man of the Church of England had asserted so plainly and so advantageously the notion of Friends concerning the assistance of the Holy Spirit, and the light within, as the doctor had." Milles replied that "he hoped that Dr. More had nowhere asserted so erroneous and groundless a notion." The vicar then consulted with his friend, the Rev. Timothy Borage, Vicar of Marlow, and with the learned Henry Dodwell, who was probably staying then at Cookham, in the family of the lady whom he afterwards married. Dodwell was deputed to write to More, and ask him to send a letter to Archdale, giving a true idea of the "light within," and refuting the Quaker belief. But when More's reply, enclosing an unsealed letter to Archdale, reached Dodwell, and when he, with Milles and Borage, had read it over two or three times, we are told, with amusing candour, that they judged it best to suppress it, as more likely to confirm Archdale in his Quaker views, than to convince him.

John Archdale had been Governor of Carolina in 1695, and had been permitted by the Lords Proprietors to make an affirmation "according to the form of his profession in lieu of an oath."

He was now (1698) returned as member for Wycombe, but on entering the House, when asked by the Speaker if he had taken the oaths, he said, "In regard to a principle of my profession, I have not taken the oaths, nor will I take the oaths." He was not allowed to take his seat, and his brother Thomas was elected in his stead, and took the oath. John Archdale, however, had the distinction of being the first Quaker returned to Parliament.

There now lies before me a scrap of worn paper, on which, in faded ink, are endorsed the words, "The testimony against Daniel Robbins—98." It may be quoted as an interesting example of Quaker discipline at this period, but it should be stated that it is not the original document, as all the signatures are in one handwriting.

"The principle which we the people called Quakers do hold and profess, is a just and righteous principle, and leadeth all those that rightly receive it, and walk faithfully according to it, to deal justly with all men; but to wrong or defraud no man. And therefore, if any one that professeth this principle doth any way wrong or defraud another, he doth thereby manifest that he is not led and guided by this just and righteous principle, whatever he may pretend to be. Now forasmuch as we are given to understand that one John Robbins, late of Wendover, in y^e^ County of Bucks, tallow chandler, hath

contracted divers debts beyond what it is supposed he is able to pay ; by means whereof divers persons are likely to suffer loss and be wronged by him ; we hold it needful to let y^e^ world know—That although, since he first came to live in this country, he was never esteemed by us, as one who had so received y^e^ truth we profess, as to be seasoned and governed thereby, as he ought to have been ; yet, inasmuch as he pretended to our profession, and was thereupon reputed a Quaker, we have not been wanting from time to time, as occasion offered, to blame and reprove him for such things as we did understand he did amiss in, and particularly for his breach of promise in not keeping his words with those he dealt with, or owed money to, and for his not paying his debts and satisfying his creditors to the utmost of his ability. But since we understand that he hath lately withdrawn himself in a private manner from his habitation at Wendover, without giving satisfaction to his creditors, we do hereby declare that in so doing he hath acted contrary to that just principle which we profess, and is departed therefrom ; and therefore we do disown and deny both those evil practices of his, and him therein ; which we think fit thus to publish, that none may charge any miscarriage of his upon our principle or us who are altogether clear thereof.

"From our monthly meeting holden at Hunger-hill, for the service of the Church of Christ in the upper side of the County of Bucks, this fifth day of y^e^ seventh month, 1698.

(Signed) "Henry Child, John Penington, Daniel Wharley, Thomas Ellwood, John Bellers, John Neal,

Philip Dancer, Joseph Steevens, James Smith, Thomas Olliffe, John Costard, Samuel Wilson, Joseph Welch, Daniel Roberts, William Grimsdale, Joseph Graveney, Thomas White, William Russell, Robert Charsley, Josiah Lane."

Several of these names are already familiar to us—those of Penington, Ellwood, Steevens, Grimsdale, Russell, Lane, Bellers, and Wharley. Thomas Olliffe was a Wycombe friend. Joseph Graveney resided at Great Hampden. Daniel Roberts had removed from Gloucestershire to Chesham about fifteen years before. His memoir of his father, John Roberts, a brave old Cirencester yeoman, is one of the most racy and interesting works in the whole range of Quaker biography. Daniel had himself a full share of his father's wit, and when asked by an official, "Can you swear?" coolly answered, "Not that I know of; I never tried." He wrote his father's biography in 1725, and died at Chesham on February 25th, 1727.

There is a singular lack of material for this history of the Bucks Friends during the next eight or ten years. The authorities we have hitherto followed are no longer available. Ellwood's narrative abruptly breaks off in 1683. Besse's closes in 1689; George Fox rested from his labours in 1691. The documents given in "The Penns and Peningtons," give no further allusions to Buckinghamshire, while there is a break of several years here in the entries of the Butterfield MS. William Penn sailed again for Pennsylvania in 1699, and took up his abode there at his mansion of "Pennsbury Manor, in the county of Bucks," within sight of the falls of the

Delaware. He returned to England in 1701. The next few years were years of severe trial to him. The misconduct of his son William, the efforts made to deprive him of his charter, the failure of his Irish rents, the discovery of the malversations of his trusted agent, Philip Ford, and finally his imprisonment for nine months in the Fleet Prison on an unjust allegation of debt, came upon him in succession. But after his release from the Fleet, he seems to have enjoyed four or five years of comparative repose before his paralytic seizure in 1712. It is probably to this period that Rebekah Butterfield alludes when she says in her journal, "He was often at Jordans meeting in his lifetime, and often lodged at Stone Dean."

"The testimony against Daniel Robbins" suggests that the growing confidence in the honesty and integrity of the Friends had rendered the assumption of a Quaker profession desirable in the eyes of some who had no real sympathy with their views. But it would be a great mistake to suppose that the Quakers had no longer any hardships with which to contend. Those of them who farmed the land were still burdened, in many cases, with prosecutions for tithes.

In Wyeth's "Supplement to Ellwood's Life" we find that Thomas Ellwood, John Penington, Abraham Butterfield, and William Catch were prosecuted in the Exchequer for tithes at the suit of Joshua Leaper, tithe-farmer for Amersham, under Humphrey Drake the rector. They were summoned to appear at Westminster in Trinity Term, 1707, and did so by attorney, yet were taken into custody in 1708, and in the Trinity Term

of that year were "brought up by writ of Habeas Corpus." A few months later a Commission of Inquiry was held at Amersham, and in Trinity Term, 1709, attachments were issued to the Sheriff of Herts against Ellwood, Butterfield and Catch, who lived in the Hertfordshire part of the parish; John Penington, who lived in the Bucks part, being exempt from his jurisdiction. But the Sheriff, probably glad of an excuse for letting the matter alone, pleaded the isolated position of Coleshill for not taking any further proceedings. A sequestration was then obtained against Ellwood, the tithe due from whom was originally only 12s., "For which they seized and took from Thomas Ellwood in household goods, bedding, pewter, &c. (throwing out the meat to take the dishes) to the value of £19. And a horse he used to ride, which he would not have took five guineas for. In all about £24 10s. which they sold (working and hobbling the horse till they had almost spoiled him) all for about £14 15s. From A. Butterfield, £86 17s., W. Catch, £20 19s. 8d. Whole amount seized, £132 6s. 8d., or £27 14s. 2d. more than demanded. And yet, what by charge of sequestration, making out, and selling the corn, &c., underhand they brought in the defendants in debt, and wanted more." It will thus be seen that Professor Morley must have read Wyeth very carelessly when he says in his introduction to his recent edition of Ellwood's Life, "In 1709 he suffered distraint for tithes: goods to the value of £24 10s. being seized for a due of about £14."

Even so late as 1709, when George I. had been four

years on the throne, Gough ("History of the Quakers," iv. 293), speaks of Abraham Barber, Thomas Olliffe, and Nicholas Larcum (all, it appears, Wycombe Friends), as having been prosecuted in the Exchequer at the suit of John Higgs, the elder, and John Higgs, the younger, tithe farmers. "The demand on Barber, Olliffe, and Larcum," says Gough, "was but eight shillings for tithe on all three of them, and the decree of the Court but for four shillings. They were all taken up by an attachment in November, 1792, and carried to Ailsbury Jail. On the 20th and 22nd of October, 1722, the goods of the said Abraham Barber were seized for the whole demand and charges, viz., seven quarters and four bushels of wheat, £11; sixteen quarters of malt, London measure, £12 16s. Total, for a demand of 8s., taken £23 16s."

Gough states (iv. 280) that from 1697, when an Act for the summary recovery of tithes and rates, intended to modify the rigour of the law, had been passed, till 1728, no less than eleven hundred and eighty Quakers had been prosecuted for tithes, and three hundred and two of them imprisoned, nine of whom had died in prison. In Bucks there had been sixteen prosecutions during the same period (eleven in the Exchequer, three in the Ecclesiastical Court, and two in other courts), and there had been eight cases of imprisonment. Year after year the Society's Yearly Epistle exhorted Friends to fidelity in their testimony against "the grand oppression and anti-Christian yoke of tithes." At last, in 1736, an attempt was made to obtain relief from the Legislature, and a Bill to make the process of recovery less ruinous

was introduced, and passed the Commons by one hundred and sixty-four to forty-eight; but it was rejected in the Lords by fifty-four to thirty-five, the majority including fifteen bishops. Dr. Gibson, the Bishop of London, had raised the cry of "the Church in danger," and he was thanked by his clergy for the vigilance with which he had "maintained their legal rights"—the right, not of recovering tithes, but of persecuting! No wonder that the Quakers gradually abandoned the cultivation of land, and became in the next generation bankers, merchants, or mill-owners.

Just before Ellwood's tithe troubles he had sustained a still heavier trial in the loss of his wife, who died on April 5th, 1708, and was buried at Jordans. He survived her till 1713, when, after a week's illness, he passed away on May 1st, in his own house at Hunger Hill, aged seventy-four; and three days later he was laid by her side, amidst a large concourse of Friends and other spectators. He had enjoyed good health most of his life, but suffered from asthma towards the last. His closing years were spent in a quiet competence, very unlike the early days when he was glad to borrow a coat of Isaac Penington. It appears by a MS. at Devonshire House, that William Penn wrote to his commissioners of property at Philadelphia, instructing them to survey one thousand acres of land to be allotted to Thomas Ellwood. He speaks of him as "my old and worthy friend, Thomas Ellwood, who cannot be unknown to you at least by a just fame and reputation." His biographer, Wyeth, says of Ellwood, "He was a man of a comely aspect, of a free and generous

disposition, of a courteous and affable temper, and pleasant conversation; a gentleman born and bred, a scholar, a true Christian, an eminent author, a good neighbour, and a kind friend." He also says, "He had a peculiar gift for government in the Church, and used to come up constantly to the yearly meeting in London, and was very serviceable therein by his grave counsel and advice, especially in difficult matters." Another Friend says, "He was greatly respected by his neighbours for his services amongst them; his heart and doors were open to the poor; both sick and lame, who wanted help, had it freely; taking care to provide useful things for such occasions—blest also with good success; often saying, 'He mattered not what cost he was at to do good.'"

Of his last illness we read, "His sickness was sudden, which deprived him of the use of his limbs; yet he retained the faculties of his inward and outward senses clear all along, and, notwithstanding at times his pains were great, his exemplary patience and composed resignation were remarkably apparent to those that visited and attended him, so that their sorrow in parting with so dear a friend was intermixed with comfort in beholding the heavenly frame of mind wherewith he was adorned."

This chapter may be fittingly concluded by a list (taken from Wyeth) of Ellwood's writings, not including tracts and broadsheets :—

An Alarm to the Priests (1660).
Forgery no Christianity (about 1675).
Truth Prevailing and Detecting Error (1676).

The Foundation of Tithes Shaken (1678).
An Antidote against the Infection of W. Rogers' Book, "The Christian Quaker" (1682).
A Caution to Constables (1683).
A Discourse concerning Riots (1683).
A Seasonable Dissuasive from Persecution (1683).
Rogeromastix: a Rod for William Rogers.
An Epistle to Friends (1686).
The Account from Wiccomb Examined (1690).
A Fair Examination of a Foul Paper.
An Epistle to Friends (1694).
A Further Discovery (1694).
Truth Defended (1695).
The Answer to George Keith's Narrative (1696).
A Sober Reply on behalf of the people called Quakers (1699).
History of the Old Testament (1704).
The Glorious Brightness of the Gospel Day (1707).
History of the New Testament (1709).
Davideis (1711).

XXX.—WILLIAM PENN'S DEATH AND BURIAL.

O good gray head which all men knew,
O voice, from which their omens all men drew,
O iron nerve, to true occasion true,
O fallen at length, that tower of strength,
Which stood four-square to all the winds that blew!

TENNYSON.

ON July 24th, 1712, William Penn was suddenly seized with an attack of paralysis, of which he had had two before. "His intellect," says Maria Webb, "never recovered from the effects of this attack. His sweet temper and happy spirit remained, and a heart overflowing with love to God and man was as visible as in his brighter days. In fact, the memory of all recent things, and with it mental anxiety and intellectual powers had vanished, whilst the spirit remained the same. He continued to attend Friends' meetings, and sometimes spoke a few sentences exhorting Friends to love one another, while with a countenance beaming with sympathy and kindness he used to meet with and part from them. In this condition life wore away with little variation for five years."

These five years were spent in his mansion at Ruscombe, near Twyford, over the site of which the traveller from London to Reading now passes in the

last deep cutting between Maidenhead and Twyford on the Great Western Railway. On Wednesday, the 30th of July, 1718, Penn peacefully passed away ; on the following Tuesday, August 5th (not the 7th as usually stated), he was buried at Jordans in the presence of "twenty or thirty publick friends, and a vast number of Friends and others," so says Rebekah Butterfield in her journal.

William Penn stands before us pre-eminent for his many-sided greatness. Hero, patriot, saint, and confessor —writer, legislator, and ruler, he was the friend of the greatest and best of his day, and stedfastly adhered through good and evil report to these grand principles of religious liberty and mutual tolerance, so unpopular in his time, but now admitted by all. He is a bright example of one who strove ever to do right, regardless of the consequences it might involve to himself. We may well apply to him the lines of Whittier :—

The Quaker of the olden time,
How calm and firm and true,
Unspotted by its wrong and crime,
He walked the dark earth through !
The lust of power, the love of gain,
The thousand lures of sin
Around him, had no power to stain
The purity within.

With that deep insight which detects
All great things in the small,
And knows how each man's life affects
The spiritual life of all,
He walked by faith and not by sight,
By love and not by law :
The presence of the wrong or right
He rather felt than saw.

"An Account of publick Friends at Jordans Meetting since the year 1724," and the remainder of the book is occupied mainly with the visits of "publick Friends," or ministers to meetings for worship or business, marriages and funerals at Jordans, from that date down till 1797. From 1729 to 1734 the entries made by Rebekah Butterfield are evidently copied from an older list, apparently, from internal evidence, one compiled by Rebekah's friend, Ann Lovelace. In 1734, a line is drawn across the page beneath the words, "Now begins R.B.'s account." From 1725 till 1744 the colour of the ink and the firm and beautiful handwriting, seems to indicate that all up to that date was written about the same time. It may be inferred, from the entry on the fly-leaf, that in that year Friend Rebekah copied out the record of Ann Lovelace, and also one which she had herself kept for the ten years after that closed. She continues the entries in a hand which gradually becomes very feeble and shaky till 1770, three years before she died in the ninetieth year of her age. Then again another and very inferior handwriting continues the entries till 1797, when they cease.

Rebekah Butterfield, as we learn from various entries in this journal, was a niece of Peter Prince, the builder of Stone Dean House. She was the daughter of Berrington and Mary Webb, and there seems some reason to think that she was a relation of Hannah Penn, who speaks in one of her letters of cousins of the name of Webb. Rebekah Webb was married at Jordans to Abraham Butterfield, on April 12th, 1707, and as he lived till December, 1756, they almost saw their "golden

wedding." Abraham was the son of Edward Butterfield, a yeoman, of Flaunden, where his brother, Isaac, still resided. He was about 37, and his wife 24, at the time of their marriage. It was just after his marriage that Abraham got into the troubles we have already recorded, along with Ellwood and others, through non-payment of tithes. He then resided somewhere near Coleshill. Peter Prince's widow, Mary, had buried her second husband, Richard Baker, ten years before, and was still living at Stone Dean. The first years of the Butterfields' married life, coincided with the period when the old leaders of Quakerism in the district were rapidly passing away. Mary Ellwood died April 5th, 1708; John Penington, May 3rd, 1710; "Our friend Thomas Ellwood," May 1st, 1713; Our loving friend, William Grimsdale," February 4th, 1717; worthy old Josiah Lane, March 6th, 1717; and William Penn, July 30th, 1718.

Meanwhile a heavier loss had come to the Butterfields in the death of a little one, the first-born of twelve children, seven of whom, as appears from the Devonshire House Register, were born at Coleshill, and five at Stone Dean. Under date of August, 1716, we read, "My dear child and daughter, Kezia Butterfield, was buried at Jordans in ye seventh year of her age. George Bowles was their." This George Bowles was an intimate friend of Rebekah and her husband, and had been present at their wedding. In 1720, he lost his wife, Susanna, and his niece, Hannah Sharpe, and on January 18th, 1722, he died at Thomas Olliffe's house at Wycombe, a few weeks after Olliffe had been committed to Aylesbury Gaol for

tithes, and four days later he was buried at Jordans. Abraham Butterfield wrote a "testimony" about him in the following terms, as copied out by his wife on the last page of her journal (I have somewhat modernised the spelling) :—"It is in my mind to give this short testimony concerning our dear deceased Friend and brother, G.B., who was a very zealous and good man, of a sound judgment and deep understanding in the things of God, a honourable and worthy elder in the church, one who laboured much amongst us in word and doctrine, an able and powerful minister of the everlasting Gospel, few exceeding in this part of the nation, insomuch that many not of our persuasion, loved to hear truth declared from his mouth, who had, as I may say, the tongue of the learned to divide the word, a good utterance, and one very ready in the Scriptures, and seldom ever missed in quoting a place from thence, being much desired to be at marriages and burials, and such like solemn occasions, in which respect, as well as other services in the church, he will be much missed amongst us. The Lord, if it be his will, raise up more such true and faithful labourers in these parts, his care being very great for the youth amongst Friends, and often exhorted [them] to faithfulness, &c.

"I have known him above twenty years, the biggest part of which he dwelt within the compass of our meeting of New Jordans, but was much from home in visiting Friends and meetings up and down in these parts till within a year [ago?], his health being much impaired and his constitution greatly broken through heats and colds, was much confined at home, in which

time it was his lot to bury his kind and loving wife, and also his kinswoman, which was a very great loss to him, he being so infirm and lame, so that he could not ride to meeting, though but about a mile. So he thought fit to remove to Wycombe, to have the better advantage to get to meeting, which he did, about half a year before he died, and boarded at our friend Thomas Olliffe's, near the meeting there.

"It was my lot to go to Wycombe with my aunt Baker the day before he died, where we found him very low and weak, having been so for about a week. He was glad to see us, and very sensible, asking after several friends by name. We stayed till night, but found his sickness to increase, so that I thought I should hardly see him more. He desired his kind love to all Friends our way, and next morning, being the 18th day of the 11th month, 1721, he departed this life, and I doubt not but is entered into that rest which is prepared for the righteous. On the 22nd of the same, his body was accompanied by a great many Friends and others to Friends' burying-ground, belonging to New Jordans, in the parish of Giles Chalfont, in the county of Bucks, the meeting he belonged to, and was there decently interred by his dear wife, and a very large meeting there was, there being Friends from about twenty towns, besides villages. Several living testimonies were then borne to that Divine hand of power that raised him up, and carried him through many and various trials and exercises. To whom be the praise and glory for ever.

"ABRAHAM BUTTERFIELD.

"Stone Dean, the 27th of the 12th month, 1721." [February 27th, 1722, N.S.]

It would appear from this that the Butterfields had now removed from Coleshill to Stone Dean, and were living there with "Aunt Baker." This is confirmed by entries in 1719—20, which speak of a visit they received there from Rebekah's sister Ann and her husband Samuel Galloway, friends from Maryland, who visited the neighbouring meetings. Samuel Galloway died in London and was buried in Bunhill Fields. His widow returned to Maryland, after another visit to Jordans.

Another death about this time, not mentioned by Rebekah Butterfield, but recorded in the Devonshire House register, was that of Daniel Wharley. He died April 3rd, 1721, most likely at New House, Chalfont St. Giles, which was built by him, as appears by MS. notes on the parish by Dr. Browne Willis, preserved in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, where it is also stated that he had an income of £400 a year. His widow, the daughter of Isaac and Mary Penington, survived him till November 23rd, 1726, when she died a few days before Hannah Penn. The name still occurs at Chalfont, but it is now spelt Worley.

A very interesting entry made about this time by Friend Rebekah must not be overlooked :—"8th of 11th month, 1722, (January 8th, 1723, N.S.) Our friend William Penn's son Dennis, by his last wife, was buried at Jordans." This burial, and that of Daniel Wharley's little daughter Ann in 1706, are the only ones recorded by Rebekah, prior to 1725, which do not occur in the Devonshire House register, which contains 134 entries

of Friends buried at Jordans from 1671 to the end of 1724.

From 1717 to 1725, the register is not so complete, the parish of residence being generally omitted. The same continues the case down to 1775, the year after Rebekah Butterfield's death. In all this half-century, only forty-five interments are registered, but the lady of Stone Dean enables us by her diary to add eighty-six to this number.

With the year 1725, we come to the "Account of Publick Friends." It gives us a vivid idea of the evangelistic fervour and activity of the Society at that period. The number of Friends who "travelled the countries," as the phrase was, must have been very great. They came to Jordans, not only from London and the counties bordering on Buckinghamshire, but from the Midland and Western districts, from Devon and Cornwall, from Hampshire, Surrey, Sussex, Kent, from Norwich and the Eastern counties, from Yorkshire and Lancashire, from Newcastle and Sunderland, from lonely valleys amongst the fells of Cumberland and Westmoreland. Only three English counties—Lincoln, Stafford, and Dorset—are unrepresented in the list. Wales does not appear, but several Friends came from Ireland, and a few from Scotland, even from as far north as "the shire of Aberdeen." Two came from Jersey, and there were many from America, who would be distinguished by their greater strictness and uniformity of dress, the women wearing little green aprons over their drab dresses. Most of these, of course, came from Pennsylvania, but there were also Friends from Massachusetts, New Jersey, Long Island, and Maryland.

We picture them riding by twos and threes down the woodland roads, sometimes guided by Friends from the last meeting they have attended; then arriving at the hospitable dwelling, Stone Dean, or Old Jordans, or Dean Farm, or the Grove. Then comes the gathering of Friends in larger or smaller numbers to the meeting on Sunday or Wednesday morning, with which a marriage or funeral service is sometimes combined, and next day, or perhaps the same afternoon, Abraham Butterfield or his son, or one of the neighbours, accompanies the strangers to their next field of service, sometimes "carrying behind him" a female Friend, pillion fashion. Perhaps he does not accompany them all the way, leaving a Friend bound for Wycombe at Loudwater, or at "The Mash," or one going to Rickmansworth at Maple Cross.

Another point which comes out incidentally here is the number of Quaker meetings then held in the country round, so many of which have since ceased to exist. Allusions occur to the meetings at Wycombe, Amersham, Chesham, and Aylesbury, in Bucks; at Chorley Wood, Hemel Hempstead, St. Albans, Royston, Hertford, and Hitchin, in Herts; at Maidenhead, Windsor, and Reading, in Berkshire; Henley, Oxford, and Banbury, in Oxfordshire; and at Uxbridge and Longford, in Middlesex.

There were several Friends in the Jordans meeting itself who "had a public testimony." On May 2nd, 1725, mention is made of "my dear friend Lydia Dorriel" as speaking for the first time. This lady was evidently a special friend of Rebekah's, and is never mentioned but in terms of affection. She appears to have lived at

Street End, Chalfont, the old house just above the Pheasant Inn at Chalfont St. Giles. From time to time an "extraordinary meeting" is chronicled, sometimes in the meeting-house, sometimes in a sick Friend's room, even when the patient was suffering from a "feaver." On May 9th, 1726, as we learn from the Register of Burials, another of the old sufferers for principle passed away—William Russell the younger, of Old Jordans Farm, which passed by his death to Benjamin Martin, who had married his daughter Mary.

After the close of 1727, we cease to find allusions to the monthly meetings at Hunger Hill, which had been held there since 1670. This is explained by the following minutes of the Upperside meeting, dated Twelfth Month, 1727 :—"This meeting, understanding that this house is now let to a person not of our profession, therefore it is thought inconvenient that our Monthly Meetings should be holden any longer at this place. Upon deliberate consideration where our meetings might be held for the future, it was the general opinion of Friends that if it should be moveable to the several meetings constituting this, it would conduce more to the service of truth, and general comfort of Friends, than to be fixed in one place." It was therefore agreed that the monthly meetings should be held at Aylesbury, in January, April, and October; at Jordans in February, June, and September; at Wycombe in March, July, and November; and at Chesham in May, August, and December. This arrangement, having been tried for a year and found to answer well, continued in force, with slight modifications, for more than seventy years.

XXXII.—THE DAYS OF GEORGE THE SECOND.

> "Never has century risen on Christian England so void of soul and faith, as that which opened with Queen Anne, and which reached its misty morn beneath the second George, a dewless night, succeeded by a dewless dawn."

RESUMING our notes on Rebekah Butterfield's journal at the beginning of 1728, we come to some entries relating to Abraham Barber, a Wycombe Friend, who died on the 6th of July, and was interred at Jordans on the 10th. "He was near the age of fifty-five years, and had publicly appeared in the ministry about twenty." His death appears to have been very sudden, as he had been at Jordans about a month before; "and," adds Rebekah, "was several other times at Jordans Meett, though not set down by A.L." It is this which has led me to the conclusion that we are indebted for this part of the account to Ann Lovelace, as she is constantly referred to by those initials. She and her husband, Joseph, lived at the Dean Farm, and nearly all the "publick friends," from 1725 till 1728, are recorded as lodging with them. Then Stone Dean (Abraham Butterfield's), and Old Jordans (Benjamin Martin's), begin to appear as lodging places.

On August 19th, 1729, we read that "the Dutchess

of Portland" was present at the burial of Sarah Tims, a Friend from Wycombe ; and four years later (August 21st, 1733) we find the "Duke of Portland and the Lady Ann [Bentinck], his sister," present at the marriage of John Langthorn and Sarah Lane, and even "setting their hands to the certificate." This was the first Duke, son of William III.'s Dutch favourite, whose mansion of Bulstrode lay very near to Jordans ; and the "Dutchess" was the lady who owned the Portland vase. There is evidence here of a wonderful growth in the spirit of mutual tolerance ; and we may feel pretty sure that this liberal nobleman was not among the majority who rejected the Tithe Bill three years later.

On May 19th, 1731, we find recorded the burial of Joseph Bartlet, whom Dr. Browne Willis mentions as a blacksmith of Chalfont St. Giles, and as having an income of £300 a year. Just after occurs the entry :—

"23rd of 3rd month (May), 1731. First-day. Daniel Bell, Walter Newbery, Isaac Tompson, John Fellows, was at William Aubrey's burial att Jordans."

This William Aubrey was the husband of Penn's daughter Letitia.

On February 21st, 1731, we notice the burial of William Catch, one of the Coleshill Friends who had been associated with Thomas Ellwood in his prosecution for tithes. Just afterwards "an evening meeting about the 5th hour" is mentioned, apparently as something unusual. About this time "Joseph Charsley's" becomes a frequent staying-place for the travelling Friends, and there are numerous allusions to him and his wife,

Rebekah. In September, 1732, the even tenor of the Butterfields' life is for once diversified by a week's preaching tour in Hertfordshire with other Friends, visiting St. Albans, Hertford, Royston, and Hitchin. A meeting, addressed by an Irish female Friend, on June 27th, 1733, is noted as "being y^e^ day y^e^ great tempest was." In November of that year, Thomas Story, the most prominent leader among the English Quakers after Penn's death, a man of great social and political influence, is alluded to as holding meetings at Chesham and Jordans, and passing on to Windsor, and his name occurs several times during the next few years as visiting Jordans.

Two interesting entries now follow :—

"7th of 9th month, (Nov.) 1733. Daniel Bell and John Fallowfield was at Jordans att y^e^ burial of William Pen's wife, daughter of Alex. Forbes ; went away with y^e^ relations."

This was Christiana Penn, daughter of Alexander Forbes, a London merchant, (and of Jane, the daughter of the famous Quaker apologist, Robert Barclay,) who in the year before had been married to Penn's grandson William. Mrs. Webb erroneously dates her death in 1732. She was a young lady of great piety, of whom a sketch is preserved in the Quaker collection of biographies, "Piety Promoted," and died at the early age of eighteen, in giving birth to her first child, the ancestress of Penn's present lineal representatives, the Gaskell family. Several of the Forbes family lie buried at Jordans.

"5th of 10th month (Dec.), 1733, Robert Jordan and

John Gopsill was at y^e^ burial of Mary Pen, widow, mother of y^e^ aforesaid William Pen, they came and went with y^e^ relations."

Mary Penn was the widow of the ill-fated William Penn, the only surviving son of William and Gulielma, who had died, it appears at Liege, in 1720, after selling his mother's estate of Worminghurst.

At the commencement of the next year, we come upon a casual allusion to "the alteration of the meeting-house." On November 16th of this year there is "a large and solid good meeting" at the burial of Aunt Mary Baker, who died at her residence, Stone Dean, having reached the age of eighty-six, and having been a minister of the Society for about forty-six years.

Amongst eminent "publick Friends" or ministers, whose visits are recorded from 1725 to 1735, the names occur of Benjamin Kidd of Banbury, John Fallowfield of Hertford and Spitalfields (a very frequent visitor), John Salkeld of Cumberland and Pennsylvania, Benjamin Holme of Penrith and York, Elizabeth Jacob of Limerick, Susanna Morris of Abington, America ; Joseph Ollive of Bromley, Middlesex ; John Fothergill of Wensleydale, father of the eminent C. Fothergill ; and the well-known Thomas Chalkley of Philadelphia, whose career of benevolence is commemorated by Whittier in his beautiful poem, "Chalkley Hall."

On August 27th, 1735, we come on the first allusion to "May Drummond, a Scotch Friend," who seems to have become very popular in the district, as there is mention of large attendances at her services. This was the Hon. Mrs. Drummond, a sister of the Lord Provost of

Edinburgh, who had recently joined the Friends, but was afterwards disowned by the Society. On April 22nd of the next year, we read of the burial at Jordans of Andrew Pitt, a very eminent and excellent Friend, of Hampstead, mentioned with respect by Voltaire in his account of his visit to England. May Drummond, Mary Wyat and her daughter, and John Fallowfield spoke at the grave, and Thomas Story, Isaac Pickerel, and John Baker, with "a great many Friends and an abundance of great persons," were also present. Pitt's widow was also buried at Jordans in 1747, when it is noted that there were only two carriages. "She desired to be buried privately."

The day before the funeral of Andrew Pitt at Jordans, Nicholas Larcum, who had shared the imprisonment of Thomas Olliffe, was buried at Wycombe. In 1737, Rebekah makes a memorandum of a journey to Henley with her husband, to attend the funeral of "our loving friend William Grimsdale, junr." On April 16th, 1738, Thomas Cowdrey, a local Friend, "appears in Jordans Meeting for the first time in a publick manner," along with William Davis. He soon begins to take his turn in entertaining supplies, and so also does Lydia Dorriel at Chalfont. On June 3rd, 1739, we read of "Cousin Elizabeth Bartlet's" burial at Jordans, and with a rather un-Quaker-like touch it is added, "her son Henry buried her very handsomely." A few weeks later, two female friends, Mary Smith and Mary Ellinton, visited the meeting. "My dear Friend Lidea Dorriel spoke a few words in that meett, which M.S. and M.E. had true unity with."

In April, 1740, a fresh bereavement befalls Rebekah Butterfield. "Our dear son, Joseph Butterfield, died at his brother Isaac's at London, of ye smallpox. Nicholas Davis came down ye 2nd [month] 22nd with me and his two brothers to accompany him to Jordans, where he was buried in ye seventeenth year of his age." In the following year she loses her "dear friend, Lydia Dorriel." One of the "publick friends" present at the funeral holds "a choice little meeting" at Stone Dean in the evening.

Allusions recur from time to time to travelling Friends being detained in the neighbourhood, one or two by illness, another by "his horse being bad," and two others whose "chaise was broke."

In 1742 we come on an interesting record of the visit of one William Morgan, of Bristol, who had only been a Friend about two years, having been previously a "priest" (i.e., probably a clergyman), "but now going to London on his way to Germany," with a message to the King of Prussia (Frederick the Great) at his camp near Prague. It is well-known that members of the Society have often believed it their duty to seek personal interviews with the crowned heads of Europe, in order to plead for peace and righteousness. One wonders what kind of reception Friend Morgan met from stern old "Father Fritz," then just then entering on his long career of conquest. Morgan was again at Jordans in 1749.

A few weeks later one of the little hospitable circle is removed by death—Ann Lovelace, who is seized by an "apoplectick fitt" while on a visit to Reading, and

is buried there on April 30th, 1742, several of the Jordans Friends attending the funeral. Her husband, however, still continues to entertain Friends for a while.

On November 16th, 1743, we meet with the last mention of John Fallowfield, a Spitalfields Friend, whose visits to Jordans had been several times noted. This, his latest visit, was on the occasion of a wedding, that of Thomas Cook and Ann Keen, when there was "a large and good meett, and y^e^ company very orderly att y^e^ hous." John Fallowfield died about a year later, and the following obituary notice is given among the "memorandums" from the *Northampton Mercury* of December 17th, 1744 :—

"On Monday last, being the 10th, died at his house at Spitalfields, Mr. John Fallowfield, an ancient and eminent preacher among the Quakers; a man much admired for his valuable qualifications as a minister, both by them and others, as he always showed an equal charity to people of all professions of religion, and entirely devoted his time to the service of mankind in his ministerial capacity, which, as he exerted with the utmost zeal and energy, so likewise his words were uttered with the utmost freedom and plainness. His manner was smooth and persuasive, not scourging or domineering; mixed with a becoming warmth, but free from enthusiastic passion; and notwithstanding the infirmities of old age had somewhat affected his natural good temper of late years, yet his exceeding readiness to serve his friends in all circumstances and at all times showed his love remained too strong to be conquered by

human weakness. By his death the Society have lost an excellent preacher, a useful member, and a truly serviceable friend."

On November 18th, 1744, William Penton, described as a young man, living at Drayton, at Thomas Hull's mill, appears for the first time at Jordans, and is accompanied by Thomas Hull, junior. The year 1745 is marked by the death of Friend Joseph Charsley ; also by those of two "public Friends" who had been frequent visitors at Jordans—Mary Wyat, who was buried at Shellingford, and Thomas Simons, who died at "Friend Adams's at Iver Heath," and was buried in Northamptonshire. There is no indication of the troublous time through which the nation passed this year, and only ten days after the terrible "Black Friday," when the news of the Pretender's arrival at Derby reached London, a wedding is peacefully celebrated at Jordans.

The year 1746 is marked by records of the burial of three descendants of William Penn at Jordans :—

"6th of 2nd month (April), 1746, our friend Letitia Aubrey, daughter of our worthy friends, William and Gulielma Maria Penn, was buried at Jordans. Daniel Bell was their."

The stone at Jordans erroneously describes her as "Letitia Penn," and has no date ; and Mrs. Webb says "there is no record of the time of her death." In the Penn collection of MSS. at Devonshire House, is an interesting letter from Letitia Aubrey to her brother Thomas in Pennsylvania, in which she alludes to the visit of George Whitefield, the great Methodist, to America (1739). She says, "As to G. Whitfield, I know

nothing of him but by hearsay, and was desired by some friends to write to thee on his behalf, as I suppose some others did that knew him better than I, for I told thee that I never saw him, yet I thought there could be no hurt to show him some civility, as I suppose thee did, which was enough to a stranger."

"2nd of 6th month (August), 1746, Benjamin Holmes, Thomas Whitehead, and William Penton was at y^e^ burial of Thomas Fream, grandson to our friend William Penn at Jordans. They went after Meett."

Thomas Fream was the son of Penn's last surviving daughter, Margaret.

"5th of 9th month (Nov.), 1746, Daniel Bell, Isaac Sharples, and Sarah Holland was at y^e^ burial of John Penn at Jordans.—S. H. lodged at A. B. (Abraham Butterfield's). Y^e^ rest went away. There was y^e^ Herse, seven Coches, and two Chaises. It was a large Meetting."

This is a specially interesting entry, for it has generally been believed that this John Penn had conformed to the Established Church. In another part of the journal is the following extract from the "Oxford Flying Weekly Journal" of November 1st :—

"On Tuesday night last, being the 25th of October, after a long and painful illness, which was borne with the greatest fortitude, resignation, and cheerfulness, died at Hitcham, in the County of Bucks, John Penn, Esq., the eldest of the surviving sons of William Penn, Esq., late proprietary of the province of Pennsylvania; a gentleman who, from his strict justice and integrity, the greatness of his mind, his universal benevolence to

all mankind, and his many other amiable qualities, was a worthy successor to his great father. In his life he was highly esteemed by all who knew him, and his death is as generally lamented. He dying without issue, his estate in Pennsylvania descends to his next brother, Thomas Penn, Esq., who for many years resided in that province for carrying on the settlement thereof, upon the foundation which was laid by their father."

The year 1746, as already noted, is marked by the burials of Letitia Aubrey, Thomas Freame, and John Penn. Friend Joseph Lovelace died in April, 1747. In the next year mention is made in one of the "memorandums" at the beginning of the book of the death and burial of a Friend named Lydia Loveday at Chesham, and the following obituary notice is given from the *Whitehall Evening Post*, of October 1st :—

"On Tuesday last, died at Chesham, in the county of Bucks, greatly lamented by all who had the happiness of her acquaintance, Mrs. Lydia Loveday, wife to Mr. John Loveday, a wealthy tradesman of that town. It would be a crime almost unpardonable to conceal from the world the perfections of this accomplished woman. Her person was charming, but her mind extremely so. She was endued with a fine understanding, happy memory and sweetness of temper, together with a politeness that rendered her amiable to persons of the first rank, and who thought themselves happy when in her company. She was religious and charitable without superstition or ostentation, and though she never deviated from those principles which she thought to be right, she could never prevail with herself to think a

singular preciseness or gloomy countenance compatible with religion. If anything can alleviate our grief, it must be the thought of her being gone to join that celestial choir, to whom when on earth she was so nearly allied. In fine, if her acquaintance are so sensibly affected with their loss, what must a husband feel who knew how to value merit, and was equally worthy of so excellent a wife!"

She must indeed have been a paragon of feminine virtues! These newspaper notices are interesting as showing to what an extent the old prejudices against the Quakers were dying out, and how completely they had now gained public esteem by their consistent conduct.

On November 26th, 1749, a venerable and honoured guest was entertained at Stone Dean, Edward Penington, the youngest son of Isaac, who had come over from Pennsylvania, along with another Friend named John Griffith. He was born at Amersham in 1667. There is something very interesting in the thought of the old man of eighty-four thus revisiting the surroundings of his childhood and the scenes of his parents' sufferings, after so many years spent on the other side of the Atlantic.

The last surviving daughter of William Penn was buried at Jordans in 1751—Margaret Freame, erroneously described on her tombstone as "Mary Frame."

"12th of 12th month, 1750 (Feb. 12th, 1751, N.S.), Daniel Bell and Jane Hoskins, of Pensilvania, was at y^{e} burial of Margrate Frame—there was a herse and seven coaches in all—they went after Meett, from Jordans."

In May, 1751, the burial of Benjamin Martin of Old Jordans Farm is recorded. In the next year, the marriage of Joseph Lane to Widow Rebekah Charsley's daughter (of the same name), is solemnised. This Joseph Lane has often been mentioned as "our man," and has been sent as guide with numerous Friends from Abraham Butterfield's. Now, however, he seems to be rising in the world, for after a while we find him occupying Old Jordans Farm, and entertaining Friends there.

The year 1752 is marked by the change in the calendar, which makes it much easier to calculate the date. In this year we read of visits from David Coulson, a Nottingham Friend, who had been "dark" (*i.e.* blind) for about ten years, and from William Slater, almost eighty-four years of age. On July 8th, 1753, we read of the burial of Thomas Mildred, from Uxbridge—a "great burial" with a hearse and eight coaches. Several more members of this family are mentioned as buried at Jordans. One of them, Rebekah Mildred (probably Thomas's widow), buried in 1769, was followed to the grave by eight coaches, three post-chaises, and one carriage. Another, Daniel Mildred, perhaps the son of the first, was buried on February 17th, 1788, when, says Prince Butterfield, "between twenty and thirty coaches, chaises, and carts, and I think six hundred people" were present.

In 1755 we find recorded the death of a daughter-in-law in London, Isaac Butterfield's wife Hannah, and of "our loveing friend and Dockter," William Wiggins, of Reading—then, in the next year, that of Mary Roake, of Staines, who had been a frequent speaker at Jordans.

At last, on December 30th, 1756, "a little after one in y^e^ morning," Abraham Butterfield's death is recorded, in the eighty-sixth year of his age. He seems to have been the last survivor of the old Quaker yeomen of the district—the last whose memories went back to the old days of persecution and wrong. It was, indeed, a changed world on which he closed his eyes in those last days of George II.'s reign, when Wesley and Whitefield were in the full course of their labours, and when Clive was laying the foundations of our Empire in India.

Three years later there is a somewhat perplexing entry :—"6th of 12th month, 1759, John Emes was at y^e^ burial of Thomas Penn at Jordans."

It has been suggested that this was the infant son of Thomas Penn, of Stoke Poges, the second son of William and Hannah Penn, and Lady Juliana his wife, daughter of the Earl of Pomfret. But this little boy lies in a vault under Penn Church, his coffin-plate bearing the inscription, "Thomas, son of the Hon^ble.^ Thomas Penn, Esq., Proprietor of Pennsylvania, and the Right Hon^ble.^ Lady Juliana Penn, his wife ; died September 5th, 1757, aged two years and one month." It is of course possible that his parents had another son of the name of Thomas, as they gave to two successive sons the name of William. But in that case it seems strange that Thomas Penn (who lived till 1775) should have had a child buried at Jordans after two had been buried at Penn. For the vault contains the coffin of his son William, died February 14th, 1753, as well as those of another William, died April 24th, 1760, and of a daughter, Louisa Hannah,

died June 10th, 1766. There is also the coffin of William, son of Richard Penn, third son of William and Hannah, died February 4th, 1760, and a sixth little coffin simply bearing the letter P. None of the children buried in this vault attained the age of thirteen years.

Thomas Penn, third proprietor of Pennsylvania, lies buried at Stoke Poges, about six miles from Jordans. The estate of Stoke Park belonged, after his death, to his son John, who erected the cenotaph in memory of the poet Gray just outside Stoke Churchyard, the traditional birthplace of his immortal "Elegy." From him the estate descended to his brother Granville, an eminent classical scholar, and from the latter to his son Granville John, who died in 1867. The latter's brother, Thomas Gordon Penn, died in 1869, when the connection of the Penn family with Buckinghamshire came to an end.*

George II died on October 25th, 1760. Rebekah Butterfield has a memorandum, "Ye King died ye 25th of December"—a very natural mistake arising from the constant habit of thinking of December as the tenth

* Thomas Gordon Penn sold to Mr. Catlin the original painting by Benjamin West of "Penn's Treaty with the Indians," which is now in Philadelphia. It is also stated that the statue of Penn in front of the Pennsylvania Hospital in that city was originally set up "at the seat of a nobleman near High Wycombe," most likely Lord Dispencer. The base having given way, the statue fell, and was sold for old lead to a neighbouring plumber, but was rescued by one of Penn's grandsons, who sent it to Philadelphia. This fact is recorded in a *brochure* by the late Mr. G. L. Harrison, who represented the State of Pennsylvania in the unsuccessful negotiation in 1881 for the removal to America of Penn's remains. His son, Mr. A. C. Harrison, in 1888 kindly furnished the writer with funds for the erection of direction-posts in the neighbourhood of Jordans.

month. She has copied out an extract from *Jackson's Oxford Journal*, describing the King's death, and two addresses, from the English and Irish Friends to his successor. In the former it is said, "As people differing in sentiments and conduct from others of our fellow-subjects, we embrace this opportunity to crave thy indulgence and protection, and beg leave to assure the King that our dissent proceeds not from a contumacious disregard to the laws, to custom or authority, but from motives to us purely conscientious. The same religious principle that produces this dissent, we trust, through Divine assistance, will continue to engage us, as it always hath done since we were a people, to exert whatever influence we may be possessed of, in promoting the fear of God, the honour of the King, and the prosperity of his subjects."

DEAN FARM, NEAR JORDANS MEETING HOUSE,
Chalfont St. Giles, a residence of Members of the Society of Friends in the 18th century.
(From a photograph taken by J. W. Walker, of Maidenhead.)

XXXIII.—"THE MIDDLE AGE OF QUAKERISM."

> The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
> And God fulfils Himself in many ways,
> Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.
>
> TENNYSON.

AFTER her husband's death, Rebekah Butterfield continues her journal, but the once firm and beautiful hand becomes large and scrawling, and the pages are sadly smeared. One cannot fail to notice, too, how much less frequent are the visits of the "publick Friends." What is often spoken of as "the Middle Age o Quakerisfm" had begun. The Society was losing much of its evangelistic and spiritual fervour, and settling down into an eminently prosperous, respectable and non-aggressive body. This is not the place to discuss the causes of the change, but the fact remains, and has left unmistakeable traces on the pages of this journal, no less than on those of the history of the Society.

The first entry of special interest during the reign of George III., occurs under the date of February 27th, 1761 :—

"Samuel Vandeval Esquier was buried at Jor. Thomas Whited [Whitehead] spoke at y^e^ grave—their was y^e^ hairse and four coches."

Who was this "Samuel Vandeval," in speaking of whom the old Quakeress for once departs from the rigid usage of her Society, and gives him the title of Esquire? A slip of paper, which has been pinned into the volume, bears, in an exquisite copper-plate hand, the following names and dates :—

"Samuel Vandewel, Esq., of London, who died Feb. 22nd, 1761, in y^e^ 42nd year of his age. Joseph Vandewel, Obiit Aug. 20th, 1739, aged 22 years—was brought hither from Bunhill Fields' burying ground, April 29th, 1761. Joseph More Vandewel, born July 23rd, 1745, Obiit Sept. 2nd, 1747, was brought hither from Bunhill Fields' burying ground, April 29th, 1761."

It would appear from this, that two months after Samuel Vandewall's interment (to spell the name in the most usual fashion), the remains of his brother and infant son were disinterred from the Friends' Burying ground at Bunhill Fields, and brought to lie in his vault at Jordans. Under date March 6th, 1794, we read in the journal :—

"Martha Vandewall was put in the Vart [vault] to her husband, her son and husband's brother. She died 2nd day, 24th of 2nd mo. was brought from Bath, Beaven's wife of London spoke at her burial. She was 83 years old."

Every visitor to Jordans must have noticed the oblong patch of ground, surrounded by trees, at the upper end of the burying ground, and also the mound in the centre of the patch, surmounted by a stone which bears the name of Samuel Vandewall. Before the gravestones were erected at Jordans, this was very commonly

regarded as marking the grave of William Penn, and there is an account extant of the visit of a pious clergyman, who speaks of having knelt beside the mound with his daughter, and prayed for grace to serve God with the same fidelity as Penn. This error may account for the belief still prevalent in the neighbourhood, that "Penn's stone was put on the wrong grave."

From the abstracts of trust property belonging to the Upperside Monthly Meeting, it appears that, "by indenture of lease and release, dated 23rd and 24th of 6th month, 1763, the devisees of the late Samuel Vanderwall added a piece of ground adjoining to Friends' Burial Ground on the north side, in the first place for a burying place for the family of the late S.V., and then for the use of Friends in the like manner as the Burial Ground is. The length of it is about twenty-two yards and width ten yards, taken from an orchard called Garden Orchard, a part of an estate called Jordans, which by recent purchase had become the property of the late Samuel Vanderwall." Another account states that Samuel Vanderwall had made over the ground in his lifetime, by a deed dated 1748, but there would seem to be some error here. Possibly 1748 was the date of his purchase of the old Jordans property. Later on, by indenture dated 17th day of July, 1777, the same piece of ground was transferred in trust to Joseph Steevens, T. Edmonds, sen., R. Eeles, sen., R. Eeles, jun., T. Bayley, and T. Edmonds, jun., whereby the whole of the property of the Friends at Jordans became vested in the same trustees.

The name Vandewall, which is found in at least

twenty-three variant forms, appears to be derived from Waal or Walle, in Flanders, and the family can be traced in that country as far back as the fourteenth century. In Elizabeth's days, some members of it fled to England to escape the persecution under the Duke of Alva, and from that time the name frequently recurs in the registers of the Dutch churches at Austin Friars, Norwich, and Colchester. They appear to have come to England from Ypres. One branch of the family settled at Sandwich, and one of these, Philip Vandewall, removed to Wirksworth, in Derbyshire, where he was part owner of some lead mines. His son, John, was in business at Harwich as a baker, and seems to have died comparatively young. He had a son, another John Vandewall, who joined the early Quakers, and was imprisoned and fined for his adherence to their principles. It was at his house in Harwich that George Fox, as he narrates in his journal, lodged in 1677, the night before he embarked for the Continent along with William Penn and Robert Barclay. His son, another John Vandewall, "a greatly esteemed member of the Society of Friends, and most useful in matters of discipline," became a merchant and corn factor in London, and was three times married. His first young bride, Martha Diamond, died of fever, ten months after her wedding, when only twenty years of age, leaving a son who died at eighteen. By his second wife, Anna Moore, he had five sons, Joseph, John, Samuel, Moore, and Henry. All of these died in infancy or boyhood, except the first and third, the two who are buried at Jordans. Both were London merchants, but Joseph

could only just have entered on business, as he died at twenty-two. Samuel carried on business at Brabant Court, Philpot Lane, and had a private residence in Lincoln's Inn Fields, where he died. He married Martha Neate, the widow of a West India merchant, by whom he had only the one infant son, buried at Jordans, who died in teething. Samuel Vandewall bequeathed £20 to Jordans Meeting, apparently for the relief of the poor. He was lord of the manor of Aldenham, in Hertfordshire, and patron of the living, and his widow actually presented three incumbents there. She was a member of Westminster Meeting, but was in lodgings at Bath at the time of her death. The last male member of this family in England appears to have been Philip Vandewall, Esq., who died in 1861, leaving £18,000 to various charities, and who was buried in Highgate Cemetery.

After the record of Samuel Vandewall's burial, we note, in 1762, the interment of two Friends in the neighbourhood—William Pears, or Pearce, of Gerrard's Cross, and Daniel Boddy, of Chalfont Grove. The latter died of smallpox. Ruth Blatt, an Uxbridge Friend in her ninety-eighth year, was buried at Jordans in 1763. Another aged Quakeress, Mercia Market, of Coggeshall, Essex, was interred there in March, 1765, aged eighty-eight. It is mentioned that the hearse was drawn by six horses, and the mourning coach by four. Timothy Thornton "spoke a few words at the grave."

The journal now becomes little more than a record of funerals, and of the occasional visits of a very few "public Friends," the most frequent visitors being

Thomas Whitehead (of Reading), Joseph Wooster (of Wycombe), and Samuel Spavold. Another name which often occurs is that of Joseph Rule, first mentioned in 1749 as coming from Clatham (?) in Somersetshire. On April 15th, 1767, there is a note, "Joseph Rule came to live at Jor. at J. L.'s" (Joseph Lane's). Some curious traditions are preserved relative to this worthy man. Like a certain section of the Irish Friends, or like Geoffrey Symeon, the Amersham Lollard, three centuries before, he considered it most in accordance with the "simplicity of godliness" to dress entirely in white, and hence was known as "the White Quaker." Another eccentricity of his was that, suffering very much from gout, and having a theory that exposure to the air was the best remedy, he was accustomed to sit with his feet hanging out of the window. He died on the 11th of March, 1770 (not in 1765 as erroneously stated on his tombstone), and was buried on the 16th, when there was "a very large and good meeting." There was a heavy fall of snow that day, which gave rise to the remark that "Joseph was the White Quaker to the last."

John Wesley says in his journal, March 5th, 1762, "I had a long conversation with Joseph Rule, commonly called the White Quaker. He appeared to be a calm, loving, sensible man, and much devoted to God."

Just after the reference to Rule's coming to live at Old Jordans, the death of "my old neibour, Rebekah Charsley," is recorded. Rebekah Butterfield was now probably the last survivor of the older generation of Quakers in the district. There was a very large and good meeting, we are told, at this funeral, as at several

which follow, and the number of vehicles when the corpse is brought from a distance is often stated. In 1769, a slight but significant change is noticeable. Hitherto, in speaking of visitors who dined with her, the old Quakeress has generally used the phrase "at R.B.'s," as during her husband's lifetime at "A.B.'s." Now, however, she puts in almost every instance, "at R.B.'s, at Stone Dean Farm," and when we find a little further on mention made of a Friend staying "at Joseph Green's, at Stone Dean," the inference is irresistible that she had left the old house where she had spent so many years, and removed to the farm a few hundred yards along the "bottom," probably the same which in former days, when the Lovelaces lived there, she had called "y^{e} Deane." Here she probably continued during the brief remainder of her life. In 1771 she gives up the journal to another hand, though she makes one brief entry in the next year. At last, in 1774, we read :—

"Rebekah Butterfield was buried at Jordans, John Townsend, Thos. Finch, Joseph Rose, and William Rose at it, In the ninetieth year of her age."

It will be interesting to give some particulars of the old Quaker family to which the young Friend (he was only twenty-two) belonged, who had now taken Stone Dean House. The Greens were an old Yorkshire yeoman stock, of Liversedge, in the parish of Birstall, near Dewsbury, mentioned by Sir William Dugdale in his visitation of Yorkshire, 1665-6. One of these, John Green, joined the early Quakers, probably on George Fox's visit to the district in 1652. His son, another John, suffered much for his principles, had all his property,

real and personal, confiscated by a *præmunire*, and at last died in prison in York Castle, 1676. This worthy's son, Joseph Green, married Martha Smith, the daughter of another stedfast confessor, Joshua Smith, of Sowerby, who had also suffered the loss of all his estate for conscience sake. Their son, another Joseph Green, removed from Liversedge to London, where he became a silk-weaver in Spitalfields. His son, of the same name, also carried on business as a silk-weaver and merchant in Spital Square. He died at the age of thirty-eight, when his son, a fourth Joseph Green, the one who came to Stone Dean, was only five years old. The boy was thus brought up for a while by his mother, who sprang from the Gurnells, another old north-country yeoman family, of Cartmell Fell, in Lancashire. Her grandfather, John Gurnell, joined the Quakers, and suffered for his convictions. Her father, Jonathan Gurnell, became a merchant and banker in London, and lessee of the manor of Great Ealing, and left £2,700 in charities. He had married Grizel Wilmer, the granddaughter of a Parliamentary Captain, so that young Joseph Green had Roundhead as well as Quaker blood in his veins. But unhappily his mother died before he was nine years old, and having ample means at his command, he did not show any disposition to copy either the commercial enterprise of his father and grandfather, or the self-denying fidelity of his more remote ancestors. He became what in those days was known as a "Gay Friend," that is, while proud of his birthright membership, true to his denomination, and (as the journal shows) hospitably entertaining friends

who came to minister at Jordans, and accompanying them to other places, he abandoned the Quaker peculiarities of manner to some extent, and was fond of country sports and pursuits. His beautiful young wife, of about his own age, used to ride with him to the hunting field in a scarlet riding habit. She was Mary, the daughter of Abraham Andrews, a Barking Friend, and of Rebecca Vandewall, a distant cousin of the Samuel Vandewall before mentioned. Among Rebecca Vandewall's ancestors were the Weatherleys of Ruislip and Colchester, one of whom was a friend of William Penn. There are no entries of Friends staying at Joseph Green's after 1778, about which time he removed to Wycombe, where he died in 1786 aged only thirty-eight, according to one account, from a fall in the hunting field. His widow, it is said, was reproved by a "Plain Friend," who visited the meeting there, whilst sitting singing in fashionable attire at an open window ; and this made such an impression on her mind, that she abandoned her worldly style of life, and became a most earnest Christian woman, and a much esteemed minister in the Society. Joseph Green was buried at Jordans on August 6th, 1786 (not 1794 as erroneously stated on his tombstone). The journal states that no meeting was held at the funeral. One minister, Joseph Rickman, was present, but was silent. Joseph Green's son, Joseph Markes Green, who was born at Stone Dean in 1771, became a merchant, and died at Saffron Walden, in 1840, leaving, as his second son, the late J. Green, a minister of the Society, who died last year at Stansted Mountfitchet, Essex ; to whose second son, J. J. Green,

late of Stansted and Hampstead, now of Stonebridge Park, N.W., I am indebted for most of the above particulars, his painstaking researches having cast great light on Quaker genealogies.

After Rebekah Butterfield's death, the entries are continued, probably by her son Prince. His handwriting and composition are alike singularly characterless as compared with his mother's, and he has a tantalising way of indicating the Friends he alludes to by initials only. The words, "no meeting," "no P.F.," (Public Friends), recur with an increasing frequency, and most of the burials are those of persons from a distance. In 1778, there is an allusion to the wedding of Thomas Huntley and Hannah Cowdry, when the party came in fifteen chaises and a cart, and afterwards dined at the Bull Inn at Beaconsfield. From 1778, there is no allusion to the ministers staying in the neighbourhood, excepting in one case at "Peters Chalfont." They came from Amersham, from Wycombe, or from Uxbridge, and continued their journey. But in 1783 there is an allusion to three Friends, who, according to Quaker custom, "visited the families of Jordans Meeting." The year 1787 is the last in which representatives from Jordans are mentioned as attending the Monthly Meeting. Monthly Meetings were continued until 1799, when they ceased altogether. But it appears from the journal that they were only held there in June for the last few years.

In 1779, we note the funeral of Eleanor Hetherington, of Uxbridge, probably the widow of Samuel Hetherington, buried in 1772, whose funeral is the last not registered at Devonshire House. In 1778 occurs the allusion,

before mentioned, to the great concourse of people at Daniel Mildred's funeral. On February 27th, 1796, Kezia Butterfield, Prince's maiden sister, is buried. She died at Seer Green. Mary Green, no doubt Joseph's widow, was present as a minister at the funeral, and also "spoke at the grave" at another on August 1st of the same year—that of Mary Wilkinson, probably a Wycombe Friend, a clergyman's widow who had joined the Society, and the mother of the eminent John Wilkinson, of Wycombe, more than once Clerk of the Yearly Meeting, who preached at St. Martin's Lane Meeting-house in 1814, before the Czar Alexander of Russia, and whose secession to the Establishment in 1836 inflicted a blow on Buckinghamshire Quakerism from which it has never recovered. This secession was due to the temporary heat of what was known as the "Beaconite Controversy," and it is doubtful whether Wilkinson ever became a Churchman at heart. He lies buried at Haslemere, near Wycombe.

The last entry in the journal records the death on March 22nd, 1797, of Abia Butterfield, Prince's sister, and her burial on the 25th, closing with the mysterious phrase, "M.G., J.B., C.W., E.R., W.T., all Si——t (silent)." Imagination pictures the row of "Public Friends" sitting grimly mute on the platform, in the total silence so dear to the "middle age of Quakerism," and writes "Ichabod" over the scene.

We catch another glimpse of Jordans meeting about this time in the journal of Thomas Scattergood, an eminent Friend who visited it along with others, and found it in a "rude and undisciplined state." "Two

ancient men" (perhaps Prince Butterfield and John Kibble of Three Households, or Henry Worley of Giles Chalfont, possibly a descendant of Daniel Wharley, come down to the position of "labourer,") kept up the meeting twice a week. The grave-yard and meeting-house were in good order, and a dinner was served in the upper chamber. But the women appeared in the truly "un-Friendly" garb of scarlet cloaks, and this, or something else, seems to have weighed on Thomas's spirit, and he kept silence even from good, though some female Friends addressed the meeting.

Prince Butterfield died in 1801, but does not appear to have been buried at Jordans. The monthly meetings at Jordans were discontinued in 1799, and from that date till 1851, when the June meeting was resumed, the stillness of the woodland sanctuary was only broken at rare intervals, when a special service, a funeral, or in one or two instances a wedding, was solemnised there.

A little light is thrown on the last days of this Quaker colony by the register of burials at Devonshire House. From 1776 to 1829, the registers are again carefully kept, giving the age, the residence, the date both of death and burial, and often also the occupation. Comparatively few are from the immediate neighbourhood, and these are confined to a few families—the Pearces, of Gerrard's Cross; the Boddys, Worleys, and Bartletts, of Chalfont St. Giles; the Kibbles, of Three Households, a race of hereditary blacksmiths; the Childs, of Seer Green or Farnham; the Lanes, of Outfields and Austin's Farms, and a few more. Several of

these names still occur among the Nonconformist families of the district, but none of them are now Friends. A few bodies were brought during this time from Uxbridge, Wycombe, and Maidenhead, and quite a number (many of them children) from London, members of the families of wealthy Quaker merchants and bankers—the Mildreds, the Mastermans, the Forbes's and the Glaisters, who regarded Jordans as their family burying-ground. There are none of the burials recorded by Prince Butterfield during the early part of this period, which do not occur in the registers.

The latest entry in the list appears to be the burial of John Lane, of Chalfont St. Giles, died December 7th, 1829, but there has certainly been one burial since (that of William Masterman, 1845).

In all there are about 240 entries in the register, which are supplemented by about 90 more in the Butterfield MS., so that at least 330 interments have taken place at Jordans. It is difficult to give the exact number recorded, on account of a few doubtful entries and possible duplicates, and it is all but certain that other burials, not given in either record, have taken place.

The Devonshire House register also contains 148 entries of marriages at Jordans from 1670 to 1827. Supposing half of these to be counterparts, it would follow that some 74 weddings have taken place there.

There are, the writer believes, no Friends now remaining in the Chiltern Hundreds, excepting in the town of Chesham. The meeting-house at Wycombe has been closed for many years ; that at Amersham is

now used by the Wesleyans ; while at Jordans, as is well known, meetings are held only twice a year. But it may be permitted to one who has dwelt in this beautiful district for eleven years, to express his belief that much that is best in the character of some of its worthiest inhabitants is due to the surviving influence of Quaker descent and Quaker training.

In Jordans Meeting House is a picture of Penn at the Treaty Tree presented by the Rev- W- B romley Vicar of Gerards Cross Bucks- C June 1893

Meetings held here twice a year —

ERRATA.

Page 12, line 9, *for* "fifteen" *read* "twenty."
,, 28, ,, 23, *for* "Mary Curtis" *read* "Anne Curtis."
,, 30, ,, 19, *after* "saw his father" *add* "no more."
,, 49, ,, 29, *for* "knowest" *read* "knoweth."
,, 116, ,, 19, *omit* "as already mentioned."
,, do., ,, 21, *for* "James" *read* "John."
,, 186, ,, 28, *for* "Cashio" *read* "Dacorum."
,, 208, ,, 17, *for* "Odingsess" *read* "Odingsells."
,, 215, ,, 16, *for* "Daniel" *read* "John."
,, 218, ,, 15, *for* "Daniel" *read* "John."
,, 219, ,, 31, *for* "1709" *read* "1719."
,, 220, ,, 10, *for* "1792" *read* "1721."
,, 243, ,, 23, *for* "C. Fothergill" *read* "Dr. Fothergill."
,, 245, ,, 26, *omit second* "then."
,, 250, ,, 21, *for* "eighty-four" *read* "eighty-two."
,, 253, *note line* 6, *for* "Dispencer" *read* "Despencer."

Note to page 249, *after line* 8.—In a plan of Jordan's burying ground, made by John Wilkinson, of Wycombe, from the original by Rev. B. Anderson, Vicar of Penn (who obtained the information from Prince Butterfield in 1798), and now in possession of Mr. J. J. Green, it is distinctly stated that the grave opposite Isaac Pennington's is that of "William Penn's son John," not of John Pennington as stated on the stone. This is confirmed in Wilson Armistead's *Select Miscellanies*, 1851, vol. vi., p. 160. It also states that Margaret Freame's son Thomas is buried in the same grave with his mother.

People buried at Jordans Grave yard

William Masterman 1845

Lydia Mark 1819

Joseph Green 1786

Samuel Vandewall 1747

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Marriages at Jordans —

22 [illegible] 1670

Hanna Penn [illegible]

Meeting first held at Jordans

1670 — 1686

The first marriage at the meeting was

A New Jordans took place on the 2d

30 of 7th. month (September) 1686.

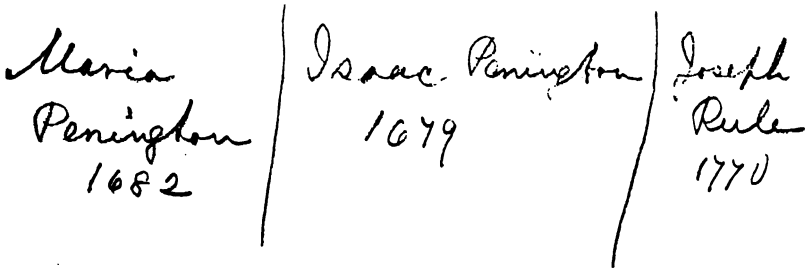
The first marriage was that of

William Russell &

Letitia Penn Aubrey 1746	Springett Penn 1696
Margaret Preame 1757 Thomas Preame 1746	John Penn 1746
Mary Ellwood 1704	Thomas Ellwood 1713

William Penn
1718–
and
Hannah Penn

Five children
of
William Penn


Maria
Penington
1682
Isaac Penington
1679
Joseph
Rule
1770

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